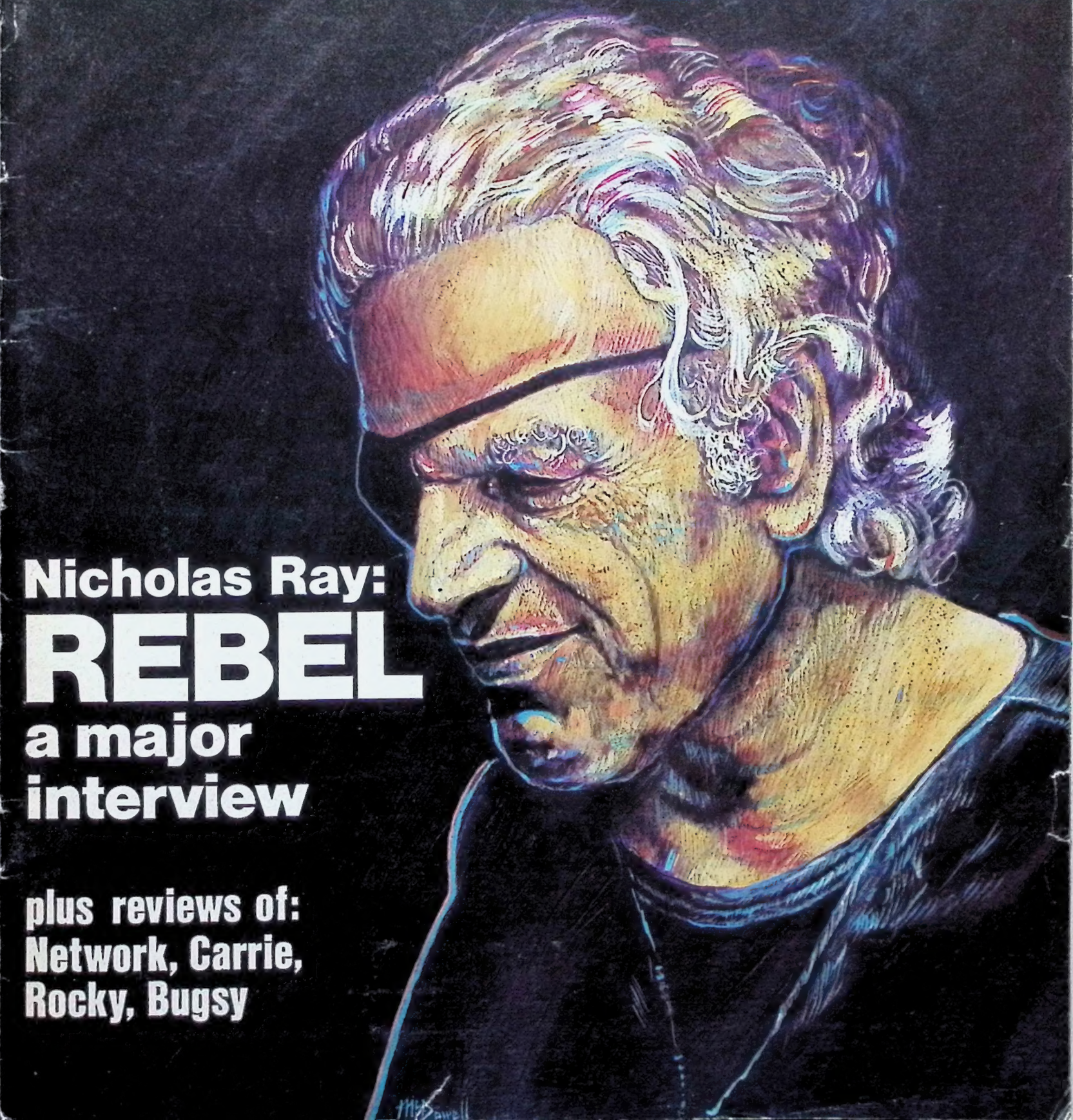
Regulars: Jay Cocks, Chuck Jones,
Herman Weinberg, Gene Youngblood

$1
JANUARY

TAKE ONE

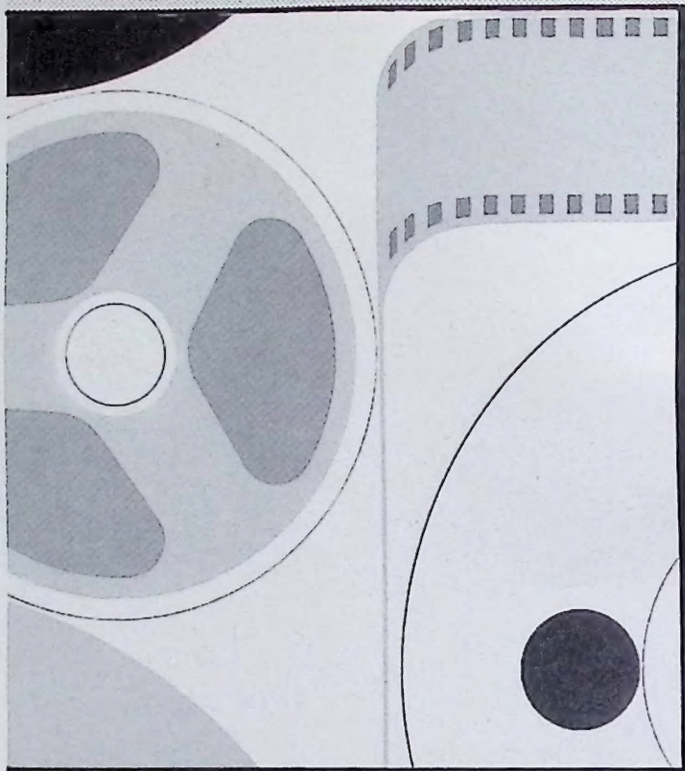


Nicholas Ray:
REBEL
a major interview

plus reviews of:
Network, Carrie,
Rocky, Bugsy

PYRAL

perforated magnetic film 35-16-Super 8



Sound knowledge means knowing Pyral

It's knowing where to go when delivery, quality and consistency are top priority — that speciality types are as readily available as the standard run of perforated magnetic film and tape. For users of Pyral professional tape, the same sought-after standards apply, while Pyral lacquer discs are regularly used by record manufacturers throughout the world. In fact, the list of film, T V and recording studios using Pyral products reads like a "Who's Who" in the world of sound engineering. We would like to add the name of your company to that list right now. *Why not get in touch?*

perforated magnetic film

In both tri-acetate and polyester bases Excellent Signal/Noise ratio and high audio-frequency response. Available in the following sizes in all accepted coating patterns:—

35mm	2000' 1000'	*Other lengths to order*
16mm	2000' 1200'	*Other lengths to order*
Super 8	1192' 492'	*(polyester base only)*

Studio-Master Tape CJ87

With low print through characteristics. In ¼", ½", 1" and 2" widths, and in all preferred lengths. Pyral CJ87 is manufactured to the highest mechanical and functional standards. It has an outstanding stability of 1dB at 10KHz and dependable batch consistency.

Professional 1/4" Tape

For radio, T.V. and film industry general use. Low noise, high output, competitively priced.

Cassette Tape

C60, C90, C120. Also, cobalt active cassette tapes for premium recording without the need to change bias levels.

Bulk Cassette Tape Available in C60, C90, C120.

Lacquer Discs

The lacquering process and strict quality control used by Pyral have made their lacquer discs the first choice of record manufacturers all over the world

Pyral . . . L'echo du monde

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION **W. CARSEN CO. LTD.**
31 SCARSDALE ROAD • DON MILLS • ONTARIO • CANADA M3B 2R2

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 6

JANUARY 1977

EDITOR-PUBLISHER
Peter Lebensold
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
Joe Medjuck
PUBLISHING DIRECTOR
Alan E. Bennett

MANAGING EDITOR
Phyllis Platt
ART DIRECTOR
Kirk Kelly
BOOK EDITOR
Doug Fetherling
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Michael Goodwin & James Monaco
ASSISTANT EDITOR
Will Aitken
CORRESPONDENTS
LONDON: Jan Dawson
Peter Cargin
NEW YORK: Bob Cowan
PARIS: Geoffrey Minish
ROME: Gideon Bachmann
SINGAPORE: Arthur Hullett
STOCKHOLM: Lars-Olof Lothwall
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER
Jane O'Sullivan
ACCOUNTS SUPERVISOR
Lynette Stevens
ADMINISTRATIVE ASS'T
Danielle Fleury

TAKE ONE is published monthly by Unicorn Publishing Corp., Box 1778, Station B, Montréal, Québec, Canada H3B 3L3 (514-843-7733) and Box 95, Station E, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6H 4E1 (416-979-1984).

National retail distributors: For the USA: Eastern News Distributors Inc., 111 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212-255-5620). For the UK: South Bank Film Books, National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo, London SE1. For Australia: Anchor Books Pty Ltd., 590 George Street, Sydney, NSW, 2000, Australia. For Canada and elsewhere: Unicorn Publishing Corp., Box 1778, Station B, Montréal, Québec, Canada H3B 3L3 (514-843-7733).

Subscription rates: North America, 12 issues for $8.00; Overseas, 12 issues for $10.40. Airmail: Add 75 cents per issue (North America) and $1 per issue (Overseas). Subscription sent free to individuals at prison addresses. Notice of **change of address** should include your old address as printed on a recent issue—please allow five weeks for processing. **Editorial Information:** All manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope (or International Reply Coupon). While editors will take all reasonable care, they will not be held responsible for the loss of any such submissions. **Indexing:** TAKE ONE is indexed in the Canadian Periodical Index, the International Index to Film Periodicals, and the Multi-Media Reviews Index. **Microfilm** editions of this magazine are available from University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA 48106.

Second Class Mail registration number 1899. Printed at Montréal, Canada. Dewey Decimal Number: 791.43. International Standard Serial No. CN ISSN 0039-9132.

Copyright © 1976 by Unicorn Publishing Corp. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher. Opinions expressed herein are those of the author and not necessarily those of the editors ot TAKE ONE.

Published with the financial assistance of The Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council. Member of the Canadian Publishers' Association.

Postmasters: Send Form 3579 to Take One Magazine, Box 1778, Station B, Montréal, Canada H3B 3L3. Postage paid at Montréal. Second Class postage paid at New York, New York and additional mailing offices. Printed in Canada.

Volume 5, Number 6. Published November 15, 1976.

TAKE ONE

UPFRONT

News, Gossip and Bazz-Fazz, including letters from our readers. 4

The Essential Nick Ray

In which we present an examination of Ray's work and weltanschauung, *plus news about his most recent activities.*

Nick Ray: Rebel!

Nicholas Ray, **Mike Goodwin,** *and* **Naomi Wise** *talk about Ray's career in and out of Hollywood.* 7

Director in Aspic

Jay Cocks *discusses where all that adulation can take you.* 17

Latest Flash

Up to the minute news about Ray's projected film, **City Blues,** *and his other current interests.* 22

Marilyn's Story

Marilyn Chambers' *version of what happened with* **City Blues.** 22

"Doctor, I Have These Strange Dreams..."

Frank Jackson *leads us down the jungle path into a world of shadows.* 23

Eliza of the Spirits

Gordon Sheppard *took nine years to make a unique feature film;* **Elizabeth Wajnberg** *gives us the background, and Sheppard talks about getting it seen.* 24

THE REGULARS

Columns by regulars **Claude Daigneault, Robert Fiedel, Chuck Jones, Michael Mayer, Bob Parent, Herman Weinberg,** *and* **Gene Youngblood,** *plus Dish Night, and Over-looked and Under-rated.* 27

FILM REVIEWS

Reviews of Bugsy Malone and Rocky, Carrie, The Clown Murders and Death Weekend, Chulas Fronteras, Network, and Folies Bourgeoises; by **James Monaco, Susan Schenker, Gary McCallum, Michael Goodwin, George Morris,** *and* **Geoffrey Minish.** 35

BOOKS

Book News and Reviews plus our regular checklist of just-published film books by **George L. George.** 44

INFO

A complete list of sources for 16mm versions of films mentioned in this issue, plus conferences to attend, film festivals to enter, and our classifieds. 51

PUNDITS' PAGE

A handy-dandy guide to some of this season's major films in the form of nuggets gleaned from the writings of some of America's major movie critics, compiled by **Susan Schenker.** 54

Cover artwork by **Brian McDowell**

UPFRONT

News

Follow-up: A Boy and His Dog (see the interview with author Harlan Ellison in our last issue) was recently awarded the coveted Hugo Award at the 37th Annual World Science Fiction Convention. Previous winners have included **A Clockwork Orange** and **2001**. The film has grossed some $4,000,000 so far.

Mike Hodges (who contributed to our Hitchcock issue — Vol. 5 No. 2 — and whom we hope to entice into becoming a regular in our pages) has been signed to direct Michael Caine in the title role of **Philby** starting in February. (Hodges has previously directed Caine in **Pulp** and **Get Carter!**) There are also reports of an early-1977 start on **The Chilian Club**, a black comedy that Hodges is scripting himself.

Ivan Reitman (see last month's FILMLETTER) has won yet another set of awards: At October's Sitges (Spain) International Festival of Fantastic and Horror Cinema, **Death Weekend** (which Reitman produced) was accorded the Critics' Award. At the same time, the film's director — Bill Fruet — won the prize for best screenplay, and Brenda Vaccaro was honoured as Best Actress.

Production Notes from All Over: MIA FARROW has been signed to star in the Anglo-Canadian psycho-drama **Full Circle** (about a woman and her dead child) — the bulk of the financing comes from Montreal. ... Warner Bros. will be distributing **The Late Show**, a comedy-mystery about an over-the-hill private eye, starring ART CARNEY and LILY TOMLIN, directed by ROBERT BENTON, and produced by ROBERT ALTMAN. ... JOHN DENVER and GEORGE BURNS are reportedly set to star in **Oh God**, under the direction of CARL REINER. Burns plays God and Denver a supermarket manager. ... CLAUDE LELOUCH has started work on **Simon and Sarah**, about French men and women in the 19th-century American West. JAMES CAAN and GENVIEVE BUJOLD will star. ... WIM WENDERS is directing DENNIS HOPPER in **The American Friend**, based on a PATRICIA HIGHSMITH book. One of the co-producers is BARBET SCHROEDER. ... An important reason why **Superman** is being shot at Britain's Shepperton studios, rather than in Italy, is that MARLON BRANDO still has an obscenity conviction (for **Last Tango in Paris**) outstanding in the latter country and can't enter Italy without being arrested. ... PATRICK McGOOHAN will be directing a couple more episodes of PETER FALK's "Columbo". ... Shooting has been completed (under budget) on **An Enemy of the People**, GEORGE SCHAEFER directing STEVE McQUEEN, CHARLES DURNING and BIBI ANDERSSON. ... PETER BOGDANOVICH has completed the screenplay for a film that is to co-star JIMMY STEWART, JOHN WAYNE and HENRY FONDA. ... A spring start is expected on the SANDY HOWARD production of **Silent Flute**. The screenplay is by STIRLING SILLIPHANT, based on an idea by Silliphant, JAMES COBURN and the late BRUCE LEE. ... After the dropout (reportedly after a clash with the producer) of CLAUDE CHABROL, **The Petersburg-Cannes Express** is now set to be directed by JOSEPH LOSEY (the project will start in early 1977). ... October 11 saw the start of LILIANA (**The Night Porter**) CAVANI's **Beyond Good and Evil**, starring DOMINIQUE SANDA. ... The end of October was also scheduled as the start-date for **Extreme Prejudice**, a drama about subversion and espionage in America, written and directed by JOHN MILIUS. ... Paramount, meanwhile, announces that JOHN FRANKENHEIMER is to direct **The Last Public Enemy** (beginning in December), based on the autobiography of ALVIN KARPIS. ... With WOODY ALLEN's still-untitled romantic comedy now scheduled for a February release, Allen has described the film as "much more threatening than anything I've done before, but I have not achieved total offensiveness." ... BEN GAZZARA has been signed by pal JOHN CASSAVETES to star in the latter's **Opening Night**. ... Filming began at the end of September on IVAN PASSER's **The Silver Bears**, MICHAEL CAINE and CYBILL SHEPHERD starring. ... LESLIE CARON is among the stars of FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT's latest feature, **The Man Who Loved Women**. Shooting will be completed in January, at which time Truffaut goes to India to complete his role in STEVEN SPIELBERG's **Close Encounters of the Third Kind**. ... and GERARD DAMIANO (who directed such hardcore classics as **Deep Throat** and **The Story of Joanna**) may be starting a whole new trend with his forthcoming **Let My Puppets Come**, a porno film made entirely with hand-held puppets and marionettes. Hardwood hardcore?

Letters

Please note one correction: In your October issue, Will Aitken, in his attack upon **The Man Who Fell to Earth**, credits Nicolas Roeg with the direction of **Don't Look Back**. Wrong; of course.

Don't Look Back is the 1967 Dylan-quasi-documentary directed by Donn Pennebaker. Roeg's film is entitled **Don't Look Now**.

J.G. Holt
University of Science & Arts of Oklahoma
Chickasha, Oklahoma

Finding truth

Here in Southern California we find many film magazines readily available. To find *Take One* among them, and reading this magazine, becomes a joyful enrichment.

In the August 1976 issue we were especially pleased to read W.S. Di Piero's review of **The Killing of a Chinese Bookie** (director, John Cassavetes). As a review, Di Piero's piece helped us to better understand and appreciate the whole of the film, from the elements which appealed to us to that unorthodox method whereby Cassavetes "constitutes meaning". As a critique, it stands as a tribute to artistic endeavour. As fellow southlander, Robert Lefevre has written: To criticize is to find truth, not to find fault.

Gary and E. Carolyn Brodeur
Placentia, Ca.

Truth or fiction?

Like epic poets invoking the muses, certain film critics feel compelled to open their essays with references to "moribund academicism." Upon reading one of these countless warnings against university pedants taking the fun out of film criticism, one should take warning: the ensuing essay is likely to prove loaded with rambling impressions and incorrect information. Larry Smith's "Dovshenko (sic)—An Unsung Genius?" (*Take One*, August 1976) is no exception.

Mr. Smith's desire to focus critical attention on Dovzhenko's early work is admirable, but it is a disservice to Dovzhenko to propagate factual errors. **Zvenigora**, with its fragmented narrative and allusions to esoteric Ukrainian material, should be approached with caution. Mr. Smith seems to rely on his memory after a single screening of the film—a fatal error with Dovzhenko.

Factual errors pop up throughout the essay. An editor should share the responsibility for Mr. Smith's misspellings of Dovzhenko, *Die Nibelungen*, and *Götterdämmerung*. **Zvenigora** is not Dovzhenko's first film, as Mr. Smith believes, but rather the first to attract attention outside the Ukraine. Despite Mr. Smith's sense of the film's "poetic logic...lent by the constant presence of Dovshenko's (sic) voice," he doesn't seem to know what is going on in the film. He asserts that Pavlo is assisted by his "girlfriend" in his fake suicide act, but no such girlfriend figures in the narrative. Mr. Smith's claim that as the film progresses "the camera picks up speed" is bewildering. How *does* a camera accelerate? There are some slow motion shots in the opening section and in the recounting of the Roksana legend; presumably, since the rest of the film is shot at normal speed, Mr. Smith feels he can argue that the camera has speeded up. But is this really a "cinematographic correlative to the acceleration of history"?

One might even forgive Mr. Smith's conclusion that **Zvenigora** is "a super-developed formal consciousness joined with a super-liberated imagistic imagination" were it not for the fact that the article is so misinformed. It is hardly pedantic to ask writers who genuinely hope to do Dovzhenko justice, to do their homework. Enthusiasm is not enough.

Vance Kepley, Jr.
Dept. of Communication Arts
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin.

Larry Smith replies:

Mr. Kepley ought to know, first of all, that a poor writer has no control over a typesetter thousands of miles away. I can assure him that I know how many M's There are in Götterdämmerung. In fact, I have a copy of *Treasure Island* in which "the" is spelled "thr". I wonder if Robert Louis Stevenson knew how to spell "the"!

More importantly, when a film opens in slow motion, proceeds to normal speed, and ends with unusually fast cutting, one can assume, without taking too many risks, that there has been an acceleration in pace. And when the filmmaker is a Marxist, and thus preoccupied with interpreting history, it is not, I trust, outlandish to relate the changes in speed to his notion of changes in history.

Finally, I *did* approach the film with caution, as I did with Ozu's films in a previous article for *Take One*. I did not attempt to interpret esoteric Ukrainian material: I'll leave that to the esoteric Ukrainians. I strove instead to view the film as a generally informed Westerner, and to relate it to the mainstream of Soviet culture.

I liked the current issue, particularly the articles on Forman and Dovjenko (as it should be spelled, ask any Ukrainian on your staff).

George L. George

The editor referred to by Mr. Kepley, unfortunately not familiar with German, made a point of checking the spellings of both Die Nibelungen [*in Leslie Halliwell's* Filmgoer's Companion] *and* Götterdämmerung. *Either Halliwell is fallible, or, more likely, his typesetter is, as happened in our case with Götterdämmerung. — eds.*

What is truth?

While a review of a film (or any work of art) cannot be as rigorous in its argument as an extended piece of criticism, nevertheless, if it is to be good it must be at the very least provocative. Unfortunately, however, while I can say that George Morris' review of Arthur Penn's **The Missouri Breaks** (in the August issue of *Take One*) certainly provoked me, I also must decry its poor quality. Mr. Morris' review angered me because it employs those faults which characterize reviewing — and film reviewing, particularly — at its worst, and serve only to increase reviewing's scholarly disrepute.

For example, Mr. Morris begins by condemning the film because "it is woefully lacking in the development of a cohesive structure, consistent characterizations, and believable situations." Here, certainly, is a sound basis for a critical judgment — or rather, it *may* be, provided the particular film under consideration cares to, or because of thematic or intentional necessities, need be, concerned with realism. Mr. Morris goes on further to fault the film from this realist bias: "As in **Little Big Man**, Penn has failed to capture the flavor of day-to-day existence in the Montana of the 1880s." Perhaps — but it may well be irrelevant to what the film is about. (**Little Big Man** was more about the Western than about the West, anyway; most Westerns, for that matter — Jim Kitses notwithstanding — are about the West as a *concept* as it lives in the mind than as a place which exists geographically. Thus, the high degree of stylization in the Western is potentially its greatest strength.) Why can't a film "bring an historical period alive" through metaphor, condensation, interpretation — rather than by a realistic reconstruction? Don't all films set in a time period before this century necessarily do that? (Moreover, how does Mr. Morris know what are "the behavioral truths" of the American West of the late 19th Century which Penn has failed to depict?) **The Missouri Breaks** focuses on human reactions to the advancing technology of weaponry (the regulator's high-powered rifle) in a way similar to Anthony Mann's excellent **Winchester .73**. Mann's film is not significantly more "realistic" than Penn's — only the conventions have changed. I would be surpised if Mr. Morris disliked **Winchester .73** for reasons similar to his disapproval of **The Missouri Breaks**.

Moreover, Mr. Morris never makes clear what, for him, constitutes "a cohesive structure," either theoretically or in **The Missouri Breaks**. It simply will not do for a review to pretend to establish immediately some vague formalist criterion, and then to refuse to explain it, as if the assertion were self-evident. I will admit that Mr. Morris does address himself to the film's failure to develop consistent characterizations — and on this particular count we can *validly* find fault with the film. However, when Mr. Morris attempts to widen his scope, to relate the film to Penn's *oeuvre*, the focus of his writing grows increasingly fuzzy. We are informed that Penn's most successful films "communicate a real tension between the investigation of myth that forms their true subject matter, and the modulations the director achieves within the conventions of the very myths under investigation." Surely we can expect a review to be clearer than this! As one thoughtful reader, I am left wondering, what characterizes this "tension"? To what kind of "myths" is the passage referring? What is the nature of Penn's "modulations" of these myths in relation to the conventions? What is the difference between a "real tension" and a "tension"? (I am reminded of Pauline Kael asking Andrew Sarris in her essay "Circles and Squares" what is the difference between "internal meaning" and "meaning".) And, finally, if this vague and troublesome statement possesses any degree of truth, doesn't the film then ask *not* to be taken as an attempt to "bring an historical period alive" in a realistic sense? Thus, Mr. Morris undercuts his own criticism.

The review is sprinkled with other faults as well. A house is said to burn in "a fire of apocalyptic proportions." I saw no reason to read the image of that burning house as being "apocalyptic" — the image is metaphorical, perhaps, but still the epic proportion is not there, but is sheer exaggeration on the part of the reviewer. And again: "In the peculiarly physical world of Arthur Penn, violence is almost always linked with death..." This is, incidentally, one of Robin Wood's central ideas in his book on Penn, but Mr. Morris does not even do it justice. Violence is almost *always* linked with death, in art as well as in the real world; thus, the word "peculiarly" is totally inexplicable in its context, and fails to get at the essence of violence in Penn's cinema.

Like Mr. Morris, I too was disappointed by **The Missouri Breaks**, partly because of its indulgence in liberal platitudinizing (which is why it lacks the resonance of, say, **Winchester .73**). Yet I think it not unfair to ask a critical reviewer to explain his judgments, whether I happen to agree or not.

Take One is generally a good journal, and is constantly improving. It is primarily for this reason that I examine Mr. Morris' review so closely: there are those, and I am one, who read *Take One* with the care which it deserves. *Take One* should avoid reviews like this one, which commit the worst sins that reviews are heir to, or demand that they be tightened before publication.

Barry K. Grant
Dept. of Drama
Brock University

George Morris replies:

What Barry Grant has asked me to do within the limited space of a review is define and elucidate my personal aesthetic of film criticism, a task which could easily fill one entire issue of *Take One*. I suggest a simpler solution for all concerned would be for Mr. Grant to consult other writings of mine for purposes of comparison and clarification.

I am puzzled by Mr. Grant's statement that a critic must determine whether the film under consideration is "concerned with realism". Surely, every film is concerned with a reality of some kind, but the best movies create their own particular reality. In **Missouri Breaks** I feel Penn has failed to create a meaningful, expressive context for the action of the narrative. The *internal* reality of the film rings false, which is perhaps a better way of phrasing my objections to Penn's painstaking efforts to recreate the tiniest details of everyday life in 1880s Montana. Naturally, I do not know first-hand the precise "behavioral truths" of the American West at this time, but I *do* know something about human behavior and interactions. Frankly, I can't believe these things have changed so much since that time. The attitudes and traits of the characters in **Missouri Breaks** seem hollow and theatrical, and I'm afraid this would apply regardless of the period in which the film were set.

Furthermore, **Missouri Breaks** is concerned only marginally with "the advancing technology of weaponry," a theme which I concede is a major concern of Mann's **Winchester '73**, a film I consider a masterpiece. Again, Mann's film may not be more "realistic" than Penn's in a *verismo* sense of the word, if by that term Mr. Grant means the strictest, most uninteresting kind of reproduction of external realities; but **Winchester '73** does successfully establish a specific environment that does not clash with the characters and narrative but rather complements and reinforces them. Mann's West *seems* so natural that while we are involved in the world of the film, his West becomes the reality for its duration.

I feel "cohesive structure" is a self-explanatory term and certainly not the "vague formalist criterion" Mr. Grant ascribes it to be. The myths to which I am referring in the review are the myths which constitute certain recurring elements of the genre, e.g. the archetypes who form the characters of the drama (the hero, the heroine, the villain, the sidekick, etc.), the structure of the community, and the pull between civilization and a nomadic existence, among others. In his westerns Penn modulates these generic constants, reshaping them, often undercutting our expectations, and as in **The Left-Handed Gun**, turning the conventions themselves inside out.

I concede Mr. Grant's point on the question of "real tension" and "tension," an academic point on which I am unable to summon up much sorrow. In fact, Mr. Grant's overheated response to the review smacks a bit of an academic mind repressed behind the walls of higher learning, longing to release itself from its stuffy enclave.

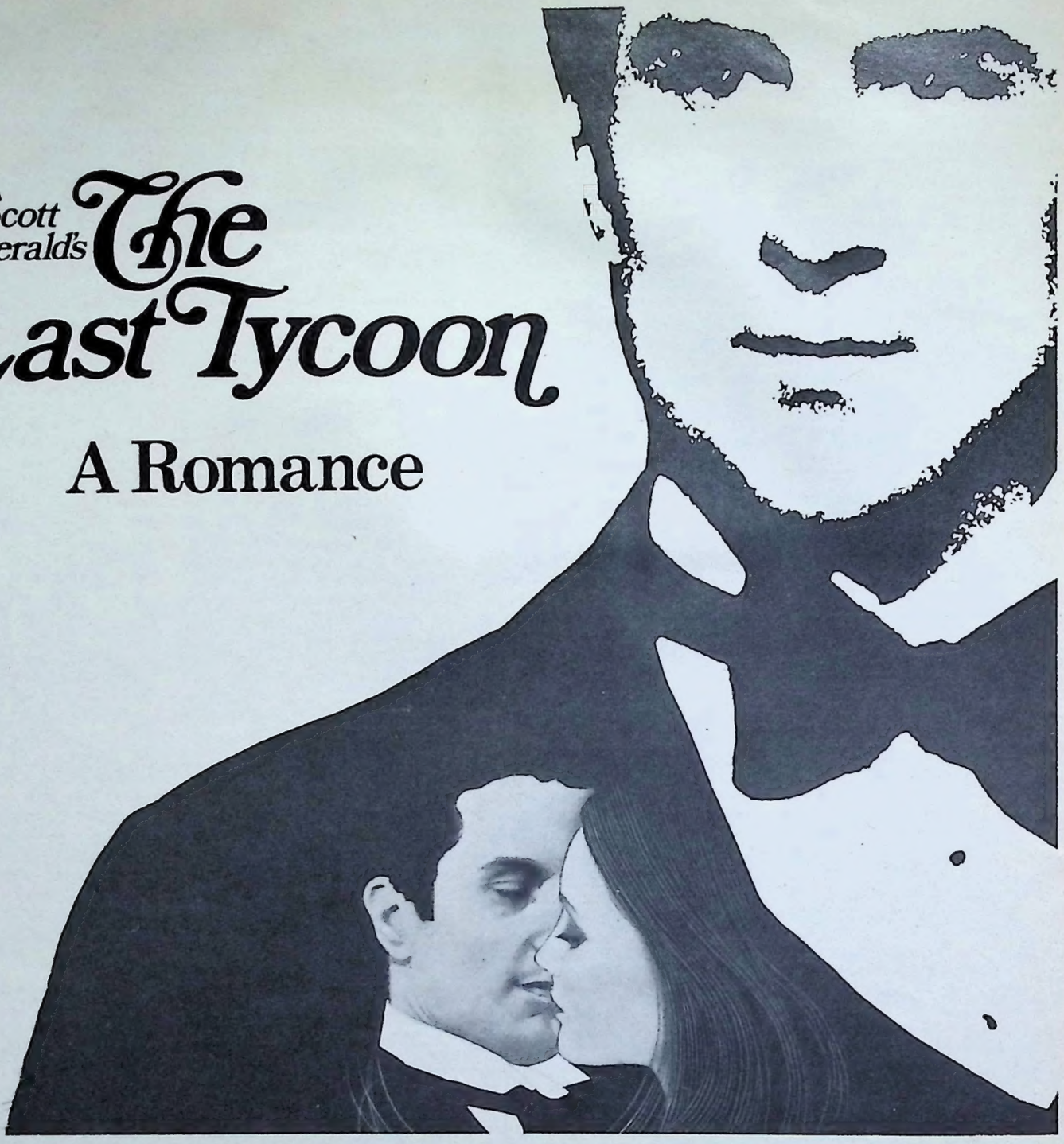
As for the use of the word "apocalyptic," this is a purely subjective choice on my part, and if Mr. Grant disagrees with me, I politely choose to disagree with him. Similarly, I disagree with Mr. Grant that "violence is almost *always* linked with death, in art as well as in the real world." I regret that I did not have the space to write a lengthy essay on Robin Wood's ideas on the subject, but I have a sneaking suspicion that this reply is growing longer than my original review, so I shall close by apologizing for the frenzy I seem to have aroused in Mr. Grant.

For better or worse, however, I still stand by my review.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's

The Last Tycoon

A Romance



Paramount Pictures Presents A Sam Spiegel-Elia Kazan Film

starring **Robert De Niro**

Tony Curtis Robert Mitchum Jeanne Moreau
Jack Nicholson Donald Pleasence

Ray Milland Dana Andrews and introducing **Ingrid Boulting**

Screenplay by **Harold Pinter** Produced by **Sam Spiegel** Directed by **Elia Kazan**

Music by **Maurice Jarre** Production Services by Tycoon Service Company Technicolor®

Read the Bantam Paperback A Paramount Release

Canadian Premiere December 22nd, '76
Towne Cinema, Toronto, Ont.

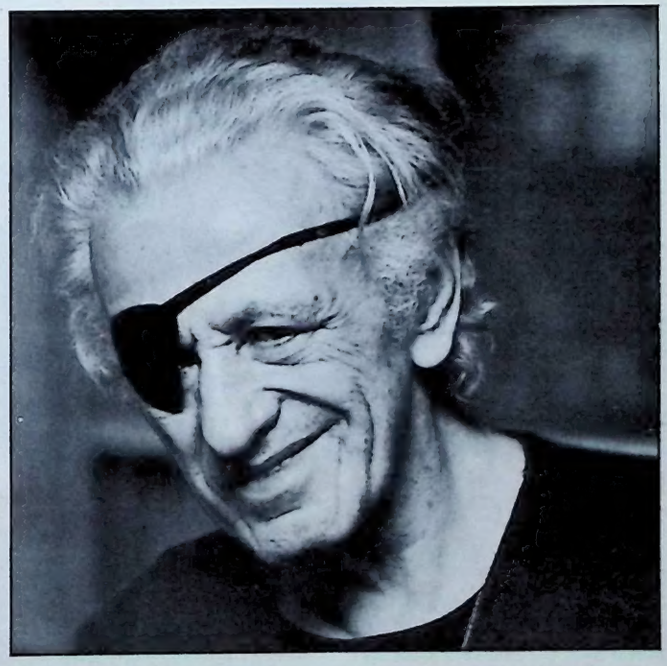
National Release February '77

By Michael Goodwin and Naomi Wise

NICHOLAS RAY REBEL!

Nick Ray matters. In fact, as times roll along and filmmaking styles roll with them, Ray matters more and more.

It seems to us that the great Hollywood filmmakers can be broken down into two groups: the Classicists, such as Ford, Hawks and Walsh, who broke no new ground (at least structurally and ideologically); and the Romantics, or Experimentalists, best typified by Nick Ray, who did.



Anyone who knows our critical writing knows that we respect the Classicists; we are not suggesting that experimentation, in and of itself, is essential to the making of great art. What we *are* saying is that while filmmakers like Ford worked within the dramatic and cinematic structures they inherited, enriching and strengthening them, filmmakers like Ray were pushing back the boundaries of film art — both in terms of structure and ideology.

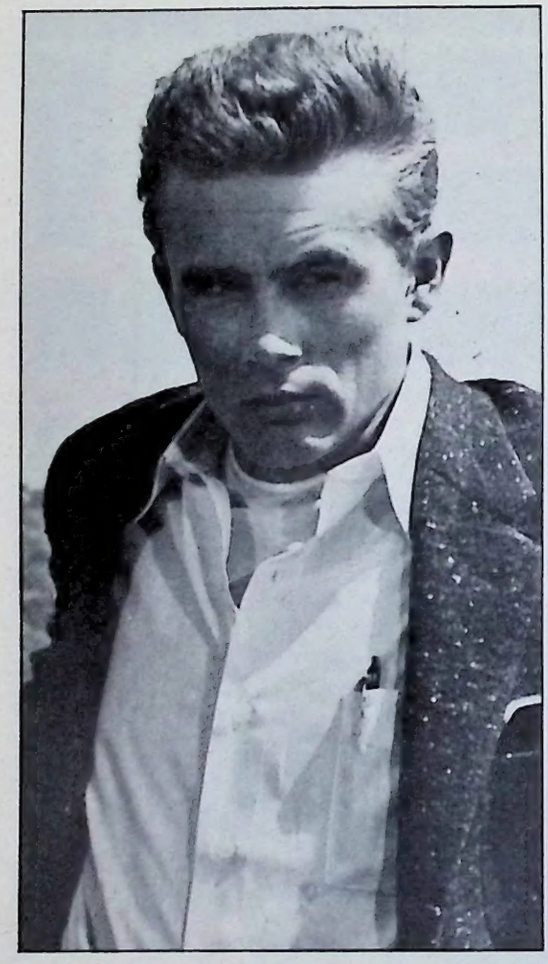
One simply cannot imagine Hawks, for instance, stating: "I set out to break every rule there was to break." Yet, coming from Ray (in our discussion of *Johnny Guitar*), such a comment seems perfectly in character — even unsurprising. When an artist sets out to expand old forms, or forge new ones, he or she takes a great chance. The possibilities for failure are greater, and the failures themselves are likely to be major ones. Thus, while a minor Ford film may still be quite good on a number of levels, a minor Ray can be utterly dreadful. Knowing this, Ray still found the courage to experiment, the willingness to risk failure, the commitment to push cinema to the limits of its possibilities and beyond. These are some of the reasons Nick Ray matters.

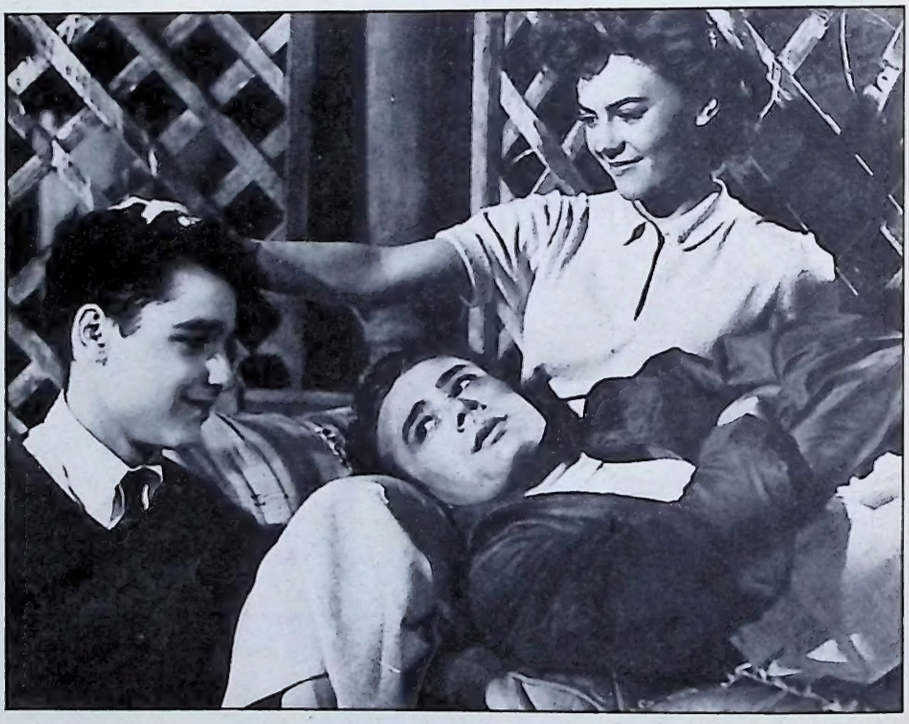
Ray's structural innovations are many — his disturbingly ambiguous endings (bigger Than Life), his films-without-plot (*Rebel*), his cross-genre hybrids (*Party Girl*), and his ground-breaking use of CinemaScope. But beyond structure, it is in the areas of ideology and psychology that his greatest achievements can be seen. Ray is a thoroughly modern filmmaker, perhaps the greatest of the native American existentialists; we think this is one of the reasons the 'cahiers' crowd finds him of such interest.

The psychological substructure of Ray's films is uncommonly rich and complex. No other filmmaker has rendered the basic American contradictions, both political and social, with Ray's insight and impact. His characters are the sons and daughters of the American dream — but it is a dream gone sour. At the heart of Ray's cinema lies the anguish of living from day to American day; his characters suffer not only their own personal agony, but the agony forced on them by a cruel and oppressive system.

If Ray had merely "used" these recurring themes, his films would be little more than sociological tracts. But the immediacy and impact of his films make it unmistakeably clear that he has drawn upon his own confusion, his own anguish, for the characters and conflicts that make his movies as real (and as horrid) as a headline. Nicholas Ray is even more interesting than his movies — but it is only through his movies that we can truly see him.

The question may be raised: How can we cite Ray as an important experimentalist without noting the *more* extreme experiments of the "underground"? We answer as follows: While the underground cinema has always aimed at an elite avant-garde, Ray has worked within the mainstream, aiming his films at a mass audience. Functioning as a vanguard, it has been Ray's intention, and function, to *take that mass audience along with him*. In this, we feel, lies his greatest achievement.





Rebel without a Cause

All too often the experimentalist fails to look behind him to see if anyone is there. For this reason, many important and worthwhile films have never found an audience. Ray's continuing concern for his audience makes him an exemplary model — not only for the new generation of filmmakers (which has clearly been influenced by him already), but for innovators working in all the media.

Ray has paid a price for his access to the mass audience. A socially-conscious artist who struggles from within the system opens himself not only to criticism from the rear-guard for going too far, but criticism from himself for not going far enough. This inner conflict (which, in Ray, approaches self-loathing for the necessary compromises he has made) is the single most significant undertone in his work.

It is our thesis that the conflict Ray experienced in making even the best of his films is precisely that element which makes them great. His films constitute comments on themselves, on-going auto-critiques from a master filmmaker who asked more of himself than any person should. Admittedly, Ray made things harder on himself than he had to — like Welles, he was too proud, too smart, too fast and too heavy for Hollywood's comfort. Nonetheless, there are limitations inherent in the path of reformism; Ray's glorious defeats mark them precisely.

In writing about Ray's films, we have found it impossible to comment on his characters without commenting on him as well; his total involvement in them makes it difficult to do otherwise. Also, we have tended away from a rigorous technical analysis. For one thing, Godard, Rohmer, Truffaut and others have already covered this ground exhaustively and effectively. But we find the human dimension of Ray's films more important. The tension that underlies his best work is the tension of struggle, the tension of life.

Michael Goodwin and **Naomi Wise** are free-lance writers living and working in San Francisco. Both have published widely. Goodwin is a *Take One* Associate Editor.

In a tiny editing room in the basement of the Bleecker Street Cinema in New York City, Nick Ray is pacing, raging, burning — surrounded by snips of film and tape, reels, film cans and overflowing ashtrays. He's fighting time, fighting space, to get *We Can't Go Home Again* ready for an investor's screening tomorrow. He won't make it.

"Hey, man, do you know where we can get a couple of movieolas?" asks Ray. "We need a 16 and a 35."

"You don't have editing equipment?"

"Well, it comes and it goes. I've been up for 72 hours, trying to put this film together, and at this point I'm really busy, so whatever you can pick up . . . Oh, Jesus, I must call Bill Kunstler and tell him about the screening tomorrow, so . . ."

It's hot in the editing room, and Ray is stripped down to a pair of red corduroy bell-bottoms. He's a tall, intense man with white hair — and an eye patch that makes him look like a kindly pirate. He may have been up for 72 hours, but he's wired — sweeping back and forth across the room, scattering instructions and asides, sending people out for supplies, fielding phone calls and trying to pick just the right ten-second section from a recording of *Wozzeck* that's playing on a tinny phonograph.

Ray's most recent commercial feature was *55 Days at Peking*, completed in 1963 — an experience so unpleasant for him that he swore he'd never make another Hollywood film. He had, as he puts it, had his bag packed for eight years before that. From Europe to Chicago to New York, Ray began living by his wits, living for his art. He took a position at Harpur College in upstate New York, teaching filmmaking. The student film that resulted, *We Can't Go Home Again*, began to absorb all his energy and all his funds. Now, after two years at Harpur, he was back in New York City to finish it.

"Screening this thing is the foolishest damn thing I could do," he mumbles as he crosses the room, "but I'm absolutely desperate. The film is much better than it's going to look tomorrow."

The next day, the screening is cancelled because of "unforeseen difficulties." "There's amazing stuff in reel two," says Ray.

"Good or bad?"

"Terrible. Someone's been tampering with the film, putting in stuff I've never seen before."

A few weeks later, Ray and his student crew arrived in San Francisco for a retrospective tribute at the Pacific Film Archive. He was still editing around the clock at Cine Manifest, a small San Francisco studio, but he found time to attend a number of PFA showings, introducing the films and answering questions.

Despite his fatigue, he was magnetic — spinning out fascinating anecdotes, transforming banal queries into intelligent ones, fielding tough criticisms from Berkeley's aggressive audiences. From time to time, though, a question would snag on some unspoken personal riddle, and Ray would pace back and forth in front of the blank screen, a distracted lion, listening to some inner voice or free-associating answers to questions no one had asked.

Ray was still driving himself to the limit, skipping meals and sleeping on the floor of the editing room when he slept at all. We were hesitant to call him for an interview. Then, quite by accident, we ran into him one night at a museum showing of leftist political films from the 1930s. As the house lights went on and the audience discussion grew heated, we spotted Ray in the crowd, dressed in black, leaning silently against the rear wall. He was intensely visible; in fact, in some mysterious way he was the electric center of the room. Suddenly it occurred to us that James Dean had been playing Nick Ray.

We offered him a lift back to Cine Manifest. He offered us a drink. At a sinister bar nearby we chatted on about the continuity of the Left, and somewhere along the line we arranged for an interview the next day.

It was raining hard when we dropped him off near the studio, at the corner of 11th and Folsom — a district that could pass for a B-movie set. Winos huddled in dark doorways, red neons flashed from the corner bars, and Nick Ray, in a wrecked suede jacket, knapsacked, eyepatched, pot-bellied and stubbled, loped wearily down Folsom Street past the men and the bars and disappeared into a doorway. It would have made a good shot in someone's movie.

Nicholas Ray was born in 1911. He thumbed his way to New York City in 1932 with the idea of getting into the theater. After a brief association with Frank Lloyd Wright, he joined the Workers' Laboratory in 1934 — a leftist theater group that played "every strike, every picket line, political campaigns, the backs of trucks."

During the next few years he taught theater at Brooklyn Labor College, mounted a production of Dos Passos' *Body of an American* at Madison Square Garden, and became a part of the New York folk music subculture. When the WPA theater project started, he went to Washington, D.C., where he headed the community theater program. Eventually, he became the director of adult education for the WPA: recreation, music, theater, even a toy repair project.

Several theatrical ventures with Elia Kazan and Joseph Losey followed, and a folk music program for CBS Radio called *Forecast* which ran for over a year. During World War II, Ray worked for the OSS and the OWI. "I did propaganda," he remembers, "underground radio to get into Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia. Hell, I directed in Czech, Finn . . . I never missed a laugh. I couldn't understand a word of Czech, but I understood every laugh."

When the war ended, Ray went to California with Kazan, to work on *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. "I wrote additional dialogue, I directed all the sketches for every scene with the sketch artists. And I spent a lot of time with the editors. I'd bring them cartoons from the funny papers, and say, 'Why don't we edit this way? The hell with conventionality.' "

When *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* was finished, Ray headed back to New York — but it was to be a short stay. "I'd asked Dore Schary if he'd read something I'd written — an adaptation of a book called *Thieves Like Us*, by Edwin Anderson. About a month later, Dore became head of RKO. I got a call from him: 'Hey, you wanta direct *Thieves Like Us*?' I said, 'You bet your ass I do!' He said, 'Who do you want for a producer?' I said, 'Houseman.' He said, 'When can you get out here?' That's how it happened, just pure luck. We retitled it *They Live By Night*."

THEY LIVE BY NIGHT [RKO, 1947]

Bowie (Farley Granger) breaks out of prison, meets Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell), and they fall in love. A series of hold-ups follows, and the lovers take to the road in a desperate try for freedom. Happy for the first time, they wish only to be together — but Bowie's decision to stay clean is frustrated when his one-time confederate, Howard Da Silva, finds him and insists that he take part in one last, abortive caper. Once again in hiding, the lovers make a pathetic try at a "normal" evening — they go out for dinner at a small club, where a black woman sings "Your Red Wagon." Recognized at the club, they flee again — but their "friends" inform on them, and Bowie is killed by the police.

They Live By Night is basically a love story, despite its setting in the criminal subculture. Far more lyrical than *Bonnie and Clyde*, it concentrates on character delineation and societal analysis rather than gun-play and brutality. It is, like most of Nick Ray's movies, a tragedy — but unlike traditional tragedies that grow out of the conflict between the insanely competitive

American society and the "criminal" innocents' hopeless struggle for freedom.

Ray's characteristic themes emerge clearly in this, his first film. The characters are social outcasts who desire nothing more than freedom. But the freedom offered them is illusory; they're only more entangled in social and moral traps.

Ray: It's my favorite film. When I started it, I took a first-time-out cameraman, George Diskant. For the first shot, I told him I wanted the lens as close to the stage floor as possible. He said, "I'll have to saw a hole in the stage floor." I said, "I don't care what you do." He said, "It'll take me 40 minutes." It took him 20, and we made the next three films together. I suppose I like *They Live By Night* because every mistake in it is mine.

Something happens in They Live By Night *that seems to recur in a number of your films — the central scene is intensified through the music. When the nightclub singer does "Your Red Wagon,"* the tension becomes nearly unbearable.

Ray: Well, how about the musical transition when they set the car on fire and the radio is playing, (Ray sings:) "Well, I'm going down the road feeling bad . . ." *"Your Red Wagon"* was sung by a girl who had been in *Beggar's Holiday,* Marie Bryant. The arrangement was a little square for us, so we juiced it up a bit.

Yeah, but the lyrics . . . I mean, from that point the whole thing is just downhill all the way . . .

Ray: (singing) "If you get loaded and act the clown, be the laughing stock of all the town, it's your red wagon . . ." If you've done musicals on Broadway, and you go out on the road with 18 songs, knowing you're gonna come in with 14, you make your selection on the basis of whether the song advances the story or not. Something I learned both from experience and from Rodgers and Hammerstein. That nightclub scene is the climax of their being real people.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR [COLUMBIA, 1949]

Humphrey Bogart plays a lawyer called upon to defend a juvenile delinquent, John Derek, accused of killing a cop. Most of the film takes place in flashback, and concentrates on the social determinants of delinquency. The courtroom climax involves an unexpected reversal: under cross-examination, Derek breaks and admits his guilt. The film concludes with Bogart's impassioned plea for relief of the conditions that breed crime.

An eloquent document on juvenile delinquency, *Knock On Any Door* suffers, to a certain extent, from a simplistic "liberal" emphasis on the old saw "there are no bad boys, only good boys driven to the bad." What makes this attitude so embarrassing in retrospect is its determinist underpinning: implicit is the idea that freedom of decision and character are purely illusory, that individual character (even that of the social outcast) is utterly predestined by social conditions. The individual has no choice whatsoever.

Today, the absolutism of this position seems naive. Nonetheless, the conviction with which Ray states his case, and the superbly controlled performances by Bogart and Derek, carry the film over its thematic problems and into the realm of hard-hitting period melodrama.

Knock on Any Door

Knock On Any Door *strikes me as being more socially conscious than* They Live By Night.

Ray: Man, look! *They Live By Night* was done in a period of post-war affluence. *Nobody* was making pictures about poor people. Nobody was saying that used car lot owners are thieves.

OK, I hear you, but Knock On Any Door *seems more verbal about its ideology. Will you buy that?*

Ray: Yes, but by this time socially conscious film was becoming acceptable, whereas at the time of *They Live By Night* you had to do either boy-meets-girl or else a war movie. I still think it's less effective than *They Live By Night.* I wish Bunuel had made *Los Olvidados* before I made *Knock On Any Door,* because I would have made a hell of a lot better film.

Did you think of Knock On Any Door *as a message film?*

Ray: I never think of *any* film as a message film. I never think of a film as doing anything except providing a heightened sense of being.

Not as an ideological tool?

Ray: I should think my character had been formed long enough for me not to have to think about that. Sure, you have to have a point of view — and the audience can accept it or reject it. But I don't want to manipulate an audience. My own character, my own point of view, my bloodstream . . . whatever emotional and intellectual response, I have to take for granted. If I had to do a film I didn't want to do, but had to for bread and taxes, *then* I'd have to intellectualize it. I research my films very carefully, but if I had to bend my instinct to a creed, I don't think I would have a signature.

Bogart was an absolute fucking dream. Goddamn, he was great! The last scene. Bogart was so wonderful in that scene. I was laying it out, and I said, "Bogey, it seems to me that the content of the scene more or less demands that you start here, then address the jury, the press . . ." And about the third move, he's aware that whenever I stop the grip is making a cross mark, for the crane to stop on. And Bogey turns around and says, "You son of a bitch, are you planning to shoot this all in one?" I said, "I want to rehearse with the camera once, all in one, just to get the rhythm of it." He said, "You're lying to me, you son of a bitch! Do you realize that I haven't had to say more than three lines at one time for the last 15 years?" I said, "By God, now that you mention it it might be a good idea if we do it all in one." He said, "I'll fire you." I said, "You already did once, and then you called me at three in the morning to get you home. You can try it again if you want to."

Finally I said, "OK, get ready for a take." He said, "You're gonna go through with it!" "Yup." The first take was perfect. I said, "Once more, for protection:" The second take was even better. "That's it." A nine-minute take!

The ending seems a little corny now, but it was kind of avant-garde at the time because it wasn't the kind of ending that ties up a movie in a nice pink ribbon. I like the film, although I would have changed a few things. I don't particularly like the flashback technique.

JOHNNY GUITAR [REPUBLIC, 1953]

In a wild Arizona valley, a lady named Vienna (Joan Crawford) runs a gambling hall. The railroad is coming through, and her land will be valuable. Her neighbors, particularly Emma Small (Mercedes McCambridge), regard her with hatred and suspicion — as much for her bold, "masculine" lifestyle as for her coveted land. While an outlaw called the Dancing Kid (Scott Brady) and an ex-gunfighter named Johnny Guitar (Sterling Hayden) vie for Vienna's favors, Emma incites the Marshall to throw Vienna out of town. When Vienna is (falsely) implicated in a bank robbery, a lynch mob

burns her saloon to the ground and nearly hangs her. The mob tracks Johnny and Vienna to the Kid's hideout, where a savage gunfight between the two women ends the film.

In *Johnny Guitar* it becomes clear that Ray's involvement in his characters is more than ordinary; with each successive film, his protagonists seem more and more to reflect his own personality and concerns. At the age of 41, he creates in the character of Vienna a fully adult social outcast; no longer the young innocent persecuted by circumstances, Vienna's outlawry is a matter of her own choice. Ethically, financially, and sexually self-determining, Vienna is persecuted not merely for her difference from her neighbors, but for her too-obvious superiority.

Perhaps because Ray has chosen a female character to express his viewpoint, and another female character as its antithesis, the film fairly seethes with perverse sexual tensions. Emma is jealous of the Kid's attentions to Vienna, Vienna and Johnny are involved in a schizoid love-hate relationship, and one gets the impression that the film's central love affair is really between Emma and Vienna.

It is a relentlessly bitter film — one in which we're never sure whether the good guys or the bad guys will triumph. In fact, the very concept of good guys-bad guys gets run through a wringer: Crawford is clearly the heroine, but in what appears to be a near-hysterical, masochistic identification with the villain, Ray gives McCambridge all the best scenes. It may be the most unnerving motion picture ever made. For the tension remains, maddeningly, just beneath the surface.

OK, skipping over four years and six films, we come to Johnny Guitar. *Why did you make it?*

Ray: Everyone said that the western was finished in Hollywood. It was being relegated to television only; anyone who made a western was crazy. Well, I was producing it as well as directing it, and I set out to break every goddamn rule there was to break in a western. The only reason I got to do *Rebel* was because nobody could understand why *Johnny Guitar* was making money. Warners was going nuts — they couldn't figure it out.

Johnny Guitar

I told Phil Yordan, who was writing the script, "This is the structure. I never want Crawford and Hayden to have a love scene. I want them always to be interrupted, either by themselves or by the kid and his gang. Never let the tension relax for a second."

How about the tension between the two women?

Ray: I asked Mercedes McCambridge to do an acting job beyond the call of duty. "Mercedes, I want you to play this all the way through — unremittingly — as the sulphuric acid that cuts through Crawford's sweetness and light. Without any let-up." And she did it, and she was beautiful.

Some critics have inferred a lesbian relationship between Crawford and McCambridge.

Ray: It never entered my mind. But that's fine, that's the sort of thing you just have to feel free enough to release.

One certainly feels that the women are more closely involved with each other than with any of the men.

Ray: Absolutely. It had to be. They both had to be pretty damn strong to overcome . . . There are some pretty strong men in that film. And the sexual tension between the women is a very normal tension.

One night in Sedona, on location, I was cruising the camp around 11 o'clock to see that there was no bloody crap games going on among the wranglers. And I saw a female figure walking toward the filling station, a little bit unsteadily. It had to be Joan. I went up to the station, and Joan was on the telephone carrying on the goddamndest conversation with the operator — who was obviously saying, "We don't *take* language like that, Miss Crawford." And Joan was yelling, "Goddammit, I want you to call the limousine service and have a limousine here for me first thing in the morning, *get me out of here!" At* this point, I noticed that the highway was covered with women's clothes — she had taken all of Mercedes' clothing and thrown it on the highway!

I realized why. That morning, after I shot her scenes, I had sent Joan back to camp because I didn't want her around while I was doing the scene where Mercedes addresses the posse. I had done two or three takes with Mercedes, and the third one went very well. I was pleased, and so was everyone else; cast and crew alike burst into applause. The moment they did, I looked over my shoulder and saw Miss Crawford sitting up on the hill, watching. I should have known some hell was going to break loose.

Did that interpersonal tension run through the entire film?

Ray: After that, yes. Quite a few times I would have to stop the car and vomit before I got to work in the morning.

Did you suspect that the film would be such a critical success? A masterpiece?

Ray: I never think in those terms. I knew it was the most baroque thing I'd ever attempted. And very deliberately. Putting Joan against a red stone wall, dressed in a white Venetian lace dress, with a posse dressed in black and white coming in like vultures. It was a go-for-broke idea.

Did many people understand the relationship between the posse and the McCarthy Committee?

Ray: Oh yes. In Barcelona, when I went there to receive an award of some kind, I learned that *Johnny Guitar* had split the city in half on political lines.

Were you personally hassled by the Committee at any time?

Ray: No. For one thing, I had been very thoroughly investigated by the OSS. "On the night of so and so, such and such a young lady was seen to enter your apartment at 8:30 at night, and not leave until eight the next morning. What do you have to say to that?" "It was a delightful evening." There were lots of questions like that. Finally, I said, "Gentlemen, when I volunteered to serve the United States in this war, I was not asked to take a vow of celibacy." But they knew every goddamned thing about me, so I didn't care too much about this McCarthy bum.

There were certain traps that every studio had, and the one at RKO was a film called *I Married A Communist*. I had spent the whole summer turning down films, one after another. After I had turned down maybe 14 films, finally comes *I Married A Communist*. It was so ludicrous — like a 1971 Hearst editorial,

Johnny Guitar

with the bomb-throwing Communist — I thought we might make a comedy out of it. I got calls from my friends on the left: "Nick, what the hell are you doing? Are you out of your mind?" I'd say, "Shut up!" and hang up the phone.

After eight weeks I saw that it was just inherently so sick that there was no way of making anything out of it. The executive producer of the studio was a guy named Sid, who would sit around his office, patiently waiting hour after hour for the little red button to flash that meant Howard Hughes was calling. I told him, "Sid, I can't make it." Fifteen minutes later he was down in my office, apoplectic and shaking: *"Howard* wants to see you." I said, "Fine, I've never met the gentleman. Where do I see him?" "He wants you to meet him at Goldwyn Studios, in his office, at 12:30. You go into the second door from the right hand side as you face Santa Monica Boulevard. It looks like the janitor's entrance."

It *did* look like the janitor's entrance. I went in, and the only person there is this thin, lanky fellow: Howard Hughes. "Mr. Hughes, my name is Nicholas Ray." "Hello, Nick, had lunch yet?" He pulls a sandwich out of one pocket and a pint of milk out of another pocket, and says, "Share this with me." "Hey, Mr. Hughes —" "Say, Nick, don't you know that if you call an executive by Mr. instead of his first name after you've met him for five minutes, you're always gonna call him mister?" "Thank you, Mr. Hughes."

He says, "Would you mind sitting down on this side? I'm a little deaf." "Well, we have friends in common, Mr. Hughes, who tell me that if you're standing at the stern of a boat and a dollar bill floats to the deck at the bow, you'll hear it fall." Hughes says, "Why can't you make the film, Nick?" "I can't make a good one for you, Mr. Hughes." "Why not?"

"Mr. Hughes," I say, "I learned to fly when I was 15, 16 years old. I used to barnstorm county fairs. A few years after that I read one of the most poetic sentences I ever read — it was in the *Time Magazine* account of your flight around the world where you saw five sunsets in four days. I thought that was beautiful.

"And I know your will: When you crashed into two houses in Beverly Hills, and the doctor got there, you asked about your chances and he said 50-50. You spent the next 45 minutes dictating all your observations about what was wrong with the plane, before you turned to the doctor and said, 'OK, knock me out.'

"I know about your first film attempt, and the subsequent one. I know about your taking the same airplane you crashed and trying to get the bugs out of it. You couldn't, you built a building around it, tried to get the bugs out, you couldn't, and finally you destroyed the airplane.

"I can't get the bugs out of this script, Mr. Hughes. And forgive me for being presumptuous — you're a far more experienced man in all fields than I am — but I'd advise you not to keep trying. It's a loser."

He said, "That all you got to say?" I said, "Yup. But, Mr. Hughes, you may sue me from one of those suns in the east to the sun in the west and it won't change my mind."

A year later he asked me to run the studio for him.

Was that when you worked on Macao, *Von Sternberg's film? Herman Weinberg asked us to ask you about that.*

Ray: Yeah. When Hughes asked me to run the studio I said no, so he asked me to help him behind the scenes. He had three films which he couldn't possibly release, and *Macao* was one of them. It was very bad. I was in the process of getting a divorce from Gloria Grahame, who was in the film, and she said, "If you'll cut me out of the film entirely, you won't have to pay me alimony." It was that bad.

I reshot about 50%. My name isn't on it — I never let anyone know I had done it, until Von Sternberg began to get attention for it. I had called him to say I was going to do it, as long as he didn't disapprove. If he disapproved, I wouldn't touch it. He said, "Oh no, Nick, I'm here in New Jersey with my rose garden, I'm close to Wall Street and my art gallery. Go ahead." Then the cultist boys got hold of it and inflated it, and he began to say, "Well, if it hadn't been for goddamned Nick Ray it would have been a much *greater* film."

RUN FOR COVER [PARAMOUNT, 1954]

James Cagney, newly arrived in a small western town, is mistaken for a train robber and nearly lynched. The townspeople make amends by appointing him sheriff, and he embarks on a humanitarian law and order campaign — there will be no more lynchings. Much of the film concerns his relationship with a young deputy, John Derek, who (in a characterization closely related to the delinquent he played in *Knock On Any Door*) proves unworthy of the older man's trust.

Although the shifting moral relationship between Cagney and Derek provides some tension, the film seems diffuse and thin compared to Ray's major works.

Run For Cover *doesn't strike me as being particularly outstanding, if I may be blunt. I liked Cagney.*

Ray: This was the only time that Cagney was Cagney. I did the film because I got a call that Cagney wanted to do *Run For Cover,* and would come out of retirement if I directed it. I love this guy, so I did it.

There are some very good things in it. I refused to shoot the Indians behind the trees with bows and arrows. Instead, I had them playing a game on horseback. John Derek was good. And I like the scenes between Jimmy and Viveca Lindfors — that midwestern immigrant scene is something that I knew the rhythm of very well. So there *are* some good things . . .

I'm not saying it's a piece of shit, it's just —

Ray: Oh, it's a *terrible* story for Chrissake! It's an awful story. There's no conflict, none. You try to *breathe* it in there, but you can't. You don't have any bones to work with. But have you ever seen Cagney like that? Jimmy not only has a great serenity, such as I've not seen in an actor outside of Walter Huston, he has a great love of the earth and of his fellow man, an understanding of loneliness. I wanted to try and use all that. When I did my Chicago Conspiracy movie, I wanted him to play Judge Hoffman — either him or Groucho Marx.

So you were the one!

Ray: Well, I'm the one who wrote to Hoffman offering him $100,000. It wasn't Jerry Rubin's idea. I called Jimmy, and he said, "Nick, if I ever come out of retirement I'll do it because of you, but . . . not again."

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE [WARNERS, 1955]

James Dean, a troubled adolescent, arrives in a new town with his family — a weak father and a domineering mother. He befriends Sal Mineo, another neglected child, and Natalie Wood, whose parents are harsh and unloving. All three youngsters are presented as potential delinquents. After a "chicken run" in which a boy is killed, Dean, Mineo and Wood hide from the police in an abandoned house. When friends of the dead boy arrive to take revenge, Mineo shoots one of them — and flees again to take refuge in a

planetarium. Dean follows him, takes away his gun, and convinces him to give himself up. When the two young men emerge from the planetarium, the police kill Mineo. The entire action of the film takes place within 24 hours.

Rebel was, of course, one of the classic films of the '50s — but it *stands*. Time has only confirmed its excellence. First, there is the performance in which James Dean defined himself — a performance so cinematic that it requires a camera to exist. With the flicker of an eyelid or a fleeting glance, Dean conveys great, complex segments of feeling and character.

In addition, there's Ray's astonishing evocation of the *zeitgeist*. *Rebel* seems even stronger now than it did in '55; not only are the dramatic and structural elements as effective as ever, but in the perspective afforded by 21 years we can appreciate the skill with which Ray pinpointed crucial data and ignored surrounding trivia.

If the film can be criticized at all, it would be for its surface ideology: the automatic indictment of the parents, the romantic absolution of the kids, and the sexist assumption that Dean's father is a failure because he doesn't dominate his wife. On this level, the complacent liberalism of the film conceals a fascist edge — the assumption that a healthy family requires strong, paternalist rule. Ray cannot be held primarily responsible for these elements — they are inextricably woven into the fabric of the time.

Furthermore, he undercuts them through the final transformation of the Dean character. At the beginning of the film, Jim is merely a sensitive misfit, blaming himself for his inability to function in society. At the end, in what is probably the most optimistic conclusion to any Ray film, Jim accepts himself and takes responsibility for his own life. He will no longer ask his father for advice; neither will he look to an authoritarian society for ethical guidance. He is self-defined, self-determining — and proud. No longer confused, Jim is now the genuine "rebel" of the title: his cry at the killing of Mineo is the cry of an adult being born.

As Ray said, in conversation, "They shot the wrong guy. Dean's the dangerous one."

Rebel was your first CinemaScope film. I've always been very impressed with your use of Scope — I think you use it better than anyone else, with the possible exception of Truffaut in Shoot the Piano Player. *Why did you start using it?*

Ray: Remember I worked with Frank Lloyd Wright? The horizontal line. I felt at home with Scope; if the environment is of such a nature that you don't have to force it, it's graceful to work with. On the other hand, in a film like *Wind Across the Everglades*, where you want height, where the trees and the birds are important, you can't use Scope.

Tell us about James Dean.

Ray: When I went out to Warners, I had a suite next to Kazan's. Gadge (Kazan) had asked me to come down and see a rough cut of *East of Eden*, and Dean was there. We said hello, and from that time on we were like a couple of Siamese cats sniffing each other out. One day there was a knock on my door, I opened it, and this guy backwards somersaults into the room. It was Dean. Then another guy comes in, and a girl. Jimmy stays on the floor and says, "Hey, are you middle aged?" I say, "Yeah, I think so." He says, "Are you the guy who was trapped by a fire and ran back to pick up a box of puppies Bogart had given him, and went running bareass across Sunset Boulevard with it?" I say, "Yup." He turns to the other kids and says, "See? Same guy." Gets up and leaves.

Rebel without a Cause

Jimmy was living in a dressing room at Warner Brothers — he loved the sanctuary of those walls, and the protection from people. One day Warners said he couldn't live there any more — it was against insurance rules. He was furious, and went back to New York.

He lived in a five-floor walkup uptown. I went to see him, and there were matador posters on the walls, good music — and he was studying the score of *Harold In Italy*. All I had was 15 pages of script. I gave them to Dean to read, and I said, "This is all I have, but I know where I'm going. Will you do the film with me?" He said, "You're gonna leave tonight?"

"Yeah."

"Are you taking a taxi?"

"Yeah."

"Will you drop me at a drugstore?"

"Yeah, why? Is it urgent?"

"Yeah, what do you do for crabs?"

I said, "Well, you can go to the beach, pour alcohol over your hair, roll around in the sand, and let them get drunk and throw rocks at each other. Or else you can buy a bottle of Cuprics."

We took a taxi to the drugstore, he went in, came out with a bottle of Cuprics, leaned halfway into the taxi and said, "Yeah, I wanta work with you. We'll do this script. Shake on it?" We shook. "OK, I'm happy," he said. "But don't tell those bastards back there!" He had promised himself that he'd never work for Warners again.

How much of Jim is actually James Dean?

Ray: He was very imaginative. He didn't realize that the film was as good as it is until the first preview. He was taken aback by it — that he was so good. Because he was quite a bit better in it than he had been in *East of Eden* — although I think *Eden* is a remarkably good film. Dean was more spontaneous in *Rebel*, and we improvised very well together. With his imagination — well, in that sense he certainly helped shape the character. But that's a director's job, to help other people to contribute. One man can't do it; nobody can make a film by himself.

Were the other actors uneasy with Dean? Jealous?

Ray: Not for a minute. He worked *with* them — except in the close shots with Natalie. When he was off-camera he'd always try to break her up, and she'd go into tears. I had to play the scenes with her. But aside from that, he was as serious an artist as I've ever worked with.

I got a bonus for the film, and I took a 300SL Mercedes. Jimmy and I had decided to form our own company together, and I bought two stories: One was called *Heroic Love*, and the other was a film about a Mexican roadrace. We were going to chart the course of the race in the Mercedes, then put cameras on the car . . . We had our holiday place to stay in Nicaragua all picked out. The Mercedes arrived in Hollywood while Jimmy was finishing the dubbing on *Giant*. When he got killed, I sold the car — never drove it.

What was Heroic Love *like?*

Ray: This kid returns from the war. He's standing on the train platform in a small western town, and there to meet him is his hero, the distinguished senior attorney of the town. The boy's father and mother have died during the war, leaving him a ranch — which he has no taste for. He wants to become a lawyer, and read law under this man. The attorney is very moved, and invites the kid to stay at his home.

The attorney is married to a much younger woman who tries to seduce the young man. He rejects her. She begins to be vindictive, and one day, on a visit to his mentor's office, the young man finds her and the junior partner making love. But he never says a word about it. Instead, he goes on a campaign of

seducing every young girl in town. And all the mothers are up in arms, but they're also really jealous if their own daughters aren't seduced.

There's an incident when the Chinese cook in a restaurant goes mad and kills three people, including the sheriff, with a butcher knife. The young man, using his training, gets up on the roof and drops in through the chimney, talks to him, takes the knife away. He sees his mentor in the crowd, and gets him to bring a rifle so they can stave off any lynch mob. And the two of them sit there all night, protecting the Chinaman.

Subsequently the wife accuses the young man of trying to seduce her. The husband — knowing instinctively that she's been having an affair with *someone* — assumes that she's right. He calls the boy to the public square and horsewhips him out of town. The kid says nothing.

BIGGER THAN LIFE [20th CENTURY-FOX, 1956]

James Mason plays a lower-middle class schoolteacher who supports his family in an expensive upper-middle lifestyle by moonlighting at a taxicab company. When he contracts a fatal nerve disease he is given cortisone to save his life. Although the drug begins to produce paranoid delusions of grandeur, he must continue taking it to arrest the disease. At first Mason struggles against the side effects of the drug, but they prove so satisfying that he begins to overdose himself. Realizing that he is spiraling into psychosis, he tries to break the terrifying cycle, but since drug withdrawal would mean his death he cannot do so. Finally, he attempts to kill his son. Regaining consciousness in the hospital, he seems to have

Bigger than Life

come to terms with himself, and the film suggests that he will limit his drug intake in the future — but as none of the concrete conditions have changed, we are left with a sense of tragic ambiguity.

Everything about the film serves to suck us into Mason's subjective nightmare. His metamorphosis takes place in garishly bourgeois settings, constricting rooms filled with too much pastel furniture. Against this backdrop, Mason takes on a Satanic persona, smarter than God and twice as mean. What would be merely terrifying in another setting becomes, in this world of dens and dining rooms, pathetic as well. Mason's psychosis is the sickness underlying the stable facade of every petit-bourgeois who finds his or her life unbearable. The only road to freedom is madness.

Despite the optimistic ending, *Bigger Than Life* is a bleak, hopeless film; the best Mason can hope for, after his fall into madness, is a return to that awful maze of armchairs. Here, for the first time, we encounter the Nick Ray reverse-whammy false ending — a "happy end" so obviously tacked on that we hardly notice it. Instead, it seems to drop away of its own accord, leaving in its place the tragic conclusion that, one suspects, was there all along, dramatically and thematically necessary.

Jean-Luc Godard placed *Bigger Than Life* on his list of the Ten Best American Sound Films.

Skipping Hot Blood, *which I've never seen, brings us to* Bigger Than Life — *a weird movie! When we saw it, I kept waiting for it to take off, and it never seemed to. And then, when it was over, I suddenly felt as if I'd been hit by a cannonball. What's going on here?*

Ray: Conviction. I had very good help, too. James Mason, like Bogart, is a wonderful producer. I disliked the script very much — I liked the original story, but not the script. So every night I'd go to Clifford Odet's home and discuss the scenes coming up — and then go back to my house and write every night. We were winging it all the way through.

I'm satisfied with the film. Even the decor in *Bigger Than Life* represents an almost hopeless stretch for freedom — a tension that drives the schoolteacher, an underpaid, lower-middle class leader of youth, into moonlighting at a taxi company and trying to find a miracle in drugs.

The ending is a little bit corny and embarrassing — the unrealness of it embarrasses me at times. And it's unfortunate that I used the word "cortisone," because the film is really about . . . Don't expect miracles, from pulpit, doctor, analyst, college, drugs . . . It being cortisone gets it away from the fact that the character needs the drug as an habitual source of grandeur — which he needs as a person. It being cortisone reduces any chance for him to achieve a stretch for freedom, because cutting off the drug would have killed him.

THE TRUE STORY OF JESSE JAMES [20th CENTURY-FOX, 1956]

This is a fairly routine version of the same old Jesse James movie.

"That something went wrong from the point of view of the production is hardly in doubt; but not in the direction, where each shot carries the indelible mark of the most peculiarly modern of filmmakers . . . How does one recognize Nicholas Ray's signature? Firstly, by the compositions, which can enclose an actor without stifling him, and which somehow manage to make ideas as abstract as Liberty and Destiny both clear and tangible. Then ... by the editing device which is a feature of all Ray's work, and which consists of the sudden insertion, in a scene with several characters, of a shot of one of them who is only participating indirectly in the conversation. Finally, by a sensitivity to decor, which no other American director since Griffith has been able to use so vividly and powerfully. One is hardly likely to forget the twin leap into the river by the James Brothers and their mounts, the attack on the train shot by the superb Joe MacDonald, or the band of mysterious horsemen clad in white coats, riding at dawn through the plains of Minnesota. No need of false modesty; Nick Ray could go to the cinema to see this film he repudiates."

Jean-Luc Godard, Cahiers du Cinéma

I don't much care for Jesse James. *You?*

Ray: I think the dissolves in it are just fucking awful. As a result of that same fire I was in, I had cut my feet rather badly. So the minute I finished shooting *Jesse James* I went into the hospital. They edited the film while I was in there, and when I got out they ran it for an audience of wheels from Fox. I saw these goddamned cigar-smoke dissolves, which I had never seen before, and I said, "Are you all *kidding?"* They said, "Oh, it's just temporary, Nick, just temporary." You can see how temporary they were.

I made the film as a favor to Buddy Adler, who had just become head of the studio. He said that what all the exhibitors wanted was a Jesse James movie. I said, "Buddy, I'm not going to do any remakes for Chrissake. If you ask me, I'll do it — but will you do it *my* way?" He said sure. I said, "OK, I want to do it as a ballad, all on a stage, even the horses, in areas of light. No exteriors. I want it to be the story of displaced youth after a war." He said OK, but the art department couldn't handle it. Nevertheless, it has some nice things in it.

Like Run For Cover, *it seems to lack that special Nick Ray tension.*

Ray: Right, right. I hired a writer who had helped me on the remake of *Macao*. He said, "There's nothing new to be written, everything has been written. It's only in the way you do it." I think that sterility affected the film. He and the producer — who put in the dissolves — became very close friends. I've never spoken to either of them since.

BITTER VICTORY [COLUMBIA, 1957]

The Libyan desert, 1942. Richard Burton and Curt Jurgens are British officers, leading a commando raid to steal secret papers from Rommel's HQ. There is no love lost between them: Not only does Burton hold Jurgens in contempt for the latter's cowardice, but Jurgens is aware that his young wife, Ruth Roman, is strongly attracted to Burton. After successfully executing the raid, the band's escape is complicated not only by Jurgens' continuing cowardice, but by his attempts to do away with Burton. After an unsuccessful attempt to leave Burton behind in the desert, Jurgens finally succeeds by failing to warn Burton that a scorpion is crawling up his leg. Burton dies, but as he does so he saves Jurgens' life — preventing him from wandering off to his death in a sudden sandstorm. In the confusion, a captured Nazi burns the vital papers. The mission a complete failure, Jurgens is nonetheless awarded a medal; he pins it on the breast of a bayonet-practice dummy.

The war itself is little more than a background for Ray's drama of character. Burton gives an extraordinary performance as a cynical, embittered intellectual who has abandoned his archeological studies (and his sweetheart) to volunteer for military duty. He has no patriotic illusions about war; one feels that he embraces its horrors only out of masochism — his desire to deal with a thankless universe in its purest form. Even his battle courage arises from nihilism, and his taunting conversations with Jurgens amount to suicide by proxy; he leaves Jurgens no choice but to kill him. If his motivation for saving Jurgens' life is paradoxical, it is only one aspect of a larger question that Ray never answers: the riddle of Burton's self-destructive anguish.

"Never before have the characters in a film seemed so close and yet so far away. For *Bitter Victory* is not a reflection of life, it is life turned into a film, seen from behind the mirror where cinema intercepts it. It is at once the most direct and the most secret of films, the most subtle and the crudest. It is not cinema, it is more than cinema . . . *Bitter Victory*, like the sun, makes you close your eyes. Truth is blinding."

Jean-Luc Godard, Cahiers du Cinéma

Bitter Victory *is an unusual film for Hollywood.*

Ray: It wasn't a Hollywood film in certain senses. It was financed by a Hollywood company, but the producer was a Frenchman. Columbia cut about 20 minutes out of the film. They cut the part where we discover that, like Field Marshall Montgomery, the officer in the film has a drawer full of medals that he gives to the survivors of dangerous expeditions — pretending they're his personal medals. And they cut Ruth Roman's apprehension as to who was returning — her wanting Burton to return and not her husband. In London, they even cut the pinning of the cross on the dummy.

Are there cuts in the sequences where Burton is left behind in the desert? Later, he gets angry at Jurgens, apparently for something that happens right there, but I've never been sure exactly what it is.

Ray: Jurgens pulls out all the supporting troops, so if Burton is attacked it'll be two against an army. Everything that Jurgens does is a contrivance for using his authority to vent his jealousy. During that sequence when the two dying soldiers are lying there, and beetles are crawling over them, I wrote two things for Burton. One was a silent monologue, in relation to making the decision to kill or not to kill, to mercy kill or not to mercy kill. I wrote it as if I were writing the best of Shakespeare. And to relieve himself of that I wanted a flashback into a lyric

The True Story of Jesse James

lake scene between Burton and Ruth Roman. But this was called daydreaming, and daydreaming was not considered to be reality. I think it's as much reality as having coffee for breakfast.

In a way, I'm surprised that they released it at all.

Ray: They did their best to bury it. After World War II it was the first combined anti-hero, anti-war film.

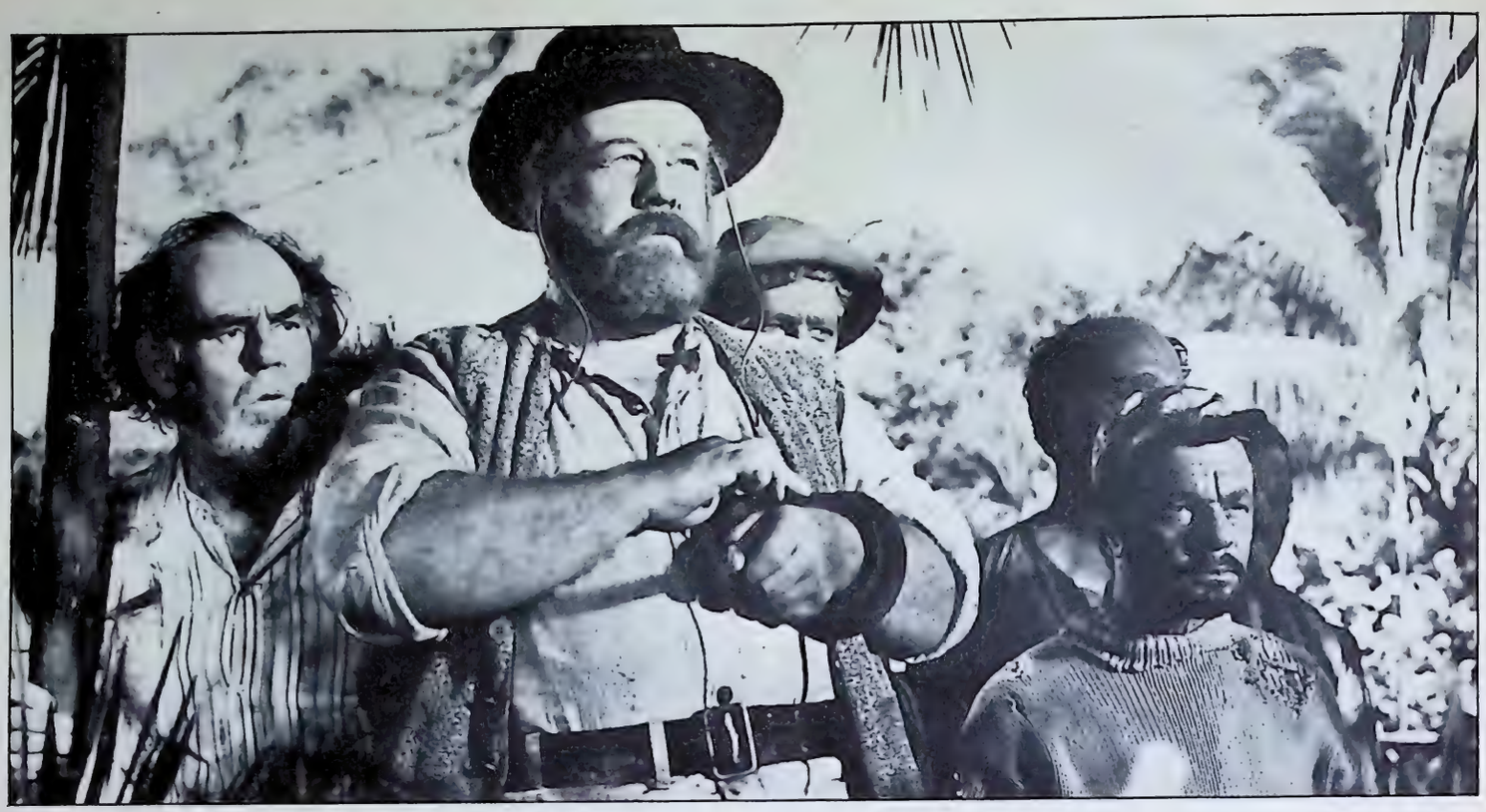
Burton is tremendous. The scene where he carries the wounded soldier on his shoulder . . .

Ray: He has the same attitude he had in the stone city, when he says, "Tenth Century Berber, it's a little too modern for me." And later he says, "I kill the living and save the dead." The producers thought I was loading it too heavily against Jurgens. I don't think so at all. Jurgens is the same kind of unmitigated heel that Mercedes McCambridge was in *Johnny Guitar.*

WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES [WARNERS, 1958]

Christopher Plummer, a hard-drinking schoolteacher, arrives in turn-of-the-century Miami and promptly gets into a street brawl. When the schoolboard head, who has witnessed the fight, removes Plummer from his teaching position, he takes a job as bird warden for the Audubon Society. His job is to stop a band of outlaws, headed by Burl Ives, from killing birds for their plummage. After several inconclusive encounters between the warden and the outlaw, Plummer sets out for a final confrontation with Ives deep in the Everglades. Following an all-night drinking contest (which ends in a draw), Ives agrees to stand trial in Miami if Plummer can get him there without help. They set out for civilization, but Plummer loses his way in the swamp. During a moment of confusion Ives clubs Plummer with an oar, and then drags him to safety on a hummock. In the process, Ives is bitten by a poisonous snake and dies. Plummer returns to Miami alone.

A thoroughly subversive film, Everglades begins as a delightful period adventure only to metamorphose into strange, deeply-felt psychodrama. In the first half of the film, a familiar good guy-bad guy dialectic pits Plummer, a civilized man of conscience, against Ives, a socially-irresponsible primitive. Yet despite Ives' plot function as the villain, his bubbling vitality and intimate relationship with nature make him a positive figure. One feels an increasing tension between Ives-as-written and Ives-as-directed, as if Ray were struggling in vain against his own sympathy for the character. Finally, as the film moves into its second half, set against swampy vistas of green trees, watery shallows and flights of shrieking birds, Ives takes over the film completely. At the same time, the film's ostensible "conservation" theme is subsumed in the primitive man-to-man struggle between the Audubon warden and the outlaw.



Wind across the Everglades

One can't help suspecting that the struggle between reason and anarchy that lies at the film's heart is Ray's struggle too. Drawn simultaneously toward both of his characters, he seems to have given some of himself to each of them. The similarities between Plummer and Ives — both are rebels, both are socially alienated, both live by an inner code of honor — further suggest their common origin in Ray's own uneasy conscience.

As the film moves toward its conclusion, it becomes clear that we are witnessing not a struggle for supremacy, but a struggle for wholeness. Only by coming together can Plummer and Ives make a whole man, and that man is Nick Ray.

Yet this joyous communion is denied us. In the bitter finale nature consumes itself — Ives dies from the bite of his own totem animal, the snake — and civilization triumphs by default. It is a pyrrhic victory, for Plummer — alienated from the shallow Miami society and incompetent in the wilds of the Glades — must find his way alone, forever denied of Ives' natural power.

Plummer is pretty good, but I have the feeling that he never gets a solid grasp on the character.

Ray: Well, it was his first film. And it's a hard character to get hold of, because they decided to cut out what I considered the first obligatory scene — Plummer's arrest in Boston for drunkenness. That scene was always very important to me, but Schulberg cut it out for some reason.

Also, Burl Ives tends to blow Plummer away.

Ray: Yeah, but that's interesting. Especially Ives' capitulation at the end.

There isn't really any motivation for that, as far as plot goes.

Ray: There was Ives' appreciation of a *man.* Another scene they cut: I had improvised a scene after the Fourth of July celebration on the beach. Plummer and Chana Eden try to make love under the bandstand, and run back into town. And they come across Burl, carrying his son to a doctor — which he's able to do because everybody has left town, and he's safe. When the two of them meet on the street, silently, they appreciate each other's desire for aloneness and walk in opposite directions. It was a beautiful scene, and why the hell they cut it I'll never . . . Maybe because Bud hadn't written it.

One of the interesting things is how the center shifts. First you think that Plummer is gonna be the center, but it ends up being Burl Ives.

Ray: My prejudice is in favor of gangsters anyway.

Ives is a very attractive gangster. That outrageous tip-off line, where the "professor" says that Ives represents the freedom of the individual carried to its logical conclusion.

Ray: Burl and I have been in more street fights, I guess, than any other two guys I know. He's a great street fighter, He'd come to work sometimes singing these pear-toned songs — "Twelve Days of Christmas," sweet ballads — with blood on his shirt from the last fight.

How did you like working with Schulberg?

Ray: Bud really wanted to direct the film himself — I heard him say that one night. And I found it very difficult to relate to him. I knew Kazan had gotten along with him very well, so I called Gadge and said, "Goddammit, I'm getting two soggy pages a day written by his ghostwriter. What the hell can I do?" Kazan gave me some advice, and I stuck it out. Schulberg refused to allow a range of respect among men. The trial scene was very awkward to work with.

The drinking contest is a fine sequence. The sound of the jug sliding acorss the table, the weight of it . . .

Ray: There were people there who thought the same organic language that I do. All the stuff between Peter Falk and Curt Conway in that scene was improvised. It was Falk's first film. Nobody would give him a job because his eyes were crossed.

It's one of my favourite films. There's so much vitality, life force . . .

Ray: A very anarchistic movie. I love the scene in the mud, where they're all fighting. Emmett Kelly is in the background, shadowboxing.

PARTY GIRL [MGM, 1958]

Chicago in the '30s. Robert Taylor, the brilliant, charming attorney for gangster Lee J. Cobb, meets dancer and "party girl" (read prostitute) Cyd Charisse. They fall in love, and Taylor decides to defy Cobb and start a legitimate law practice. When a gang war breaks out, Taylor is jailed as a material witness, and Cobb kidnaps Charisse to make sure Taylor won't talk. Taylor arranges to be released from jail, and is promptly kidnapped too. Just as Cobb is about to attack his two prisoners with acid, the police arrive and apprehend the gang. (cont'd p.18)

Director in Aspic

By Jay Cocks

Directors like Orson Welles, and like Nicholas Ray, who was feted not so long ago at an enterprising but now defunct New York theatre called First Avenue Screening Room, live on unquestioning adulation, and they exploit it. They work off sentimentality, off the commitment of history, largely because the miserable process of commercial filmmaking has made them scramble. Hollywood is a town that flourishes, that is regenerated and perpetuated, on hype. Welles and Ray are creatures of that place, and of that process, and they are getting by now on their wits, on their craftiness even more than their craft. By any estimation, it is an awful situation. Welles is not working near the top of even what talent remains. Ray is not working at all.* In another way, though, they both have allowed themselves to be victimized, to receive the innocent succor and sympathy that always follows. It is one tidy way to let yourself off the hook.

Welles and Ray get along now almost as much on sheer flamboyance as on their achievements. If they are past their best works it is for reasons that have only partially to do with the cruelties of the system. A fact that is little recognized because it is uncomfortable and threatening. Critics who mistake friendliness and sympathy for loyalty and intellectual commitment see Welles and Ray as victims only, artists who, given the chance, could rise to past glories and surpass them. No one asks, though, how much of a hand the victims had in their own victimization. When Charles Higham, in his book on Welles' movies, implied that *The Magnificent Ambersons* and *It's All True* were compromised in large part because of Welles' own craziness, yowls were heard world-wide and apologists wrote indignant disclaimers. If Higham's conclusions seem justified by Welles personal history, his remains still a minority opinion.

One general trouble with film writing is that no one asks the hard questions. Filmmakers are taken all on faith, at face value. They themselves encourage this kind of congenial dishonesty. Truth is usually bad for business, and has a way of messing up the momentum of a lifetime's good will. At the Ray tribute, there was a great deal of worship, from the audience and the screen. Ray appeared in person, offering a few opening remarks of calculated self-deprecation before the screening of a documentary called *I'm a Stranger Here Myself*, which payed him grave, highly superficial homage. The film closely followed the form of Peter Bogdanovich's A.F.I. tribute to John Ford: an interview with the director, interviews with colleagues, lots of clips. The Ray documentary had the added advantage of footage showing its subject at work.

Like all else in the film, this footage was calculated to portray the director as the still embattled, still vigorous rebel. Well-intentioned or not, such an image of Ray was belied by Ray's very presence in the theatre, by his own footage (which he screened after the documentary), and by the evidence of the *vérité* sequences themselves, which show Ray either bullying or sucking up to his students at Harpur College. Ray had spent the previous couple of years working on a film with a cast and crew from Harpur, some of whom were apparently in the tribute audience. They chortled appreciatively at *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* and applauded their own incohate experimental effort, *We Can't Go Home Again*, just like an audience of insiders on the Bel Air circuit.

We Can't Go Home Again, strained, scrambled, desperate, was from a director who can't even find the right words. Watching him in the documentary, it is clear that Ray is wasted now, has wasted himself, but the people who made this film (David Helpern Jr., James C. Gutman), like the Harpur students, are getting off on Ray's own shabby glory. There are too many acolytes around for anyone's good. Reviewers have been kindly disposed toward *I'm a Stranger Here Myself*, probably because they feel a little wistful about its subject. These are precisely the feelings, along with a loving capacity to be gulled, that helped blind Helpern and Gutman. Their movie is no real tribute. It's just ass kissing.

Ray made his last feature, *55 Days at Peking*, over a decade ago. Then he dropped out of sight. He surfaced again at the Chicago conspiracy trial, hanging out with the defendants and saying he was going to make a movie about it all. He never did. This is hardly mentioned, much less discussed. Ray's whole personal life is ignored, although his remark that the murderous 1950 melodrama *In A Lonely Place* was "very personal" to him surely lays out at least one rich field for exploration.

Welles made great films, Ray did work of quality and stature, but now they are bandits on the run, in flight from demons who pursue them no longer, sheltered and comforted by disciples who rush to adore. As the scrambled footage of *We Can't Go Home Again* played off at the First Avenue Screening Room, the audience crowded the narrow aisle. Ray, who walks unsteadily anyway, tried to get to his front seat from the back of the theatre, weaving through all the young bodies, lighting his way in the darkness by the single flame of a lighter. His progress was halting. The flame glared on his ravaged face, which showed both his pleasure at the size of the audience and impatience at not being able to move along. All the way to the screen the assembled faithful made it very hard for him to pass.

*Variety this year carried periodic announcements of a new Ray film called *City Blues*. The star was to be Marilyn Chambers, in whom, Ray insisted, he had discovered Garbo-esque qualities. This all sounded neither likely nor very promising. Rip Torn and Norman Mailer were also to be featured, but then *Variety* announced that Mailer had dropped out, and that the budget of the movie had trippled, jumping from $500,000 to $1,500,000. The source for this monetary information was Ray, who did not say — even assuming he was asked — whether the money was actually in hand. He did insist that production would "start within the month." [See Marilyn Chambers' update included in this story. —ed.]

Jay Cocks, born in the Bronx, reviews films for *Time,* and is a regular Take One contributor.

A Nick Ray Filmography

1947: They Live By Night
1948: Knock On Any Door
1949: In A Lonely Place
1950: Born to be Bad
On Dangerous Ground
1951: Flying Leathernecks
1952: The Lusty Men
1953: High Green Wall
Johnny Guitar
1954: Run For Cover
1955: Rebel Without A Cause
Hot Blood
1956: Bigger Than Life
The True Story of Jesse James
1957: Bitter Victory
1958: Wind Across the Everglades
Party Girl
1960: The Savage Innocents
1961: King of Kings
1963: 55 Days at Peking
1972: We Can't Go Home Again (uncompleted)

Executed with bravura flair and cinematic grace, *Party Girl* has the inner coherence and sureness of touch of a classic genre film. When it was released in 1958, the *New York Times* criticized Ray for "approaching his subject as if the explosive Chicago of the Thirties was something he had just discovered," but this quality of freshness and discovery is, in fact, one of the film's delights.

Although its audacity and sense of adventure suggest a "first film," the masterly skill with which Ray has constructed *Party Girl* can be seen in the ease with which he slides two full-scale dance numbers into what is essentially a gangster movie. The musical numbers are completely off-the-wall; yet they work so splendidly, one comes to recognize their significance as exemplars of a basic and characteristic mechanism in the American cinema; the outrageous juxtaposition of conflicting elements, integrated through the mediation of a great filmmaker's vision. One can practically hear the producer: "We're paying for Cyd Charisse; get in a couple of production numbers!" Faced with the necessity of including the numbers, Ray places them so perfectly in the fabric of the film that they strengthen it.

Thematically, it seems worth noting that *both* main characters are prostitutes who have sold out their integrity for the lucrative rewards of the big-time, big-money establishment. In fact, the compromised attorney is physically, as well as morally crippled until an operation corrects his twisted hip — at the same time as he decides to break with the mobsters.

In addition, as in so many of Ray's films, the "happy end" is completely unsupported by the plot; one replaces it, almost automatically, with the logical ending wherein Taylor and Charisse are tortured and killed for daring to act in accordance with their ethical awakening.

Party Girl *is one of* Cahiers' *particular favorites. Why do you suppose the French critics love the film so extravagantly?*

Ray: Well, it was kind of baroque. They liked the use of color. The first prints were beautiful. Whenever John Ireland entered a room I put on a green overcast, and dressed him in green. I was experimenting with color. Like, the red-on-red in *Rebel* is entirely different in response from the red-on-red in *Party Girl*, where Cyd Charisse takes off her coat and lies down in the red gown on the red couch. And by this time I was Mr. CinemaScope in France. There's a 14-page essay in *Cahiers* on the film — an extraordinary piece of writing.

It strikes me as a quintessentially Hollywood film, exploiting all the things that Hollywood films do best. A perfect genre film, on one level, and yet thoroughly outrageous.

Ray: The shocking reason that Metro did the film at all was that they wanted to get rid of the overhead of having stars on their payroll 40 weeks a year. By getting Cyd Charisse and Bob Taylor off the payroll, they were making money even before the film was started. Bob Taylor worked like a true method actor. I took him to the greatest bone specialist in southern California, and we spent hours going over hip dislocations, and what would cause that kind of limp. It was strictly a method approach.

One gets the feeling from watching the film that you felt utterly in control, that you would have done anything and it would have worked.

Ray: I *felt* that way, but it wasn't true. I had to work like hell to get the montage of the killings. A few of them were incidents I had experienced. I felt very secure, in that sense — in terms of the Chicago atmosphere of the period. I lived there.

I'm satisfied with the film in the sense that I don't think I could have done much more with it. Except for one thing, that I regret very much. I wanted one scene between Lee Cobb and Cyd Charisse; I wanted to *prove* that Cyd Charisse could act. But they wouldn't let me vary from the script. It was handed to me.

THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS [PARAMOUNT, 1960]

Quinn the Eskimo (whose name is actually Inuk) lives hundreds of miles from civilization. Most of the film's first half is pure anthropology with a thin veneer of plot. The second half begins when Quinn and his wife make a long trek to the south in order to trade fox skins for a rifle. At the trading post they come into contact with a missionary, who is accidentally killed. Quinn and his family flee, followed by two Canadian troopers. Attempting to bring the Eskimo south for trial, one of the troopers freezes to death; Quinn saves the other one. Upon his recovery, the trooper offers to let Quinn go, certain that a trial would result in imprisonment or death. When Quinn refuses, the trooper insults him and runs off. Quinn and his family, baffled by the behaviour of the white men, return to safety in the frozen wilderness.

The Savage Innocents is a serious, responsible attempt to deal with important anthropological and ecological issues; it takes its stand strongly with the Eskimos. Never before in an American film has the white man's civilization been shown with such unremitting hatred and contempt. It doesn't require much stretch of imagination to read Ray for Quinn, and Hollywood for the horrible trading post where the Eskimo will lose his freedom forever.

Once again, the happy ending is spurious. There is no reason to expect the trooper, who's completely insensitive to the cultural interface at the film's heart, to do anything less than his job: Bring that gook to trial! It should come as no surprise, by this time, if we note that in the anguished world of Nicholas Ray, innocents — savage or otherwise — are doomed.

I always think of The Savage Innocents *as "Quinn the Eskimo," on account of Dylan's song. Do you think he wrote it about the film?*

Ray: He did.

The film is anthropologically coherent, which is a real novelty for a Hollywood film. Did you do extensive research?

Ray: Tremendous. I took more from the Archives of Copenhagen and a book by Peter Freuchen than I did from the novel.

Even the language seems right — the syntax, the impersonal pronouns —

Ray: No, that was wrong. That's where I fucked up. I couldn't find an Eskimo actress, and I was convinced of the theory that certain tribes migrated north-eastward into China, crossed the Bering Straits and travelled down through North America — it makes for a great deal of similarity between oriental peoples and Eskimos.

And dig this, parkas are cut on a bias, a slant, like Mandarin coats! Anyway, I cast a Japanese girl, Yoko Tani, and a Chinese girl for her sister. I had written all the Eskimo dialogue in beautiful, fluent, poetic language, and I thought that Yoko would be able to read it without accent. But when they began playing, Quinn found that he couldn't adjust to Yoko's rhythm without using pidgin English. I should have recast, or at least determined to dub. But I made concessions to the pidgin English.

But the use of "one" for "I" . . .

Ray: That's consistent with Eskimo. I've tried to trap Eskimo stewardesses on Canadian airlines into saying, "I," and I've never been able to.

I wanted to ask about the mattes. Like the polar bear is almost always matted. How come?

Ray: We went to a hibernation point to photograph polar bears as they came out of hibernation, when they're the most ferocious. I had an Eskimo standing by me with a Winchester, in case they attacked. We got great footage, tremendous footage; we spent three weeks there. But on takeoff, the landing gear on the Beechcraft wasn't up in time. We hit a small ice heap, couldn't get elevation, hit another ice heap, a *third* ice heap, and belly-crashed. We jumped out of the plane, ran a hundred yards, and the plane blew up with all our footage.

So when I got to England, I had to find some polar bears. There was a circus playing in Belfast, but the owner, a guy named Chipperfield, was a real tough, mean son-of-a-bitch. I was walking with him, and we came to an alligator pit. "Your alligators are pretty sluggish," I said. "Do you mind if I pick one up?" He said, "Well, you can try it." I took his cane, went over

and pressed the back of the alligator's head in the right place, grabbed the tail and picked him up.

This impressed Chipperfield a lot. I had had to learn how to handle alligators during *Wind Across the Everglades,* because my crew was from New York and they were gonna piss in their pants if they saw an alligator. One time I had an alligator in my closet until I could get a box built for him. Anyway, Chipperfield said, "OK, I'll rent you a couple of polar bears. Matter of fact, why don't you take all five? It'll save me the food bill. And by the way, can you get me any fresh alligators?"

We shot the bears against blue backing, but the polar bear being attacked by the dogs was a location shot; as was the polar bear in the water.

The last shot of O'Toole with the town in the background is a matte too.

Ray: Yeah. I changed the script. I had written a third act which took place in the courtroom, but I fell in love with the arctic so much that I just kept going.

Why didn't you just back-project? The mattes are very sophisticated, but you can still see that shimmery outline.

Ray: Blue backing was the new thing then, and it was Walt Disney who talked me into it. Using sodium lights against the blue. Some of the prints don't have that halo, some do. Even so, I had to use remote-controlled cameras. The polar bear is a real . . . the white panther. And, oh! They move so fast! They move!

Did you have problems with people freezing?

Ray: No, only the cameras froze up. I had tested the cameras at 70 below, and they functioned; I learned later that it's the wind that's the determining factor. On days when it was only 10 or 20 below zero, if there was a wind we couldn't shoot. But I shot at 52 and 55 below zero with no discomfort whatsoever. I had only one uncomfortable day of shooting, and that was my own fault because I hadn't put on any heavy underwear. Some days I'd just wear a Seminole jacket.

Did Innocents *make money?*

Ray: I think it must be in the black, but you never can tell. The bookkeeping of American major studios is the most sophisticated form of stealing in the world. I know that *Savage Innocents* made a lot of money because the producer told me he was in the black after six months. Usually it takes 18 months.

Uh, now comes the sad part. What happened with 55 Days?

Ray: *55 Days* epitomized the worst of Hollywood, and it was done by an independent producer who managed to deceive, steal, cheat . . . and bring all the worst aspects of Hollywood into a film being shot in Spain. It's a very painful film for me to talk about. I woke up, one night, and said to my wife, "Something has come to me in the night, and told me that if I do this film I will never make another film."

55 DAYS AT PEKING [VALORIA, 1963]

The pressure was tremendous. On a $6 million production, I had no production manager, and a 21-year-old assistant director. No script. I had two artists in my office, one Chinese and one Spanish. I'd describe the scene to them, they'd draw it and then I'd give it to the so-called writers and say, "Write a scene around this?"

How did you manage to get involved in such a farce?

Ray: I made the mistake common to the journalist who says to his wife, "Darling, I've just had an offer from an advertising agency to become their chief writer for commercials. It'll bring me $200,000 a year, and that will give me the chance to move to Connecticut and write the Great American Novel." This gave me a lot more than $200,000, and I thought, "All right, for the last time I'll break my promise to myself never to do anything I don't want to do."

Were you offered projects thereafter?

Ray: Oh, yeah. Nothing I was interested in, though. I decided I was not going to go back to Hollywood. I had had my suitcase packed for eight years. The lack of adventure in Hollywood filmmaking was getting to me. All I heard about was the diversification of companies, the forecasts of conglomerates. Nothing about the creation of films. Sure, I had made my best films there, but . . .

DRIFTING

I wanted to do my own things. I bought material — Dylan Thomas' *The Doctor and the Devils, Only Lovers Left Alive . . .* I bought a book by a Polish writer called *Next Stop Paradise,* only to discover that he had already sold the rights. I began working on an adaptation of Ibsen's *Lady From the Sea* for Ingrid Bergman and Larry Olivier.

You were living in Europe?

Ray: Yes, off and on from '57 to '69.

What brought you back?

Ray: A film with a court background to it. When I landed here, I asked the producers where the most interesting court action was taking place. They said, "Chicago, the Conspiracy trial." I said, "That's where I want to go, to brush up, to see if there have been any changes in the courts."

The Savage Innocents

Ray: I went to Chicago, became acquainted with the attorneys and the defendants, watched the courtroom proceedings. After three or four days I went back to New York with the producers, and before I'd been on the ground three hours, I said, "What the fuck am I doing here? *That's* where it is, back in Chicago. What the hell are we doing with *this* script? That's where the story is, Chicago!" They didn't agree with me. I had the privilege of a $30,000 overdraft at my bank, which I exercised. I took whatever money I had left, went back to Chicago and started shooting.

CHICAGO CONSPIRACY MOVIE [NEVER COMPLETED]

We couldn't get cameras into the court — I tried a couple of times, but they made too much noise — so we shot everything that happened outside the courtroom. I sent camera crews with the guys when they were speaking at news conferences, doing karate exercises . . . We shot 30,000 feet of film, and 540 hours of tape which I bribed from an official of the court. The tape was delivered to me by a lieutenant in Chicago's finest, delivered to me like a gangster, off an alley, from under his leather jacket. I still have the footage; some of it's in *We Can't Go Home Again.*

What happened to the movie? Why didn't you finish it?

Ray: The three great pornographers of the United States — Grove Press, Michael Butler and Hugh Hefner — backed out.

What did you do?

Ray: I lost an eye. An embolism. At three o'clock in the morning, I found out that we had no backing, sent my staff home, and fell asleep at the editing table. I woke up and my eye was kind of heavy. It got worse. It took me six hours to find a doctor, and if I had made it 20 minutes sooner, they would have been able to inject nicotinic acid and save the eye.

Christ! Well, what did you do then?

Ray: We continued. We continued working. I've never stopped working. People in New York helped me, worked with me . . .

Underground?

Ray: I don't know what the fuck that means. Why use the word "underground"? It's a cheap word, it gives distinction to bad films being made by inept people!

I meant it as working outside Hollywood structure.

Ray: Well, it's taken on a different connotation.

WE CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN [UNCOMPLETED]

The action in *We Can't Go Home Again* centers around an elderly film teacher at a small college, and a group of his students. Half psychodrama, half staged fiction, the film is constructed from a series of raw encounters: sexual, inter-personal, political. The teacher, played by Nick Ray, is accused of being a "betrayer" — a role he seems to accept. Deeply alienated — as are all the characters in the film — he attempts to hang himself, changes his mind, and stumbles into the noose by accident. His students discover him swinging, choking but still alive, and leave him to die.

Shot variously in 8, Super-8, 16, 17.5 and 35mm, the film erupts on the screen as a simultaneous barrage of images — some concrete, some abstract, some indeterminate. Documentary footage from the Chicago Conspiracy trial and other political street action is intercut with the "fictional" material.

The film reflects a basic ambivalence toward the young people in it: they are romanticized, particularly in terms of their politics and lifestyle, and yet they are presented with a certain contempt. As might be expected, they are cast as the "innocents" with which Ray has concerned himself ever since *They Live By Night*. Yet *these* innocents are, in some sinister way, poisoned. Self-indulgent to the point of pain, cruel and arbitrary, decadent, desperate and selfish — these children of the '70s are a universe apart from Keechie and Bowie, the lovers of *They Live By Night*.

The one character in *We Can't Go Home Again* who is viewed unambiguously is Nick Ray — a deeply confused man, seeking for something he has lost, something he needs desperately. Exactly what it is — a sense of purpose, a sense of faith, a sense of sense itself — is never made clear. When, hanging from the rope, he groans, "I have been interrupted," the man's pain is nearly unbearable. Although the line's specific referrent is unclear, its meaning is unmistakeable.

When did you start teaching film at Harpur College?

Ray: December, '71. I loved the kids there, and I was sure as hell going to get them off their asses — not lecture to them. I was going to concentrate on my experiments with color.

How did this particular film come into existence?

Ray: Just out of realizing that we were touching the texture of life. We had been shooting ad-lib, and acting out the things the students had confidence enough to bring in to me. One day it seemed to me that we had the potential for a film.

Was a conscious decision made on the characters and plot?

Ray: There's no plot.

There seems to be one.

Ray: Yeah, there seems to be one in *Rebel*, too, but there isn't *Rebel* is the story of a guy who wants to have 24 hours which are not confused. Everything else is character.

This is the first time you play a major acting role in a film, isn't it?

Ray: Yeah, I play the part of a betrayer — typical of my generation. It comes out of a sense of guilt. My generation has been the biggest betrayers of any generation we've ever known. The betrayals that I engage in (in the movie) are like asking your kid to jump into your arms and then pulling your arms away, the kind of betrayals that lie behind the wars, the assassinations, the Watergates.

The film is something of a technical departure for you, in that it's mostly multiple-image.

Ray: It's a departure in filmmaking. It rests on the concept that a celluloid strip recognizes neither time nor space — only the limits of man's imagination.

One of the striking things about We Can't Go Home Again *is that despite the sex and nudity, it's so damned unsensational.*

Ray: Maybe Lillian Hellman would have had a scene with a girl who's going to masturbate in front of a window for a department store owner, but that it should be *true* is too bizarre. That's what's so wrong with most Hollywood films — they make them into plastic all-weather paint, slapped on the side of the house. That way they think they'll endure — but damn few do.

Where did the money for the film come from?

Ray: From me, mostly. The National Committee for the Endowment of the Arts gave me a $20,000 grant, but the University fucked it up by making an application at the same time. So they compromised, and gave the money to the Harpur Research Foundation, which would administer it through Nick Ray. In this way I had to start digging into my own pocket — which never stopped. Every penny I earned, or had, or could borrow has gone into this film.

Are you satisfied with the film technically?

Ray: Yeah, for having done it with very primitive equipment, and very limited funds. It's all students and myself: student camerawork, grip work, gaffers, everything. I did a much more sophisticated version of multiple-image seven years ago, in Czechoslovakia. But this'll do for a start.

TRUE/FALSE

We have sort of a hasty last minute surprise, a True-False Quiz. To start with, we think that in many, if not all, of your most interesting films the leading actor portrays Nick Ray — Dean as a rebel, Burton as a cynical, self-destructive intellectual, Mason as a potential psychotic, Taylor as a charming prostitute. True or false?

Ray: True. I never thought of it before, but you could say the same of *In A Lonely Place* and *They Live By Night*.

Even Vienna, in Johnny Guitar, *is playing Nick Ray.*

Ray: Partly true. But only in the sense of a line I wrote for Ernie Borgnine. Scott Brady says to him, "Who do you like, Bart, who do you like?" and Ernie says, "Me, I like me."

Your characters are all, in some way, "bigger than life" — stronger, stranger, brighter, more neurotic . . .

Ray: How do you separate that?

You mean intelligence and neurosis?

Ray: Yes, how do you separate those? Why do you ask that kind of question? We are all products of our own intuition. Intelligence . . . I think I had one of the highest in school, but I got kicked out of school more times than anybody else before or since. I don't handle my life with intelligence. I don't know many people who do. Maybe a few gangsters, like Presidents and so on.

In the earliest films, the Nick Ray characters are defeated by social circumstances, whereas later on they defeat themselves — they commit suicide, one way or another, by putting themselves into impossible situations.

Ray: True. But it is the role of the poet or the artist — and every artist hopes to be a poet — to expose himself. It's the only way he communicates. Any line of poetry, I don't care if it's rock, acid rock, old man jazz . . . Oh my God, I said "true." What was the question again?

[*We repeat the question.*]

Ray: No. It's not true of *They Live By Night, Rebel, Johnny Guitar, In A Lonely Place.* I don't think it's true of most of my films. My obligation as a showman, and a person of the theater, rests within an essay by Romain Roland called *The People's Theater:* "The obligation of the worker in the theater is to give the audience a heightened sense of being." Suicide doesn't do that.

But in all those movies the characters, by their refusal to compromise, put themselves up against absolutely impossible odds.

Ray: That's our society.

We turned off the tape recorder. Nick drained his wine glass, picked up his knapsack and started to leave. Then, with a shy smile, he reached into his back pocket and pulled out . . . a hand-puppet! It was a soft, fuzzy little lion, and Nick slipped it over his hand. Coming alive, the lion caressed Nick's cheek like a sweet-tempered kitten. "This is my friend," said Nick. "He loves me." Suddenly the lion puppet swung at him. Nick ducked. The lion swung again, missed again.

SAVE 25%

SPECIAL OFFER FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY PLEASE!

TAKE ONE

Please send me a year (6 issues) of TAKE ONE at your special introductory rate for new subscribers of just $4.49—which is 25% off the basic newsstand and subscription price of $6.00. Also send me, FREE, one year (6 issues) of the TAKE ONE FILMLETTER.

Applies in North America only. Write for overseas rates.

Check one:
☐ Bill me later.
☐ Payment enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____ Code _____

SAVE 25% OFF THE REGULAR COST AND GET THE FILMLETTER FREE!

F12345 678

"All his films are crossed by the same obsession with twilight, the solitude of beings, the difficulty of human relations." — *Jacques Rivette*

Ray moves through the city, the famous brooding presence ever intact, ever private.

Marilyn Chambers

Marilyn's story

Marilyn Chambers was recently in Montreal, on location for Cinepix. Take One spoke to her husband and manager, Chuck Traynor, about her involvement in Nick Ray's projected film, **City Blues.**

He told us that Marilyn had been signed to play the lead, and had been promised $60,000 and 5% of the gross. On signing, she received $10,000. Unfortunately, during the summer the US tax shelter laws were changed, and the existing financing fell through. (Under the old law, an investor could write off four times the amount of his investment over a two- to three-year period. The new legislation prevents any write-off of more than the amount invested.)

Ms. Chambers is no longer under contract for **City Blues**, but is still very interested in the project. If enough new money is raised, and if she is available when shooting begins, she'll be in the film.

According to Traynor, Norman Mailer, who had done some script re-writing, would also be involved in any future revival of the venture, as would Rip Torn (if available). Traynor stressed that **City Blues** had been a viable, well-financed project, and that Ray had attacked it with a tremendous amount of vigour.

What happened to the movie? Why didn't you finish it?

Ray: The three great pornographers of the United States — Grove Press, Michael Butler and Hugh Hefner — backed out.

What did you do?

Ray: I lost an eye. An embolism. At three o'clock in the morning, I found out that we had no backing, sent my staff home, and fell asleep at the editing table. I woke up and my eye was kind of heavy. It got worse. It took me six hours to find a doctor, and if I had made it 20 minutes sooner, they would have been able to inject nicotinic acid and save the eye.

Christ! Well, what did you do then?

Ray: We continued. We continued working. I've never stopped working. People in New York helped me, worked with me . . .

Underground?

Ray: I don't know what the fuck that means. Why use the word "underground"? It's a cheap word, it gives distinction to bad films being made by inept people!

I meant it as working outside Hollywood structure.

Ray: Well, it's taken on a different connotation.

WE CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN [UNCOMPLETED]

The action in *We Can't Go Home Again* centers around an elderly film teacher at a small college, and a group of his students. Half psychodrama, half staged fiction, the film is constructed from a series of raw encounters: sexual, inter-personal, political. The teacher, played by Nick Ray, is accused of being a "betrayer" — a role he seems to accept. Deeply alienated — as are all the characters in the film — he attempts to hang himself, changes his mind, and stumbles into the noose by accident. His students discover him swinging, choking but still alive, and leave him to die.

Shot variously in 8, Super-8, 16, 17.5 and 35mm, the film erupts on the screen as a simultaneous barrage of images — some concrete, some abstract, some indeterminate. Documentary footage from the Chicago Conspiracy trial and other political street action is intercut with the "fictional" material.

The film reflects a basic ambivalence toward the young people in it: they are romanticized, particularly in terms of their politics and lifestyle, and yet they are presented with a certain contempt. As might be expected, they are cast as the "innocents" with which Ray has concerned himself ever since *They Live By Night*. Yet *these* innocents are, in some sinister way, poisoned. Self-indulgent to the point of pain, cruel and arbitrary, decadent, desperate and selfish — these children of the '70s are a universe apart from Keechie and Bowie, the lovers of *They Live By Night*.

The one character in *We Can't Go Home Again* who is viewed unambiguously is Nick Ray — a deeply confused man, seeking for something he has lost, something he needs desperately. Exactly what it is — a sense of purpose, a sense of faith, a sense of sense itself — is never made clear. When, hanging from the rope, he groans, "I have been interrupted," the man's pain is nearly unbearable. Although the line's specific referrent is unclear, its meaning is unmistakeable.

When did you start teaching film at Harpur College?

Ray: December, '71. I loved the kids there, and I was sure as hell going to get them off their asses — not lecture to them. I was going to concentrate on my experiments with color.

How did this particular film come into existence?

Ray: Just out of realizing that we were touching the texture of life. We had been shooting ad-lib, and acting out the things the students had confidence enough to bring in to me. One day it seemed to me that we had the potential for a film.

Was a conscious decision made on the characters and plot?

Ray: There's no plot.

There seems to be one.

Ray: Yeah, there seems to be one in *Rebel*, too, but there isn't *Rebel* is the story of a guy who wants to have 24 hours which are not confused. Everything else is character.

This is the first time you play a major acting role in a film, isn't it?

Ray: Yeah, I play the part of a betrayer — typical of my generation. It comes out of a sense of guilt. My generation has been the biggest betrayers of any generation we've ever known. The betrayals that I engage in (in the movie) are like asking your kid to jump into your arms and then pulling your arms away, the kind of betrayals that lie behind the wars, the assassinations, the Watergates.

The film is something of a technical departure for you, in that it's mostly multiple-image.

Ray: It's a departure in filmmaking. It rests on the concept that a celluloid strip recognizes neither time nor space — only the limits of man's imagination.

One of the striking things about We Can't Go Home Again *is that despite the sex and nudity, it's so damned unsensational.*

Ray: Maybe Lillian Hellman would have had a scene with a girl who's going to masturbate in front of a window for a department store owner, but that it should be *true* is too bizarre. That's what's so wrong with most Hollywood films — they make them into plastic all-weather paint, slapped on the side of the house. That way they think they'll endure — but damn few do.

Where did the money for the film come from?

themselves into impossible situations.

Ray: True. But it is the role of the poet or the artist — and every artist hopes to be a poet — to expose himself. It's the only way he communicates. Any line of poetry, I don't care if it's rock, acid rock, old man jazz . . . Oh my God, I said "true." What was the question again?

Postes Canada Canada Post 17298

Business Reply Mail

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in Canada

Postage will be paid by

TAKE ONE
Box 1778
Station B
Montreal
Quebec H3B 3L3

[*We repeat the question.*]

Ray: No. It's not true of *They Live By Night, Rebel, Johnny Guitar, In A Lonely Place.* I don't think it's true of most of my films. My obligation as a showman, and a person of the theater, rests within an essay by Romain Roland called *The People's Theater:* "The obligation of the worker in the theater is to give the audience a heightened sense of being." Suicide doesn't do that.

But in all those movies the characters, by their refusal to compromise, put themselves up against absolutely impossible odds.

Ray: That's our society.

We turned off the tape recorder. Nick drained his wine glass, picked up his knapsack and started to leave. Then, with a shy smile, he reached into his back pocket and pulled out . . . a hand-puppet! It was a soft, fuzzy little lion, and Nick slipped it over his hand. Coming alive, the lion caressed Nick's cheek like a sweet-tempered kitten. "This is my friend," said Nick. "He loves me." Suddenly the lion puppet swung at him. Nick ducked. The lion swung again, missed again.

****

Three years can mean the end of a world, or the beginning of one. The preceding interview was done in 1974, when it seemed extremely unlikely Nick Ray would ever make another commercial film.

As you probably know, a new Ray film is in production. It stars (ahem) Rip Torn, Norman Mailer and Marilyn Chambers. Not bad for a washed-out has-been director.

When we first heard about it, we were tempted to "update" the interview. But history shouldn't be rewritten, and even three short years is a respectable hunk of history. The time we spent with Nick Ray was an important time for us, and we'll not falsify it now merely to polish our prescience. Think of it as a chapter — and thank God it's not the last. Welcome back, Nick!

Latest flash

Project for a film; 1976-1977.
Working title: **City Blues.**
Color, 35mm, Panascope.
Cast: Rip Torn, Marilyn Chambers.
Director: Nicholas Ray.
From the novel, *The Last Free Man.*
Financing: Originally structured as a tax shelter. Changes in the US law necessitated new arrangements. Presently a venture capital operation.
Budget: Over $1 million dollars.
Ray: "I read the script, vomitted, then the next morning sat down and rewrote it in the four days immediately afterwards."

November, 1976: A New Yorker for the past few years, Nick Ray, along with Susan Schwartz, has just taken a loft on Spring Street, not far from the principal locations which have been selected for **City Blues**, a film of and in New York City.

Ray has discarded his eye patch, stopped drinking as of last summer, and while the film is being re-financed, has busied himself with several other projects, including the completion of a new screenplay written in conjunction with Victor Perkins, the British critic. He has begun to compile some of his other filmscripts for publication, and is discussing offering a small masters class, "Acting and Directing for the Cinema," in New York this winter.

"All his films are crossed by the same obsession with twilight, the solitude of beings, the difficulty of human relations." — *Jacques Rivette*

Ray moves through the city, the famous brooding presence ever intact, ever private.

Marilyn Chambers

Marilyn's story

Marilyn Chambers was recently in Montreal, on location for Cinepix. Take One spoke to her husband and manager, Chuck Traynor, about her involvement in Nick Ray's projected film, **City Blues.**

He told us that Marilyn had been signed to play the lead, and had been promised $60,000 and 5% of the gross. On signing, she received $10,000. Unfortunately, during the summer the US tax shelter laws were changed, and the existing financing fell through. (Under the old law, an investor could write off four times the amount of his investment over a two- to three-year period. The new legislation prevents any write-off of more than the amount invested.)

Ms. Chambers is no longer under contract for **City Blues**, but is still very interested in the project. If enough new money is raised, and if she is available when shooting begins, she'll be in the film.

According to Traynor, Norman Mailer, who had done some script re-writing, would also be involved in any future revival of the venture, as would Rip Torn (if available). Traynor stressed that **City Blues** had been a viable, well-financed project, and that Ray had attacked it with a tremendous amount of vigour.

TWO FOR NICHOLAS RAY

by Barry Alpert

1, THEY LIVE BY NIGHT

I'd like to wring his neck like a chicken.
Between him and the chicken I'd take the chicken.
I'd like to wring his chicken-fried neck.

that leader rips my guts out
the leader of the Zelton gang
Makes me look like a penny
in a slot machine

I'll strut out my double-breasted
Well start strutting

2. KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

open it
you may
find nick

he wouldn't kill anyone
he kills
me

i want to live
andy gee
i wanna live

live fast
die young and leave
a good-looking corpse

do it
i've got a wife and three kids
no you do it

"Doctor, I have these strange dreams..."

(Mythic Elements in the Simian Cinema)

By Frank Jackson

Few films in the history of the cinema have spellbound audiences to the degree that **King Kong** has. In many ways the film is a period piece: the Depression atmosphere pervades the opening, and the acting and pacing are in keeping with contemporaneous movies. Certainly the superb special effects engineered by Willis O'Brien help the movie transcend its early-thirties roots, but if we are to explain why the film has become a part of American folklore (and why so many film buffs regard the current remake as cinematic sacrilege), we must look beyond what we see on the screen or hear on the soundtrack, and speculate on the underlying meanings of the film.

On a superficial level **King Kong** is a rousing adventure story; on a deeper level it is an allegory of the rise of consciousness and civilization, and the repression of the primitive and unconscious. Admittedly, this is a heady, heavy assertion, deserving of explanation. I seriously doubt that those who collaborated on the film (and **King Kong** is an excellent example of anti-*auteur* cinema) intended it to have such significance — and it's just as well, for if they had, the film probably would have been a dry dissertation, rather than a compelling experience.

Light and darkness are prevalent symbols in art, and their polarity is particularly important in **King Kong.** In keeping with the conventional use of these symbols, light stands for reason, knowledge, and civilization; and darkness for ignorance, irrationality, and primitivism. The only brightly-lit scene occurs when the sailors and film crew land on the island — the sunlight heralding the arrival of civilized man in a primitive domain. But once they go beyond the big wall and into the jungle, daylight only partially penetrates the mist and dense foliage, and the light of civilized man is reduced to a few meager torches. That we are in a jungle of the mind is underscored by the extensive use of background matte paintings and studio sets. No jungle on earth could compete with this dark, tangled, foreboding world created by human imagination. Kong is king of this domain of darkness, and even when he ventures beyond the wall, darkness accompanies him: his attack on the native village and his New York rampage are nocturnal. Light is his foe: the first time he is subdued, the flash from the bomb lights up the beach; the photographers' flash bulbs rouse him again; and the airplanes attack him at sunrise. The underlying cause of Kong's downfall is his fascination with light-haired, light-skinned Ann Darrow. The dark-haired, dark-skinned natives, some of whom wear ape costumes for a ceremonial dance, are equally fascinated with her. "Blonds are scarce around here," notes Carl Denham.

Frank Jackson, is a free-lance writer presently based in Dallas.

DAVID HANEY

Symbols of consciousness and unconsciousness parallel the symbols of light and darkness. The prehistoric beasts which attack the men are symbols of the unconscious: they are much larger than man, and frequently threaten to swallow him up (in the uncensored version, even Kong tastes a few people). Life in the jungle is one battle after another; chaos seems to rule. But that may be a superficial judgment: Anton Ehrenzweig's books (*The Psycho-Analysis of Artistic Vision and Hearing* and *The Hidden Order of Art*) presume that the unconscious has an order all its own, which the conscious mind cannot fathom. This may be an acknowlegement of the popular phrase "the law of the jungle." On Denham's map, one notes that the land beyond the wall takes up most of the space on the island. The human settlement on the peninsula is miniscule by comparison. This geographical configuration is analogous to Freud's psychiatric dictum that the conscious mind is just the tip of the iceberg. Indeed Freud "mapped" the unconscious and conscious minds in a similar diagram, which appears on page 14 of *The Ego and the Id.* This may be a far-fetched analogy, but it becomes more intriguing when we note that the mountain which dominates the island is called *Skull* Mountain. The analogy is further amplified by the immense wall which "represses" Kong and the other beasts of the jungle. It is also worth noting that Kong — the unconscious — can be summoned at will by the natives' gong — just as we voluntarily fantasize or give ourselves up to sleep (dreams). But just as Dr. Jekyll loses control and involuntarily gives way to Mr. Hyde, so does the uninvited Kong return to wreak destruction. "There's something on that island that no white man has ever seen!" exults Denham, and he could be referring not just to Kong, but to the vast netherworld of the unconsious, which civilization largely represses. Civilized man is an intruder on the island where Kong and the unconscious reign; Kong is an intruder on the island (Manhattan) where civilization and consciousness reign.

Just as man must fight Kong, who represents an earlier stage of human evolution, so must Kong do battle with his evolutionary ancestors (reptiles). Kong is humanized wherever possible. Like primitive man, he utilizes simple tools. His facial expressions encompass a wide range of feelings. He is often an inquisitive child, as when he plays with the broken jaws of the tyranosaurus and the limp body of the serpent after slaying them, or when he sniffs his hand after unwrapping Fay Wray in the uncensored version. As a result of these endearing moments, Kong's death is tragic: the audience does not cheer when Kong dies. Of how many movie monsters can this be said?

When Kong climbs to the top of the Empire State Building (in 1933, the world's tallest building — hence, the pinnacle of civilization), his ascendance symbolized the overthrow of the conscious mind, a temporary regression in man's evolution. Dino DeLaurentiis' decision to use the World Trade Center for his contemporary remake displays a tacit understanding of the symbolic importance of the climax. The airplanes — capable of achieving greater heights than any building — are the only representatives from civilization that can return Kong to his rightful place: the ground floor. The ancient Greek equivalent of this story is the myth of Icarus. Overreaching don't pay, as Huck Finn said.

The sexual implications of **King Kong** are overt: references to beauty and the beast occur in the epigraph, Denham's post-mortem speech, and at various other points in the film. If females do have rape fantasies, as many psychoanalysts assert, then **King Kong** would come near the top of the list. But Ann Darrow victimizes Kong as surely as he does her. After all, Ann survives; Kong does not. Before she enters his life, Kong loves 'em and leaves 'em — at least, that is a delicate way of describing what he does to the maidens who have been sacrificed to him. But when Kong falls for Ann (intentional pun), it marks the establishment of a pair-bond, a primary relationship in all human societies. Or as anthropologist Weston LaBarre put it in successive chapter headings for his book *The Human Animal,* "Father Comes Home to Stay"... "And Makes It Legal." Throughout the film Kong and Jack Driscoll engage in a struggle for dominance in a burlesque of human courtship. Though Driscoll does not actually kill Kong, the airplanes were his idea.

Some of these speculations may seem preposterous to the skeptical reader. It's the iceberg phenomenon surfacing again: imagine such escapist fare containing more powerful symbolism than an art film! But many first-rate minds have explored the meanings behind the legends and folklores of other cultures; we should dignify our own products with no less respect.

Eliza of the Spirits

By Elizabeth Wajnberg

Eliza's Horoscope, a film by Gordon Sheppard, came away from the 1975 Canadian Film Awards with Best Cinematography, Best Art Direction, Best Sound Re-recording, and Best Supporting Actress (Lila Kedrova) Awards, as well as a Special Jury Award naming Sheppard the Outstanding Canadian Filmmaker of 1975. The film also received the Gold Medal—Special Jury Award at the 1975 Virgin Islands Film Festival. The film was previewed at the Elgin Cinema in New York on November 1, and will be released in various U.S. locations in the near future.

In 1969 Gordon Sheppard started casting in Montreal's chic café district for a C.F.D.C. and Warner Bros.-financed *big* production.

"This movie made an adult out of me," he says.

Formerly he'd been an assistant to the government on cultural affairs and produced documentaries (**The Most**, about Hugh Hefner, **The Grey Cup**), "but I quickly tired of documentaries because I realized I was living my life through other people." In the apocalyptic '60s you put your own head up there. You didn't just make a movie, you made The Last Movie, like Dennis Hopper, so when Gordon Sheppard had an idea about a young girl who wants to have a baby and consults an astrologer to find the right man, he "had a feeling this was not going to be just another movie."

"But there's a leap from documentary to fiction. You've got to have the sense of creating a story, and I don't know how I finally got it." Sheppard couldn't find a writer who could do justice to the story in his head, so he wrote it himself. Later, when he couldn't find the "right" producer he produced it himself. The "right" editor didn't materialize, so he edited it himself, and finally decided to promote, distribute and even exhibit it himself.

Eliza's Horoscope finally opened in Montreal. Gordon Sheppard's Xanadu! Nine years in the making! Doubling its budget to cost 1.5 million dollars! Ransacking the world for cows, rams, scorpions to bring you the signs of the zodiac *live!* Also a very old Chinese lady and a very old Indian lady, and Lili Kedrova, Zorba's lust-for-life lady herself, not to mention all the weird faces, white makeup, costumes, masks, Freudian flashbacks ransacked from Fellini movies... Eliza of the Spirits!

Gordon Sheppard sat through interviews in a mask and said "so what if it took me nine years to make **Eliza's Horoscope**, it took Michelangelo four years to paint the Sistine Chapel, it took James Joyce seven years to write *Ulysses*."

And all Warner's expected was a love story!

What happened? "I got into my unconscious. That's the real center of important creativity, it's instinctual, you have to go with it. And when you're in the service of a grand idea you're no longer interested in making just a good film or a good story."

So little interested, in fact, that after four years of editing, a printed plot synopsis has to accompany the film.

And what is this grand idea, so revolutionary that it can change the way people relate, and cure society's ills?

Well, at the beginning Eliza enters in a cape looking for love and at the end, after she's had an orgy or two and ridden a horse, exits in a cape, this time saying "I love you... I love you." Have the veils parted, the blinkers fallen away? Not to worry because Gordon Sheppard himself "didn't realize what I was involved in until after I'd made the film and part way through the editing." Only now can he articulate the ending's meaning — that Eliza is now ready to offer love, to accept people, therefore to have a baby (some people aren't ready to make a film), onwards and upwards through the "Jungian process of individuation."

The so-called rhythmic editing designed to reach your unconscious is an all-too-conscious alternation of empty symbols.

It's a movie that hinges on a horoscope, and the horoscope doesn't even come true. When the astrologer tells Eliza her man will be rich and handsome, Eliza is so spiritually naive she takes it to mean — rich and handsome! As Gordon Sheppard says, it's all how you *interpret* things.

Eliza's Horoscope is extraordinary only in that what took so long could turn out so badly. And while the formula "feel, don't think" seals off criticism — if you don't like the movie, you're an out-of-touch bourgeois who probably can't have the other kind of orgasm either — can you honestly call uptight the girl who, during the last shot of the astrologer crying, yelled out, in the church where **Eliza** premiered and had its first run, "She's crying because she just saw the movie!"

If the movie strains for meaning and if its interpretation busts a gut, its promotion is pure perforated hernia. Because it wasn't until it came to selling **Eliza's Horoscope** that Gordon Sheppard finally grasped the staggering significance of his achievement. As he says, Hollywood money can buy a lot of acceptance for a film, otherwise you need a hook. A woman at a private screening said the movie stopped her from committing suicide ("This movie says Yes to life!" reads the ad). Someone else called it "modern scripture." That and some more clues from a Jungian psychoanalyst, made Sheppard realise (for of course the film was already an immortal work of art but why wait for "the long haul" through the film societies) that it was life changing! A spiritual orgasm! Show it in a church! He'd found the spiritual necessity for people to see it *now* for it to be a *commercial* success.

By the time he hooked onto Michelangelo, the nine years of aggravation only added to the movie's mystique, and the agony became the ecstasy. Gordon Sheppard was right. Warner Brothers would never have given the film this treatment. Usually when you read the shrieking ads for a movie you assume the filmmaker is a million miles away. But every night before the screening that was the director himself in a mask blowing out a candle. Which just proves that you become a more efficient exploitative tool if you believe your own hype. Because when Gordon Sheppard found a way of selling **Eliza's Horoscope** to the public, he found a way of selling it to himself.

Elizabeth Wajnberg is a Montreal-based free-lance writer.

Gordon Sheppard, director of Eliza's Horoscope, talks about

Exhibiting Yourself in Church

By Gordon Sheppard

Showing your film in the sanctuary of an active church is an enterprise fraught with wonderful surprises. To save yourself my trouble, you might like to know about some of them. Right this way.

Sunlight:
To maximize your investment in equipment, personnel and advertising, you should have at least two showings per night. Now's the time for you to realize, if you never thought of it before, that there are no drapes or blinds on sanctuary windows. Hence, in summer, the sun shines through the stained glass until 8:30 or 9:00 p.m., and while it's beautiful, it's unprofitable. So you'd better play church sanctuaries in winter, on daylight saving time.

Seating:
Many churches have bare wood pews, which may be ok for congregations that have services with a lot of the old up and down, but it won't be very satisfactory for an audience used to seeing movies in padded seats. Uncovered foam cushions are probably the least expensive way out of this problem. What you do after the run with, say, 800 odd pieces of foam rubber is up to you.

Newspaper Listings:
Newspapers probably won't want to list your church among the cinemas. They'll argue that if they do they'll be besieged by women's auxilliary groups demanding equal treatment for their church basement movies for children. What's doubtless going on here is that jealous cinema operators are exerting pressure on the newspapers to keep you off the listings. Persist, threaten, cajole, keep buying ad space, and a month later you'll probably get listed. Meanwhile, try to smile as you think of all those customers you missed because they couldn't find you.

Janitorial Services:
Chances are you'll have to pay for the church's janitor as part of your rental deal. If you're lucky, the janitor will be a good Christian — tolerant, hard-working, helpful, on your side. But he may be a lazy sinner, who leches after your personnel, and whines or gets hysterical when the least detail interrupts his deadened habits. He may even refuse to loan you a key to the place, which will drive you nuts when you want in, but he's gone out. As custodians of decaying institutions, church janitors are likely to be of the latter type.

Church Services:
You'll have to expect that at least one Church service will be held in the sanctuary each week. If your church is still trying to renew itself, there may even be the odd marriage or funeral. Unless your church is unusually tolerant or else totally in agreement with your radical impulse to replace dying religious ritual with street entertainment, they'll want the screen dismantled for Sunday or other special services so they can use the altar.

Taking down and putting up a 12' x 20' screen involves extra personnel, a lot of cursing (which may offend Somebody), and wear and tear on the screen. Indeed, if it happens often enough, the screen will begin to bulge and sag here and there, giving curious new visual twists to your movie.

Protest:
If your film has any chance of commercial success, it's got to have some sex, a little profanity, even a little violence. Well, some people aren't going to like all that going on in a church sanctuary right in front of the altar. There are grounds for sacrilege here, if you put your mind to it. And some people will.

In Montreal, for example, two men got so exercised about our church showings that they showed up at the minister's door at 2 a.m. to complain about the "satanic cult" operating in his church, told him this was against God's Will, and said they had come to pray for the minister's soul. Whereupon they fell to their knees in his living-room and did so. They demanded that the minister throw us out of the church, and vowed they would disrupt our showings if he didn't. The minister, being a poet and secret iconoclast, was quite delighted with the incident, and did nothing. Fortunately, the protesters didn't disrupt our showings either, though we did have to hire extra "ushers" for a few nights.

Toilets:
Churches have limited toilet facilities. There may be only one bathroom located near the sanctuary, or else it may be found far away off the church hall. The reasons for this are mysterious. Perhaps it has something to do with the power of prayer over plumbing, or just the church's hope that everyone will be scared shitless in the Presence. Anyway, your church's toilet facilities may not be adequate for your profane public, especially if some of them want to toke up before your show. If so, you'd better change churches rather than risk public wrath or panic on this score. Hell hath no flurry like a person pent.

Image and Advertising:
A lot of people are going to assume a movie showing in a church is a preachy affair, a cousin to **The Robe**, perhaps, and hence not for them. Your advertising will have to combat this notion. If you go too far in suggesting your film is an exciting brew of sex and violence, however, you may scandalize the members of the congregation to the point where they throw you out and damn the legal consequences.

An added complication is that some people will hesitate to come to church no matter what the movie is, because, for various good reasons, they hate churches. To counteract this and to take the sanctimonious edge off the church, you can play popular music before each of your showings, thereby turning the sanctuary into a mind-blowing discotheque, and then advertise how much of a fun place your sanctuary really is. You'll need a lot of luck getting your image just right. Anyway, if you still have problems, salve yourself (if not your banker) with the thought that you're doing something revolutionary, and remember The Long March. (cont'd p. 26)

Gordon Sheppard is the director of **Eliza's Horoscope**, which premiered in the Unitarian Church in Montreal.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

New things you should know about Films Incorporated
by Larry Estes

A Boy and His Dog wins the big one.
L. Q. Jones' film of Harlan Ellison's *A Boy and His Dog,* has won the 1976 Hugo Award, for the best dramatic presentation in science fiction, from the World Science Fiction Convention. This award is the most prestigious in the realm of science fiction and has in the past been awarded to such films as *2001: A Space Odyssey, A Clockwork Orange,* and *Dr. Strangelove.*

Romantic Englishwoman

Three New Foreign Imports, Courtesy of Roger Corman.
Films Incorporated has entered into another exclusive distribution contract for Roger Corman's New World Pictures (non-theatrically in 16mm and 35mm) extending the original contract which included Ingmar Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* and Fellini's *Amarcord* to now include Francois Truffaut's *The Story of Adele H.,* Joseph Losey's *Romantic Englishwoman,* starring Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger, and *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum,* adapted from Heinrich Boll's novel and directed by the husband-wife team of Volker Schlondorff and Margarethe von Trotta. All three new films have complete advertising material available.

Grove Press Films Move to Films Incorporated.
Grove Press Films, which in the past has been known for excellence and ecclecticism, has moved all distribution rights to Films Incorporated (16mm and 35mm theatrical and nontheatrical). Notable titles include Godard's *Weekend,* Sjoman's *I Am Curious (Yellow);* the *Lenny Bruce Performance Film;* the animated Lenny Bruce short, *Thank You Mask Man,* and an old Francis Ford Coppola nudie, *Tonight for Sure.*

Martha Coolidge's Third Now at Films Incorporated.
Martha Coolidge, famed New York independent filmmaker who has recently been at work on Robert Wise's film, *Audrey Rose* as an A.F.I. apprentice, has signed a distribution contract with Films Incorporated for all rights, theatrical and non, to her most recent *Not a Pretty Picture,* a thoughtful semidocumentary about rape and its aftermath. Martha's two earlier films, *David Off and On,* and *Old Fashioned Woman* have already earned a comfortable place in Films Incorporated's large documentary library.

Do you have your copy of the new 1977 Films Incorporated Entertainment Catalog? If not, write for your free copy to: Films Incorporated, 1144 Wilmette Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois 60091.

FILMS INCORPORATED

New York, New York 10016
440 Park Avenue South
(212) 889-7910

Hollywood, California 90028
5625 Hollywood Blvd.
(213) 466-5481

Atlanta, Georgia 30341
5589 New Peachtree Road
(404) 451-7431

Wilmette (Chicago), Illinois 60091
1144 Wilmette Avenue
(312) 256-6600

U.S. distribution Only

Smoking:
Most churches don't allow smoking in the sanctuary and they'll be horrified if they find cigarette burns in the carpeting. So will the insurance company. So you'll have to put up no smoking signs and probably make a no smoking announcement. Despite all this, some members of the public will still insist on smoking. I don't know what you do about this except take valium and pray.

Sound:
Be prepared for some special and costly sound problems, un-thought-of when you mixed your movie. Churches generally have high ceilings, and while these may inspire awe and carry sound heavenward, they won't likely help get your soundtrack to the folks on the ground. To solve this sound problem, you may have to install a set of speakers around the sanctuary — at no small cost of course. After which, people close to the speakers may complain the sound is too loud. You might like to note, too, that churches are not soundproofed, so your movie may be interrupted by police, fire, or ambulance sirens, as well as horn-crazed traffic jams outside. Just hope the audience thinks it's part of a surprising Stockhausen sound twist in your track.

The Law:
Though you might not imagine it, your church showing is going to arouse fear, not to mention hostility, among regular cinema operators. What if you start a mass movement that gets everyone out of the cinema living-rooms and back into the church bedrooms where they belong!

As already indicated, the cinema operators may try to harrass you with details like newspaper listings. They may even try to keep your ads off newspaper cinema pages. (It happened to us on three successive weekends.) But the easiest way for them to bug you is to invoke the law concerning the physical lay-out of public theatres. So, shortly after you open you can expect a visit from government building inspectors who will then send you an official letter charging, among other things, that the church is a fire trap (which may be news to the congregation) and citing regulations that oblige you to build a toilet for the projectionist on the same floor as, and within fifty feet of, the projection booth (which may be a little difficult considering your booth is in the choir loft). Of course, most of these regulations are absurd, and you can safely ignore them for a while because bureaucrats take a long time to follow up. By the time you absolutely must comply with these "regulations" you may have made enough money to pay for them, or else you will have finished your run in the church anyway. Meanwhile, you'll be getting dyspeptic phone calls from nervous church board members who aren't used to getting involved with the law. Be diplomatic, and remember that if you're a radical the enemy is everywhere.

That's all, folks — for now.

THE REGULARS

FLAMINGO HOURS

GENE YOUNGBLOOD

Luminous Machines

As a cloud crosses the sun, silence falls on the earth; and falls on the mind. That silence is everything and nothing. It is life. I think **Barry Lyndon** is the most intelligent, most amazing, most radical movie Stanley Kubrick has made — which is to say it's among the great achievements of contemporary cinema. I think the "failure" of this film is a failure of the collective imagination and I'm ashamed at the incomprehension and hostility with which our illustrious critics and noble citizens have dismissed it. Ashamed but not surprised. For at the heart of **Barry Lyndon** there's a silence that challenges the strength of the imagination, and imaginative courage is these days in exile.

People in the theatre talked throughout **Barry Lyndon** both times I saw it. They were trying to fill in the silence. They said it must be some kind of Andy Warhol movie because nothing was happening. When nothing's happening it's time to pay attention. **Barry Lyndon** requires an enormous amount of attention because that's what it's about: paying attention. It's about direct experience, and everything in it tells us so. It surely isn't melodrama because the omniscient narrator, disclosing the plot before it happens, completely undermines any dramatic tension there might have been. And it isn't picaresque because only Ryan O'Neal can lose a leg without anyone caring. So all that's left is silence. And meditation. And when you meditate on **Barry Lyndon** you discover that more is happening than you can absorb.

I can think of few films of such intrinsic existential power, sans ideology and melodrama. This is pure cinema at full force, miraculous to behold. It may be the most "beautiful" movie every made, but the beauty is in its logic as much as its images — which are so colored and distinguished as to defy description. This is beauty carried to ecstatic extremes, and it makes the petty rituals of mere mortals seem as absurd as they are. The fops and fools in this movie play out their follies against an earth so resplendent, in rooms so overarching and vaulted, that anything they do becomes ludicrous, utterly insignificant. That, of course, is the "subject" of the film, if it has one at all. Kubrick doesn't think much of the human race but he does appreciate the quality of light; and it's the light dancing in the chambered air that this movie is really about.

Kubrick uses light in this film in a way that's almost narrative. It's amazing how the light changes within a given scene, and how these changes of light change what the scene is about. Time and again our attention is drawn from the monotonous dialogue to a brightly waving meadow in the distance, or to Ivanhoe clouds that loom majestically as the country darkens and brightens all around. And then there's the candlelight. It gives a vaporous glow to the powdered faces that hover surrealistically over the gaming tables, fluttering like creatures in an Oriental play, at once grotesque and exquisite as they strike their studied attitudes.

Never has color, light, and motion been employed more brilliantly in a narrative film to signify nothing, only to astonish, amaze, entrance. And that's what **Barry Lyndon** is for me: a trance film, a trip film, a luminous machine for meditation. It is irresistibly hypnotic and dreamy, transcendent in the classic sense of the word. This is a film that respects the sovereignty of the observer. Its vast silence is a gift, a place for the imagination to do its work.

Of course the independent experimental cinema has for decades been concerned with precisely these issues. In this sense **Barry Lyndon** is related more closely to Michael Snow's **Wavelength** or to Brakhage's **Text of Light** than it is to, say, **Tom Jones**. What makes **Barry Lyndon** so radical is that it carries the experiment to the center of the mass culture, with eleven million industrial dollars behind it. That is sufficient reason, I suppose, for the abuse that's been heaped upon it. Meanwhile, other less powerful and less renowned filmmakers continue to experiment with trance cinema in the narrative mode. Marguerite Duras' **Woman Of The Ganges** and **India Song**, Werner Herzog's **Fata Morgana** and **Even Dwarfs Started Small,** and Jean-Jacques Andrien's **The Son of Amr Is Dead** are all related to **Barry Lyndon** in this sense.

However, even more radical, experimental, and equally as beautiful as **Barry Lyndon** are two remarkable films by Hans-Jurgen Syberberg, **Ludwig: Requiem For A Virgin King** (1972), and **Karl May** (1974). These are the first two episodes of a projected trilogy concerned with the cultural antecedents of the Third Reich. I think they are masterpieces and I think Syberberg is a genius. **Ludwig** consists entirely of static tableaux set against the music of Richard Wagner. Its imagery is Byzantine, its mood intense, hypnotic. The similarities between **Karl May** and **Barry Lyndon** are uncanny. Both are three hours long, both examine in tedious detail the lives of characters who represent the descent of myth into popular form, both are transcendentally beautiful, both invite the observer to enter and make them complete.

The sorry neglect of **Barry Lyndon** and the virtual obscurity of the other films I've mentioned is symptomatic of the paradoxical times in which we live. For although ours is an epoch of unprecedented cultural variety, of artistic and personal freedom, yet there are murderous forces abroad which enfeeble and negate the liberty of imagination more effectively than any totalitarian in history. Due to our reliance on the consciousness industry to specify our meanings and values for us, we tend increasingly not to trust ourselves as sources of valid criteria for reality. When people don't trust their senses they lack confidence in themselves. It is generally the case today that most men and women lack confidence. We've lost the ability to distinguish between the commonly-accepted theory of reality and our own personal experience. We don't trust our imaginations to provide a standard for knowing how to act. We are frightened by the silence. If this sounds like the elitist lament of some hand-wringing, moralizing, liberal intellectual, then let it be so. I only know that one of the fundamental causes of disintergration of society is imitation, which is the worship of authority. I only know that the imagination has the strength of reality or no strength at all.

Gene Youngblood is an author, lecturer, researcher, and teacher specializing in the study of mass communication media, their social implications and uses. He is the author of *Expanded Cinema* (1970), and of the forthcoming *The Videosphere* (Spring, 1977), a political and philosophical book about the effect of the mass media on human evolution. Mr. Youngblood has received research grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, The Rockefeller Foundation, and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. He is a Research Fellow of Buckminster Fuller's Design Science Institute in Washington, D.C., and of Media Study, Inc. in Buffalo, New York.

RECORDINGS

ROBERT D. FIEDEL

Mystic Romanticism and Tudor Pomp

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir: original film score composed by Bernard Herrmann. Conducted by Elmer Bernstein. Film Music Collection Album IV. $8.00 plus 60 cents shipping and handling.

Young Bess: original film score composed by Miklos Rozsa. Conducted by Elmer Bernstein. Film Music Collection Album V. $8.00 plus 60 cents shipping and handling.

Both albums available to members only: Elmer Bernstein's Film Music Collection, Post Office Box 261, Calabasas, California 91302. Annual membership fee: $5.00. Members receive the quarterly journal *Film Music Notebook*.

Robert D. Feidel has taught film courses at Queen's College, CUNY since September, 1972. His article "Music by Max Steiner" appears in Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld's *The Girl in the Hairy Paw: King Kong as Myth, Movie and Monster*, and he is currently in negotiation with The Library of Congress and The American Film Institute to establish a national archive of film music.

With their last two releases, Bernard Herrmann's **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir** and Miklos Rozsa's **Young Bess**, Elmer Bernstein's Film Music Collection has finally begun to fulfill their initial promise to bring us authoritative stereo recordings of important classic film scores. The Collection disappointed most of their subscribers with their allegedly consensus-based first three offerings: Max Steiner's **A Summer Place** and **Helen of Troy**, both far from vintage Steiner, were poor substitutes for the originally announced **King Kong** (LeRoy Homes' travesty of the **Kong** music, on United Artists LA 373-G, hasn't diminished the need for a good recording of this historic score); Bernstein's own **The Miracle** is the epitome of religioso cliché and totally lacks the sincerity so beautifully manifested in, say, **To Kill a Mockingbird**, a Bernstein score far more deserving of a new recording; and Franz Waxman's **The Silver Chalice**, while more adroit in its handling of religious material than many other scores of this genre, should never have been given priority over **The Bride of Frankenstein** or **Suspicion**, two of the composer's acknowledged masterworks.

I am not unsympathetic to the problems involved in recording classic film music, the greatest of which is simply locating original score materials. Quite often the vital orchestral parts and conductors' scores have been lost in fires or wantonly destroyed by the studios for lack of storage space! In such instances—and this is the case with many choice scores for RKO, M-G-M and early Universal films — the orchestral parts have to be painstakingly (and expensively) reconstructed using the composers' sketches and the actual film soudtracks as primary references. Thankfully, Mr. Bernstein has been able to overcome these obstacles, which, no doubt, necessitated his first three selections, and has now recorded two scores worthy of being called "classics."

Bernard Herrmann's **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir** is, to date, the gem of the series and a key work in the composer's *oeuvre*. This score orignates from 1947, near the beginning of Herrmann's 20th Century-Fox contract period, and is his first full-scale attempt at mystic romanticism, a trait especially characteristic of his classic scores for Hitchcock's **Vertigo** and **Psycho**. Joseph L. Mankiewicz' poignant gothic romance about a lonely young widow's platonic affair with the ghost of a sea captain inspired Herrmann to compose an appropriately haunting, serenely beautiful score that contains some of his most gorgeous themes (or, more correctly, theme fragments, for Herrmann rarely composed fully developed themes) and orchestral effects. Herrmann wisely avoided the trappings of string tremolos, whole tone harp arpeggios and other "eerie" effects usually employed to accompany ghostly phenomena. He focused his attention, instead on depicting the cosmic, deeply spiritual undercurrent of Mrs. Muir's (Gene Tierney) spectral relationship with the irascible but benign spirit of Captain Gregg, played to the hilt by Rex Harrison. Particularly haunting is Herrmann's *Leitmotif* for the sea, an ascending series of oscillating thirds and fourths running through the woodwind registers and blossoming into an unresolved celestial sigh in the high strings. Herrmann thereby suggests the hypnotic, eternal rumblings of the sea, uncannily perceiving it as a third character in the drama. Also breathtaking is the theme associated with Mrs. Muir, an ethereal descending major scale harmonized by shimmering harp arpeggios and based on one of Hermann's favorite devices of passing an ostinato motif through a series of modulations. There is also an irresistible sea chantey for Captain Gregg and additional mood-setting *leitmotifs* and effects which add immeasurable depth to this thoroughly enchanting film.

Like all Film Music Collection recordings, **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir** consists of the score's actual "cues" meticulously selected and arranged so as to observe musical and dramatic continuity. Here, the overall effect is one of listening to a symphonic tone poem which follows a natural course of development and resolution. This recording certainly provides a persuasive argument for the viability of film music in the concert hall.

Miklos Rozsa's music for George Sidney's 1953 chronicle of Elizabeth I's ascension to the throne, **Young Bess**, belongs to the composer's cycle of Anglophilia which includes the scores for **Ivanhoe, Plymouth Adventure** and **Knights of the Round Table.** While Rozsa's **Young Bess** is abundant in compelling, full-bodied melodies and historic pomp and splendour; while it displays great compassion for its subject and succeeds admirably in evoking the Tudor period without resorting to outright *pastiche*, I find it, for the most part, uncharacteristic of the composer's essential style. Rozsa's personal idiom, typified by a prevalent use of canonic inventions and the Hungarian-flavored Dorian mode (the white keys in the piano from D to D) simply seems to be at odds with the Tudor elements of **Young Bess**. Despite this score's great warmth and emotional strength, I find myself yearning for the true Rozsaisms of **The Thief of Bagdad, Madame Bovary, Quo Vadis** and even **Five Graves to Cairo**, scores closer to the sound of Rozsa's concert music and all desperately in need of new recordings. Not to sound ungrateful, however, Mr. Bernstein has generously given us more than 45 minutes of **Young Bess** music, and any Rozsa score to appear on disc is a welcome one.

Mr. Bernstein and his forces have obviously done their homework well: both **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir** and **Young Bess** are explicitly faithful to the original soundtrack performances in terms of orchestration, tempos and all other essential factors. This kind of accuracy is especially important to recordings of film music. Unlike other musical forms, every film score exists in an original, definitive performance — the film soundtrack — with which we may be exceedingly familiar and which will invariably be the measure of any later recordings. Both discs pass this examination with flying colors. As a final accolade, had Herrmann and Rozsa themselves conducted their respective scores, we could not have had more authoritative performances.

As far as sound goes, **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir** fares better with superb delineation of instruments and some particularly spatial stereo effects. **Young Bess** is also well recorded but seems a bit bass-heavy, a problem easily remedied by the tone controls. It seems a shame, though, that recordings of such integrity should suffer the indignation of these noisy pressings.

The liner notes, by Fred Steiner for **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir** and Win Sharples for **Young Bess**, are prototypes for material of this kind, with the various themes and motifs clearly identified in musical illustrations to help foster a deeper appreciation of these fine scores.

QUEBEC LETTER

CLAUDE DAIGNEAULT

A Side-Car and a Pace-Maker

The québécois feature film industry, now in its adolescent years, is marred by ever-lasting problems, of which style and the use of a patois ("joual") seem to be the least. One has to look deeper into the economic aspects of the situation to understand why the best québécois features are acclaimed at overseas festivals, but are sometimes barely seen in Québec itself.

Distribution (bad) is the key factor. Director André Forcier has yet to find a theatre to show **L'eau chaude l'eau frette**, his third feature, though the film was well received at the Directors' Fortnight this year at Cannes. Forcier's difficulties point up the need for strong backing from the Québec Government if Québec filmmakers are to get a better deal at the box-office.

At 29, Forcier is without doubt the most promising québécois director of the new generation. It was Michel Brault (**Les ordres**) who lent him an old Beaulieu 16mm camera, back in 1966, so that he could shoot a short, **Chroniques labradoriennes**. Forcier then took four years to shoot his first feature, entitled **Le retour de l'Imaculée-Conception**, with the help of producer Jean Dansereau. The film was seen by few Québecers but got a showing in New York, in 1972, during a "Québécois Film Week" at the Museum of Modern Art.

It was shot with black and white film scraps that Forcier could get hold of. He now refuses to screen it for anybody, since he feels that this first venture into the feature film world was nothing but an experiment and is not worth talking about.

Then, with the sometimes reluctant help of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, he managed to shoot his second feature, entitled **Bar Salon**, in 1973, with a budget estimated at $60,000; once again, it was in 16mm and in black and white. By the time the film got a limited commercial release in 1975 (thanks to Consell québécois pour la diffusion du cinéma, a private organisation), the film had been blown up to 35mm. Suddenly, a few critics started to write enthusiastically about Forcier. Personally I still feel that he is the first inspired director

Claude Daigneault has been a film critic for more than eight years at *Le Soleil*, in Quebec City.

to do any significant work on the québécois film scene in fifteen years.

Unlike other directors who had tried their luck describing common folk who live drab lives in eastside Montréal and use slang (joual) to communicate, Forcier did not emphasize the moral or political aspects of the situation. His characters, whose lives center around a small bar about to be closed for lack of patrons, felt at ease in this slummy atmosphere, just like flies around an empty glass of milk. They do not make any real effort to care about tomorrow. It's more than resignation: it seems like quiet unconsciousness. Their future is so dim, that they don't even bother to worry.

Vincent Canby wrote in *The New York Times* (April 12, 1975) about **Bar Salon**: "It's a finely controlled low-key film that knows that to say a lot about characters is sometimes to say nothing...It is simply the plan of things that "happen" while we are brought into the film's experience by filling in the omissions, mostly the whys and the hows."

Meanwhile, Forcier had managed to shoot a short called **Night Cap** for the NFB, while trying to raise enough money to write the script for a third feature. He shared $3,000 from the CFDC with his friend Jacques Marcotte to co-write **L'eau chaude l'eau frette** (the title of the English version is **A Side-Car and A Pace-Maker**)...

Difficulties started to pile up after the script was finally accepted by the CFDC at the end of summer, 1975. The government-sponsored corporation had agreed to invest 60% of the total cost of filming this 35mm colour film, providing Forcier could find a distributor ready to invest in the production. After getting "nons" from about all the major distributors, the young director was so infuriated that he called an improvised press conference and stirred up hell in the important newspapers. When he calmed down, he got in touch with the CFDC once again, apologised for his attitude, and learned that the corporation was taking the biggest risk of its eight years of existence by putting in all the money he needed, because the script was worth it.

Forcier managed to shoot his film during the fall and got a first print ready for Cannes. **L'eau chaude l'eau frette** was turned down by the official competition but was happily grabbed by the Directors' Fortnight and got good reviews in major European publications.

In the fashion of **Bar Salon**, but even more cynically, the film describes a microcosm of characters so happily colonised by a shylock that they decide to throw a party for his birthday. There are no main characters in this cruel allegory of actual Québécois society, since everyone is important to a certain degree in the description of people eager to find love, people so naïve that they make us laugh and shudder at the same time.

Forcier is one of the rare Québécois directors who decided not to "please" a specific audience by showing aspects of life which bore any traces of "folklorish" scent. Too bad for Québecers that they'll probably see this film after foreigners: it was first shown at Cannes, then at Ottawa 76, and it is scheduled for the Naples Festival in October, and the London Film Festival thereafter. There is talk that the Chicago International Film Festival is also interested in showing it. Nobody is a prophet in his own country...

FILM AS BUSINESS

MICHAEL MAYER

The Exhibition License—Part II

In our prior discussion of the new terms being offered (or imposed, depending on how one looks at it) to exhibitors by distributors, we discussed the rising percentage payable to distribution on important films. In this area we have moved generally from the old flexible arrangements (sometimes even non-contractual in nature) to harsh, stringent provisions with guaranteed dollars paid in advance, additional advance payments recoupable if not earned, and minimum floors such as 50%, 60% or even 70% of the gross as an alternative to 90% of the gross over the exhibitor's house expense. It is becoming increasingly expensive to license the powerful box office film, and as the number of such pictures decreases the price continues to rise. No end to this trend is in sight.

Of course this is not to say that these rigid terms apply to pictures at all times. There are many films in a weaker category upon which these terms simply cannot be imposed, and in numerous instances license fees are still negotiated after the exhibition when the returns are in. There are limits to what exhibition can pay, particularly when a film disappoints at the box office. And unfortunately there is no shortage of disappointments in this respect.

Exhibition has accelerated the problem with an amazing increase in the number of high-type theatres over the past 5 years. While old houses have fallen by the wayside or gone the all-out sex-violence-kung fu route, new shopping center theatres continue to arise, frequently in multiple form. While the number of new and important films constantly decreases, the demand from the new theatres grows, opening the door to ever higher sharing by the distributor of the public dollar from the box office.

Other clauses of the new distribution licenses are also painful to exhibition. To illustrate, the matter of time of payments to the distributor has become one of strong concern. Here distributor insistance on strong terms has some justification in fact, as some exhibitors have been notorious for their delays in paying moneys due. Representing an independent distributor, I recently waited over 90 days for statements and remittances from an important group of theatres. The distributors are out to end this abuse. Their new contracts call for remittances with statements no later than 10 days after the end of each week of the engagement. Some agreements call for interest if the terms are not met. While enforcement is doubtful, the clause is a sign of the times. Payments of percentage film rentals must be accelerated to free moneys for production and keep distributors healthy.

Another troublesome area is the field of "under-reporting," which is polite industry language for failure to properly report box office grosses. This is a serious abuse indeed, and one we will deal with at greater length in another column. Recent cases and reports indicate that the practice is as prevalent as ever, and its vicious character is self-evident. The new agreements emphasize the necessity of complete and truthful records and accountings. Records are to be kept by the theatre of its gross receipts and related data for a period of four years, and during this period are to be open to inspection and the taking of extracts by representatives of distribution. This right to audit includes the right to remove such materials from the theatre temporarily for checking purposes.

The distributor may also "open check" the engagement of its film by having nominees enter the house, look over the ticket rolls and take all other necessary steps to see that the count is honest. This includes free access to all facilities, including the box office. The exhibitor specifically agrees to these techniques of observation and waives any right to interfere with distributor's representatives in the performance of such functions. There are other, more subtle, methods of checking the exhibitor's gross which are not set forth in the contract and come under the heading of "blind checking." Unfortunately, all these checking procedures are expensive and can only be used on a random basis. The determined, dishonest exhibitor can still find a way. In fairness we must emphasize that the vast bulk of exhibitors are not involved in such practices. It would be most improper to smear the great majority of honorable theatrical operators with the brush of the tainted few.

Advertising policies under the new agreements are controlled by distribution. This is as it should be, as the film's campaign cannot come from a multiplicity of directions. Payment for advertising varies from contract to contract. Sometimes the distributor pays the entire bill from his share; in other instances there is a sharing arrangement generally based on the percentages of gross paid to the distributor as opposed to that kept by the exhibitor.

To date the candy stand has remained the exhibitor's domain. The argument can, and has, been made that the eating customer would not be there were it not for the distributor's attraction, and that therefore the distributor should share in the proceeds, but to this time that logic has not prevailed. The exhibitor has stood firm on the proposition that these profits belong to him and to him alone (or his vendor). This is generally true even when the distributor takes over the house for the run of his picture on a "four wall rental deal, where theoretically all the exhibitor is owed is the rent. In justification of the exhibitor's position on candy, it could be said that with the rise in film rental terms this is just about the only area in which he can earn a fair profit. An exhibitor friend of mine recently showed me the profit and loss statement on an important east coast theatre playing top films. His film rentals averaged out around 60-

Michael Mayer is a partner in the New York theatrical law firm of Mayer & Bucher. He has authored numerous articles and books on motion pictures, most recently The Film Industries—Practical Business Legal Problems in Production, Distribution and Exhibition, published by Hastings House, N.Y.

65% for the year, leaving him only a modest profit from direct film operations. Candy and related items made him his living.

There are other new and reinforced terms in the agreements aimed at tightening up and tidying up the distributor-exhibitor relationship. The distributor may terminate the license for a number of causes, including failure to pay moneys in a timely manner, advertising contrary to agreed policy, insolvency, loss of control of the theatre, or breach of any other provision of the agreement on short notice.

There are liquidated damage provisions which set forth how damages will be computed if there is a default by the exhibitor in playing the film. These are intended to avoid the frequent claim that to award damages would be a venture in "vagueness," as no one knows what a film will gross. The clause relates danages to the exhibitor's highest-grossing feature over a past recent period. Whether the courts will enforce this sort of clause as written is not clear.

The agreements also call for payment of counsel fees to the distributor if he prevails, over and above any damages actually proved due to the exhibitor's breach. This is a worthy provision as it certainly should not cost the distributor extra dollars for lawyers to enforce rights that duly belong to him.

COFFEE, BRANDY & CIGARS

HERMAN G. WEINBERG

Lynn Fontaine, reminiscing over her and Alfred Lunt's appearance in their movie of **The Guardsman**, remarked that, as this was their first movie, Lunt couldn't bear to see the daily rushes, but that she went. After one of the showings of the rushes she was being driven home, and passed S.N. Behrman and George Backer. She had the car pull over, and they got in. "Oh, I was dreadful, dreadful!" she told them. "But Alfred was all right, except that he looked as if he had no lips." When she got home and told Alfred this and how bad she felt she was, all he said was, "What? No lips?" He couldn't say anything but that, all evening.

Sic Semper Cinema — The movie Shangri-la in **Lost Horizon**, Capra's version — which looked like a Los Angeles kosher catering establishment.

But at one point, Ronald Colman, after staring at the serene place incredulously for the first time, looks back and sees the snow still whirling violently outside — a five-second shot, and for me the best moment in the film.

There is a very brief but highly charged "love scene" in Chaplin's **City Lights** when Harry Meyers goes to a liquor cabinet to open it and sees the framed easel-backed photo of a woman resting on top of it. We never see the photo but we know it is of a woman when he looks bitterly at it for a moment, then flings it away and reaches for the bottles.

It's hard to be original — even for Orson Welles. The screeching white cockatoo in **Citizen Kane** at the moment when Kane is crushed by his wife's leaving him was antedated 15 years before in Gustav Machaty's 1926 **Kreutzer Sonata** when the arm of the husband, about to strike his wife, is flung back into a separate frame in which a white cocatoo in the room is frightened by it and unfurls its wings with a screech.

A "Lubitsch touch" is where you find it — such as in the last line, spoken by the girl in Chekhov's one-act farce, *The Bear*.

The Blue Angel ends with Jannings, as the broken professor, clasping his old school desk, symbol of the happiest days of his life, as a teacher. A decade later, Kane utters his last word, "Rosebud," and we see his boyhood sled burning in the furnace along with other now worthless debris of his life, and we make out on the sled the painted word, "Rosebud," also the symbol of the happiest days of his life. But Sternberg did it first.

In Stroheim's **Foolish Wives** the last scene shows the husband reading to his wife the last paragraph of the book, *Foolish Wives*, which she had been reading, and which carries the moral of the book. But it took Henry James, no less, to antedate that, in his story, "Pandora's Box," where he has Count Otto Vogelstein study the pages of *Daisy Miller* for a clue to the behaviour of an American girl he is wooing.

In no version of **Foolish Wives** currently around (not even in the long one put together by Arthur Lennig that Blackhawk is distributing) is a small "Stroheim touch" to be seen. It happens when the two fake "cousins" of Karamzin are arrested right after Karamzin is knifed by Ventucci — Mea Busch, as one of the "cousins," sweetly hands her luggage to one of the detectives to carry for her. After all, arrested or not, she's still a lady for whom a gentleman, even if he's a detective arresting her, carries a lady's luggage, *n'est ce pas?*

Works that were valid when they were created, no matter how long ago, are always valid. That's the whole point of validity. It's even true of that most transient of the arts (what's left of it) — the cinema.

Did you know that the same year Alexander Korda produced his smash hit, **The Private Life of Henry VIII**, he also produced (just before it) a perfectly delightful comedy, **The Girl from Maxim's**? It came and went so quietly that there's hardly any record of it, overshadowed as it was by the blockbuster from Korda that followed it.

"Marry a girl with freckles," said Osler, the great physician. "They have the best dispositions."

Ave atque vale, Paul Morand, author of those delightful stories, *Open All Night, Closed All Night, Green Shoots,* etc. *Vale, vale!*

Ave atque vale, Fritz Lang, my dear friend and so much more than that. *Vale! Vale!*

When it was pointed out to Dreyer that one still of **The Passion of Joan of Arc** showed a priest in the courtyard wearing modern horn-rimmed glasses, he replied, "That's right. This is as much a modern story as a 15th century story. It's a story for all time."

No one can "cite chapter and verse" regarding the imbecilities perpetrated by movie censors, when we had them, better than I (having been involved in many cases myself) but compared to the tumescent swill permitted on the screen today with the censorship bars down (in the name of "freedom of speech" no less) I wonder if censorship, even as we had it, was not a salutary thing. At least movie audiences were not composed of what Mencken called "gaping primates."

"Shame may restrain" said Seneca, "what law does not prohibit." How wrong he was to be proven, how wrong....

The real character of a man, observed Sir Joshua Reynolds, was to be found out in his amusements. To which Samuel Johnson added, "Yes, Sir, no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures."

Man, once the measure of all things, is the measure of nothing now.

"Hollywood — there was a time when it was El Dorado and not the ghost town it will become. It'll be tourist spot, like Tombstone, Arizona before the century is out." (Ben Hecht)

"We are here to add what we can to, not get what we can from, life." (Osler)

One needn't attempt to satirize anymore — just state the facts and it will do it.

George Kelly, late uncle of Grace Kelly, and author of such incisive plays as *Craig's Wife, The Show Off,* etc., didn't care about young people's morals in his day, the Twenties. "That's their own business," he said. But he was upset about their manners. "Because manners concern other people," he said. (In discussing "comedies of manners" like the plays of Oscar Wilde, Wycherly and Congreve, or the films of Ernst Lubitsch, Mal St Clair, Preston Sturges and their like, before my college film course students, I had to define what I meant by the word "manners".)

Though I was surprised to find myself quoted in a book called *Surrealism and the Cinema*, I must say that the fact that there is much about Sternberg in it (also a surprise) that it is attractively illustrated from great paintings as well as stills, and blessed with a merciful lack of the usual gobbledegook so often met with in "high toned" cinema books makes me glad to recommend it. A young Canadian, Michael Gould, is the blithe author.

Whatever Welles' **The Other Side of the Wind** is about, I would rather he had gone through with a plan he once had to film Wilde's *Salome*, with Eartha Kitt in the title role ("Everyone knows Salome was black," said Welles when Michael MacLiammoir thought it a bizarre bit of casting). With the music of Richard Strauss, of course, especially for

---

Born in New York in 1908, **Herman G. Weinberg** first studied the violin, then arranged music for silent foreign films, and eventually subtitled over 400 French, German, Italian and other films. He began writing about films in 1929, and has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for **Sight & Sound** as well as **Cahiers du Cinéma** and published several books on the cinema, the most recent of which is **The Complete Wedding March** (Little, Brown). Dwight Macdonald has called Herman Weinberg "the Boswell of the movies."

that *danse lascif*, and to hear Eartha Kitt plead to the head of Iokanaan:

I was a princess, and thou didst scorn me. I was a virgin, and thou didst take my virginity from me. I was chaste, and thou didst fill my veins with fire... Ah! Why didst thou not look at me? If thou hadst looked at me thou hadst loved me. Well I know that thou wouldst have loved me, and the mystery of Love is greater than the mystery of Death.

The slaves put out the torches. The stars disappear.

Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood? Nay; Nay; but perchance it was the taste of love. They say that love hath a bitter taste. But what matter? I have kissed thy mouth Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth.

With Henri Langlois as Herod, Mary Meerson as Herodias, Kenneth Anger as The Young Syrian, and Rudolph Nureyev as Iokanaan. And if Eartha Kitt as Salome is too much for you, then Brigitte Bardot. Who could resist it?

TECHNICAL NOTES

BOB PARENT

Latest Developments

The Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers now hold their technical conference and equipment exhibit on an annual basis — formerly semi-annual. These meetings provide the major opportunity for contact between the designers and users of the variety of equipment and products utilized by the film industry. The 118th Technical Conference and Equipment Exhibit was held in New York City a few weeks ago. (Alternate meetings are always held in California, still considered the center of a rapidly de-centralizing industry, and in another major film center in the in-between years.)

The conferences consist of the presentation of papers with, or demonstrations of new techniques, procedures, etc., each presentation ranging from 15 to 30 minutes. This year's conferences were assembled under these themes: Production; Production — Film; Production — Television; Post Production; Distribution and Exhibition; New Products; The Montreal Olympic Games: A Report on their Television Coverage; Labor in a Changing Technology; Computer Control and Signal Distribution in Television Broadcasting Centers; and Landmarks and Future Trends.

The Equipment Exhibit is probably the largest assemblage of product demonstration booths of professional products catering to 'professional' users of film equipment (ranging from Super-8 to major laboratory installations), and is also open to the public. (The bi-annual Photokine, held in Cologne, Germany in late September, though larger is beamed essentially towards consumer photo equipment and products.)

There are more new products and refinements — improvements of current equipment to report than space permits. Therefore, I will try to capsulize the descriptions, with comments on their significance, in order to report on the maximum number of items.

Cinema Products Corp. have developed several systems utilizing the Brown Stabilizer body brace camera mount. This body brace can be expected to have considerable impact on the use of hand-held cameras in news, documentary and theatrical filming. Borrowing the traditional

The Canon Scoopic 16 MS, when using a 100 foot film

waist-band of back-packers (which transfers a considerable portion of the load from the shoulders and spine directly to the hips and legs), a series of hinged — linked arms extend out from the right side to the camera mounting platform. The joints are positioned so that the extension arms will have approximately parallel mobility to the operator's right arm. A series of spring suspensions, counter-weighting and shock and vibration absorbers (and without a gyro) produces dolly smoothness even while the operator is running or jumping. The head allows a full 360° pan, 60° tilt up or down and an up-or-down boom movement of nearly three feet (1 meter).

Obviously, the Brown Stabilizer will open new possibilities to the creative director. When used in a moving vehicle, or even a helicopter (with wind shielding), smooth takes can be obtained that will rival those made with conventional dollies and/or rail set-ups—and at a considerable cost saving. Systems for 35mm, 16mm and video ENG are in the early stages of production and will be called Steadycam.

Bolex announced two new accessories for their 16mm line. Starting in the Spring of 1977, all H16 cameras will be available, on request, with a TV frame finder. In addition, this TV frame finder can be fitted on all existing models Nos. H16 RX, H16 SBM, H16 EBM and EL. The other new item is a remote control unit with timer for the H16 EL.

Canon has expanded their Scoopic line with a new model, the Scoopic 16MS, several accessories and a conversion for the older model M. The top of the body on the MS has been re-designed so that the camera can be used interchangeably with either the 100' internal film load or a standard 400' Mitchell magazine. (Model M cameras can now be modified with this new 400' magazine adaptor.) Crystal synch is also available for the MS, and the camera noise has been reduced by 3 db. Another new item is a sound barney which also provides weather and thermal protection and two lens converters for the 12.5-75mm zoom lens. One is a wide-angle attachment which gives a 9mm equivalent and the other is a 1.5x tele converter that extends the Scoopic lens to 112.5mm. Both of these converters are compatible with their 12-120mm macro zoom lens as well as several lenses from other manufacturers.

Eclair announced the forthcoming revised ACL for single system sound filming.

Frezzolini have added a new model, the Frezzi-Flex model FR-16, which is lighter in weight than their model LW-16, is crystal controlled, and can be equipped for either single or double system sound.

Available from Sennheiser around New Year's is another innovation that should open new vistas for documentary and news camerapeople. It is their new telescopic boom No. MZS 802, designed to be used with their recently introduced electret microphone system, the ME 20, ME 40 or ME 80 heads, and either the K1 or K2U powering module. It weighs but 5 ounces and can be extended from 9 to 26 inches with the cable contained inside the telescoping sections. It is designed primarily for mounting on the top of a camera for single-person sound filming. The end of the boom is equipped with a vibration dampening, three position click-stop recepticle for the microphone heads. The powering module attaches to the base. The base module is 3/4" in diameter and fits any standard 3/4" microphone bracket. Depending on the camera used, a

Bob Parent is a free-lance photographer-filmmaker living in New York City. From an early career in mechanical engineering, he branched out into still photography in the mid-40s, and during the 50s specialized in photography of Jazz musicians. He moved into photo-journalism and experimental and documentary filmmaking in the 60s, and has two experimental films in the Coopérative Cinéastes Indépendante in Montreal. He is a member of S.M.P.T.E., Millennium Film Workshop (also an instructor), and A.I.V.F. His photographs for the book *Jazz Is* by Nat Hentoff recently published by Random House, were rated 'splendid' by the *New York Times*.

standard bracket may be available that will fit directly, or can be modified for attachment to the camera. Recommended would be a bracket with further vibration dampening. Several Sennheiser microphone mounts are available that can be so modified.

Although several Super-8 sound cameras are now equipped with a mike boom, this is the first microphone-boom combination that will produce top-quality professional sound, and is compatible with both 16mm and Super-8 cameras. By using either of the directional mike heads, a substantial level of camera noise can be eliminated. And when a second person is available, it can also be used as a short 'fishpole'.

The other new product from Sennheiser is helpful on a set where wireless mikes or other intercom sets are in use, and additional wireless interference-free one-way communication is needed. This system operates by using a transmission of infra-red light waves. The headset receivers are very light in weight and compact. Several transmitters can be placed strategically around a set or working area to cover all line-of-sight 'blind spots' without multipath interference problems. And because invisible infra-red light is used as a carrier wave, this system can also be used in a theater for foreign-language running translations, etc.

The "big three" of the flat-bed editing consoles (Steenbeck, KEM & Moviola) all demonstrated their lines and, in several instances, with improvements. In addition, Cinemonta of the Netherlands and the Twenty-Fourth Frame of Blacksburg. Virginia exhibited consoles for the first time in New York. Neumade introduced their new line of tape splicers that use unperforated tape similar to Ciro and Guillotine. One design feature is the ability to change blades without the need for re-alignment.

Per-Fix demonstrated a device for repairing extended sections of film with torn or damaged perforations. Currently available in 35mm and 16mm (8mm and Super-8 coming soon), the tool applies a special narrow perforated tape to the damaged section while maintaining accurate registration of the sprocket holes.

Magnasync — Moviola, Multi-Track Magnetics and RCA demonstrated highly sophisticated edit — mix systems. In addition, Magnasync also demonstrated a prototype Super-8 fullcoat recorder—reproducer version of their series 3000 equipment, which can be marketed as soon as there is a demand for studio quality Super-8 double system transfer equipment. While on the subject of editing, sound and super-8; Super-8 Sound of Cambridge, Mass. exhibited a very comprehensive line of shooting, recording, transferring and editing equipment for working with Super-8 double system sound filming.

The search for new methods of projection that eliminate the standard stop-and-go claw drives has resulted in two new projector designs. Multi-Track Magnetics have designed a projection drive system that utilizes a special prism drive mechanism with a smooth continuous film transport. Hollogon Optical Systems have designed a mechanism that is similar yet different, in that they use a multi-sided mirror instead of the prism. Theoretically, this would seem to indicate less problems of color aberrations from the refractive characteristics of a prism. Both manufacturers claim steady flickerless images which is of great advantage in telecine broadcasting. However, the viewing conditions—room light level and small screen size—precluded any evaluation of these claims.

Space is running out fast. Unfortunately there are several more items that I will not be able to cover in this column. I have saved the only Canadian product that came to my attention for the closing item.

Designed by Serge Grek of PGP Consultants Ltd. of Dorval, and marketed in the U.S. by Bergen Expo Systems of Clifton, N.J., is a new Xenon projection lamp system utilizing dichroic infra-red filters to minimize heat problems in the film gate, and a standardized color temperature of 5200° K. Other features are more light per watt of input power and a much smaller power pack component. Marketed by Bergen are three 16mm projector models, called the Bergen Mini-X-2500, 3500 & 5000 which use 450, 1000 & 1000 watt lamps, producing screen brightnesses of 2500, 3500 & 5000 lumens for screen widths of 12', 20' & 40' respectively. The lamps have a useful life of 1500 hours, warranted, and the weight of the projectors is only 35 pounds.

Further information on products mentioned in this column can be obtained from:

SMPTE
862 Scarsdale Ave
Scarsdale, NY 10583

Cinema Products Corp.
2037 Granville Ave
Los Angeles, Cal 90025

Bolex
Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc.
623 Stewart Ave
Garden City, NY 11530

Canon Optics & Business Machines Canada, Ltd.
3245 American Drive
Mississauga, Ont. L4V 1N4

Canon USA, Inc.
10 Nevada Drive
Lake Success, NY 11040

140 Industrial Drive
Elmhurst, Ill 60126

123 Paularino Ave East
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

Soremec Eclair USA Inc.
905 N. Cole Ave
Hollywood, CA 90038

Frezzolini Electronics Inc.
7 Valley St
Hawthorne, NJ 07506

Sennheiser Electronic Corp.
10 W 37th St
New York City, NY 10018

Steenbeck
General Enterprises Inc.
10518 Detrick Ave
Kensington, MD 20795

Magnasync/ Moviola Corp.
5539 Riverton Ave
No Hollywood CA 91601

Cinemonta
KLM Assoc., Inc.
11810 Charen Lane
Potomac, MD 20854

Twenty-Fourth Frame
PO Box 539
Blacksburg, VA 24060

Neumade Products Corp.
720 White Plains Rd
Scarsdale, NY 10583

The Per-Fix Co.
PO Box 3208
Santa Monica, CA 90403

Magna-Tech Electronic Co., Inc.
630 Ninth Ave
New York, NY 10036

RCA Photophone Sound Recording
2700 West Olive Ave
Burbank CA 91505
1133 Ave of the Americas
New York, NY 10036

Multi-Track Magnetics Inc.
1 Ruckman Rd
Closter NJ 07624

Super 8 Sound Inc.
95 Harvey St
Cambridge, MA 02140

Bergen Expo Systems, Inc.
1088 Main Ave
Clifton, NJ 07011

PGP Consultants Ltd.
620 Meloche Ave
Dorval, P.Q.

Hollogon Optical Systems Corp.
225 Park Ave So
New York, NY 10003

Cinema Products' new Steadicam—35

CEL WASHER

CHUCK JONES

The Wild Cat Yonder (Plus a Horse)

Johnson

When I was a small boy, living in Newport Beach, California and looking, on the beach, like a partly-cooked yam in half a hockey sock, we owned a cat who enjoyed grapefruit and body-surfing.

Now, grapefruit (grape fruits, grapes fruit) are not the usual fodder for a cat, but neither is body-surfing the usual calisthenic. His name had a certain lack of authenticity for a cat, too—his name was Johnson.

His gusto for grapefruit must have stemmed from some gastric lack, some acid or juice that flows at the rate of a quarter pint a day in a normal cat. His insistence on body-surfing was a kind of group penchant, a resolution to stay with the family when we went swimming.

A cat in swimming is not a pleasant object. No matter how high his degree of enjoyment, he still looks like he is strangling. His eyes pop with a wild hysterical bulge, his teeth grit under lips that gape back to his armpits, his ears flatten back until he seems more like a hairy strangulated congor eel caught in a wringer than he does anything remotely feline. Cats also swim low in the water with just their gaping jaws, and popping, evil, frightened eyes leaving a slippery oily wake. No one not familiar with this sight could imagine this to be dear purring puss by the hearth; more like a hound from a dreadful wet evil hell... coming to repatriate your sins by chewing out your vocal chords and eating your eyeballs from the inside. Actually Johnson must have thought his expression to be benign and friendly, and to be sure, he purred reassuringly as he approached a swimmer. His purr, however, was underwater, and the resultant sloshing and gurelling only enhanced the picture of a strangling creature spewed up from the great barrier reef.

Johnson's roost while at sea was the nearest shoulder. Family, if available; stranger if need be. Strangers, he found, must be approached from the rear, since a frontal approach always resulted in hysteria. Johnson disliked emotional turmoil of any kind, yet he never quite learned that climbing on a stranger's shoulder, even from the rear, was bound to have eruptive consequences. When people came staggering spastically out of the surf at Newport Beach, every nerve string jangling a chorus of gibbering fright, their mouths sputtering

Chuck Jones — originator of The Roadrunner and Coyote, Pepe le Pew and others — has won two Academy Awards and numerous honors in both art and film. His most recent project has involved the production, direction and writing of a series of half-hour specials for CBS: Kipling's *The White Sea, Mowgli's Brothers, Rikki-Tikki-Tavi,* and Camille Saint Saens' *The Carnival of the Animals*, with lyrics by Ogden Nash, Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck duo-pianists.

DISH NIGHT

WALDO LYDECKER

"10-4": Who is going to play J. Edgar in a sleazy new movie to be called **The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover?** It isn't George C. Scott, and it isn't Ernest Borgnine, although both were mentioned. Clues: He decked Judy Holliday in **Born Yesterday** and he collects residuals from the old TV series *Highway Patrol*. Answer: Broderick Crawford.

PERISH, THEN PUBLISH: It's becoming a common practice for washed-up movie stars to plunge into the world of publishing, and not only with white-washed memoirs. Sterling Hayden recently collected more than a half-million dollars for the paperback sale of his adventure novel *Voyager.* Another Fifties swashbuckler has also written a novel, and his editors are denying that the irrationality of the plot and the general messiness of the prose has something to do with the fact that the ex-star is carrying on a romance with a certain powdery substance which is sometimes sniffed through a straw.

DOWN THE AISLE: Wedding bells will finally be breaking up Marisa Berenson's act. After dropping more beaux than you can shake a stick at, Marisa will be married in Hollywood to businessman Jim Randall. One of her ex-numbers, Helmut Berger, will stop off at the wedding on his way to the Warners lot, where he's going to do a role in David Wolper's movie about the Entebbe airport raid (that's the one in which Lizzy Taylor also has a cameo). Marisa, meanwhile, has been nixed as the star of Lina Wertmuller's first American film but is consoling herself with the fact that Ali MacGraw was too.

NOT STAYING HUNGRY: Iron-pumper Arnold Schwarzenegger has been taken up by the New York literati and can often be seen flexing his delts at Manhattan's high-pressure eatery, Elaine's, while waiting to hear from Ilya Salkind whether or not he's going to play Superman.

IN THE HOPPER: Booke Hayward will tell all about her unhappy childhood (including the real story of why she and buddy Jane Fonda were kicked out of the girl scouts) in her autobiography *Haywire*, coming out next spring. Now that she has finished the book, Brooke can pay more attention to Paramount production head Dick Sylbert, while her ex-husband Dennis Hopper is chasing Cheap Chic expert Caterine Milinaire (the daughter of the Duchess of Bedford) around Europe.

DOES HE SLEEP IN THE NUDE? Lola (Mrs. Bob) Redford has at last consented to give interviews, but she will not tolerate any fresh questions about her husband (or any questions about him at all, for that matter). She will only talk about Consumer Action Now (C.A.N.), the public interest group she founded. They lobby a lot.

NO-SHOW: The star of the upcoming **Muhammad Ali Story**, the former Cassius Clay, copped out of an appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House for a benefit in tribute to the late French star Josephine Baker because the sponsors of the event wouldn't charter a private plane to get him there. Among the sponsors: Jackie Onassis and Princess Grace. Jeanne Moreau did show up, however, while she was in town plugging **Lumière**, her debut as a director. Mlle. Moreau then zipped off to the Windy City to plug some more, with Swiss director Daniel Schmid in tow.

WHERE IS SYLVIA?: The New York party scene will just not be the same this season. Ubiquitous girl-about-town Sylvia (**Heat**) Miles has finally gotten a job. She'll play the Bette Davis role in a stage revival of **The Night of the Iguana** with Richard Chamberlain.

CORPORATE CHITCHAT: David Geffen has been kicked upstairs. After not quite a year as a vice-prexy at Warner Brothers, the former whiz kid has taken a job with the parent company, Warner Communications, which also owns Asylum Records, the firm that made David all of his loot. In another part of town, Geffen's old flame Cher has just optioned one of the Late Show's staples, **The Enchanted Cottage** (with Robert Young and Dorothy McGuire — remember?), but it's anybody's guess what she's going to do with it.

WEAR FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR: If you hated the Sixties, you're going to be out of luck. Big-budget screen versions of **Hair** and **Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band**, two records we got tired of playing a long time ago, are in the works. Rock twinkie Peter Frampton will be in **Sgt. Pepper,** along with the BeeGees.

monosyllabic incoherence, we knew that Johnson had approached them. Johnson's method with a grapefruit was unique and fascinating. He would claw a hole big enough to admit his muzzle, and then eat his way in, enlarging the hole as needed until he had cleaned all the juicy cells away, leaving something like a football helmet. Occasionally he would get this sphere stuck on his head and wander drunkenly down the beach, bumping into tar, dead sea gulls, and on one notable occasion, a picnic of YWCA girls. These young ladies, perhaps more delicate than their sisters, did not recognize Johnson in his space helmet, tar, sea gull feathers and a small starfish that had stuck to his foot. They fled pell mell and panic-stricken into the surf and Johnson, with one red eye available for fun and games, went into the surf after them.

The YWCA did not come back to Newport Beach until after Johnson's untimely death when he tried to climb a running outboard motor one day. His usefulness as a cat was about over, but it is a matter of record that he took the outboard with him.

Old Lavender... a horse

He was a horse with four corners, and on each corner he had a leg, a solid mahogany leg fluted and arabesqued with bone. When he moved into a canter he angled back onto one of these legs, then cast himself into the air, landed with a thundering crash on another leg, followed in shattering succession by the other three. This shuddering lope would crack the eyeballs of a rag doll. Its effect on human entrails, eye sockets, and teeth left little to be desired. It ground the elbows together like sticks, set the clothes on fire: shook kneecaps down into the toes of socks, eyeballs danced like ping-pong balls in the skull. On the down-stroke one could see through one's own mouth and on the up-stroke observe the pain area of the human brain at work; hair leaped out of the head, necks shortened or lengthened or did both, radii and ulnas entwined like snakes, and fallen arches snapped up into half circles; intestines draped themselves around, under, and between all internal protuberances, dislodging kidneys, livers and similar lights, and rearranging them in new and picturesque patterns.

It is only fair to record that Old Lavender took just as hard a beating as that he dished out. He probably enjoyed his boulder-smashing gallops no more than anyone else. It sounded like there were loose things in what would have been his drawers if he had been a table. There seemed to be a number of these loose things rolling around inside; a broken kewpie, seven or eight large steel roller bearings, a bicycle pump attached to a rusted harmonica, the mechanism from a "ma-ma" doll, a half-empty bottle of glycerine, a dead tennis ball or two... and on each step these things would roll and bump and grunt and bang and slap into the rubbery doors and down the cobblestone passages of Old Lavender until they ricocheted off a bulkhead, and rolled back for a new try.

Riding Old Lavender was like riding a pool table over the surface of the moon. I don't think he knew he had a rider once he was under way. There were too many different articles colliding in the great halls and echoing stairwells of his interior to have him even remotely aware that his exterior existed. He was simply trying to get the chattering tenement of himself to whatever arbirtrary destination had been chosen for him, before he collapsed within himself and the broken masonry and shattered girders settled into a dusty and unrecognizable ruin.

OVER-LOOKED & UNDER-RATED

Most people have favorite films that were never promoted, distributed or exhibited well enough to reach a wide audience. This column is open to readers who want to spread the word about such films, and about films which they feel were badly underrated by the critics the first time around.

Le Secret. Robert Enrico's **Le Secret** is a political thriller of a very high order, an alumnus, of sorts, of the **Z** school. Jean-Louis Trintignant portrays a man on the run who has "accidentally found out something no one is allowed to know." Now his life hangs in the balance. The chase is on, with military and top political forces just behind. To call **Le Secret** the French **Parallax View** is not far off base. The depiction of menace in the two is quite similar. As a suspense tale, **Le Secret** is breath-bating; as a commentary on the modern state, it is harrowing. Enrico and his co-scenarist, Pascal Jardin, tighten the screws along the way, but (small complaint) they settle for a needlessly protracted final reel.

Joe Blades

We the Wonderchildren. I saw this fine German film at the Jerusalem Cinematheque as a last minute replacement for **The Iron Mask** and know nothing about it except that it was made sometime in the sixties. Basically it is a romantic comedy about the rise and fall of Nazism. Though it is very funny, at the same time the film is an uncompromising study of Nazism and its effects on two lovers who try to hide from it. This is one of those few great movies that are at once wonderfully entertaining and thought-provoking. The film lingers in the mind long after you have seen it.

Gary David Sandler

Captain Kronos—Vampire Hunter. Dir. Brian Clemens. An exciting "supernatural swashbuckler" where the mysterious vampire-hunting hero is "the fastest sword east of Budapest" in a film that is a bizarre blend of horror, fantasy and adventure. Hooded vampires circle evilly through a strange and silent dream-world, slithering across whispering forests and crumbling mansions, pausing only to drain the youth from beautiful girls. These vampiric villains are destroyed by a gloomy adventurer who seems to be a Gothic version of Clint Eastwood's "Man With No Name," yet his use of strange magical rituals and his air of almost knightly heroism gives him a mythic dimension that belongs to the world of King Arthur rather than Count Dracula. Not the least of the film's pleasures is the gorgeous Caroline Munro, a dark, smoldering beauty whose sinister loveliness is utterly enchanting. While many a vampire film tends to become a trifle boring, as Dracula sucks away at fainting females, **Kronos** is full of enjoyable duels and sword-fights, culminating in a fantastic finale full of clashing blades, heroines in distress, leaping from balconies and ghoulish vampire-murders. Perhaps in no other film the worlds of myth, horror and adventure have been so stylishly and skilfully combined, which makes its neglect all the more tragic.

Bruce Burton

That'll be the Day. Director, Claude Whatham. Instead of playing for 1950s laughs with a dash of profundity tossed in, **That'll be the Day** sticks with one central character, trying to figure out where he's going, and why. David Essex, who achieved later fame as the lead in **Stardust,** this film's sequel, is excellent as a rocker in the early English '60s who boomerangs from one life-style to another, and provides an interesting contrast to the one-dimensional heroes of American '50s movies, such as **American Graffiti.**

Director Whatham is helped immensely by a cast that works so smoothly together, they seem like ensemble players. Ringo Starr is a stand-out; his humour is natural and easy-going, a tremendous asset to this kind of low-key film.

The producers apparently decided to make a sequel right after they finished the original and the lack of a real conclusion hurts the film. But whatever its faults, **That'll be the Day** is a good blend of rock and roll and intelligent movie-making, a hard combination to beat.

Dale Pollock

After unsuccessful one-city releases in 1972 and '73, **The All-American Boy** is sitting firmly on the shelf at Warner Brothers. The film is a quiet study of small-town characters in the mid-Fifties, with Jon Voight in the title role as an amateur boxer going nowhere. Charles Eastman's writing and direction are startlingly effective, exploring the limits of stereotypes and the paucity of options facing the characters. Most of Eastman's scenes are both funny and painful, because the characters are so far from being able to relate to one another. In one memorable scene Voight and an ex-girlfriend (who is now married to someone else) declare, almost without feeling, that they are still in love with each other. Eastman also has an excellent sense of visual irony; for example, in a final scene worthy of Altman or Fellini he shows a demonstration of civic pride going awry in hilly terrain.

The film may be more impressive in its parts than as a whole, because Eastman's cool observations don't seem to lead very far. Still, his film is literate, well-made, and definitely worth seeing.

Peter Lev

FILM REVIEWS

Jodie Foster and John Cassisi confer in **Bugsy Malone**

The New Hoke

James Monaco reviews
Rocky
Directed by John Avildsen
Bugsy Malone
Directed by Alan Parker

In the early sixties, Susan Sontag published her influential essay "Notes on 'Camp'," which defined a style that would dominate popular culture for more than a decade. For Sontag, Camp was essentially a phenomenon of the homosexual sensibility. It was exaggerated, outrageous, devoted to the precedence of style over content. It was identifiable by its devotion to "Being-as-playing-a-role," its love of artifice and its epicenism: for the camp sensibility, male and female, object and person are interchangeable. Above all, Sontag insisted, "Camp taste is a mode of enjoyment, of appreciation — not judgment."

I remember being struck by that last statement when I first read Sontag's essay. There seemed a basic law there — one that had not been sufficiently articulated before. Enjoyment and appreciation very often are separate from judgment. Later, Sontag moved on to develop a theory of criticism based vaguely in the theories first brought forth in "Notes on 'Camp'". For her, the battle was "Against Interpretation," but it seemed to me that it wasn't interpretation that was the real villain so much as judgment — the attitude satirized so well by Dick Clark's ageless American Bandstand critics years ago: "I'll give it an 85. It's got a good beat." Grading art is just as stupid as grading people.

But how could that caveat against judgment be expanded beyond the realm of Camp? It seemed to me that there was a lot else in popular culture that involved enjoyment and appreciation without judgment that wasn't really Camp. Question: If Camp is homosexual, then what is its heterosexual equivalent? Answer: Hoke.

Both Camp and Hoke share a certain lack of moral seriousness. Both are insouciant, essentially critical. Both are "modes of enjoyment and appreciation — not judgment," but the similarities end there. Whereas Camp is devoted to style, Hoke is dependent on sentiment (not to be confused with sentimentality, although that is often present, too.) Camp is outrageous, Hoke is homey. Camp is often cold and distant — a down-home sensibility in a way that Camp, sharply urban, could never be. Camp involves "being-as-play-a-role;" Hoke, role-playing-as-being. For the Hoke sensibility, male and female, object and person are *not* interchangeable, but rather dialectically opposed — hence Hoke's sentimental character.

All this is by way of introduction to two extraordinarily Hokey movies currently confusing critics — Alan Parker's **Bugsy Malone** and John Avildsen's **Rocky**. Neither fits into either of the two currently acceptable aesthetic modes — moral seriousness and Camp. The two together with other recent efflorations of the Hoke sensibility — CB radio, Jimmy Carter, serialized novels on TV, the boom in country music, The Fonz and the fifties, children — may mark a real turning point in the popular culture of the late seventies.

Bugsy Malone is British television director Alan Parker's first theatrical feature. In conception, it is so outrageous that it very well might be thought of as Camp, except that Parker displays an assurance, ease, and commitment that completely eschew the condescension and mockery which are hallmarks of Camp. Even so, and despite a number of positive, albeit grudging, reviews, the very idea of **Bugsy Malone** seems to have been enough to keep a number of adults who take film seriously away from theatres. How to deal with a musical pastiche of early-thirties Gangster movies played entirely by children?! It's just too absurd. But Parker knows what he's doing. Having set out to make a film for his own children because they kept nagging him that "going to the pictures wasn't as special as I kept telling them it ought to be," Parker has succeeded in fashioning a film that

James Monaco, *Take One's* Associate Editor, is the author of *The New Wave: Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, Rohmer, Rivette*, recently published by Oxford University Press, and of the forthcoming *How to Read a Film* (Also Oxford).

is considerably more than just a kid's picture. Children, if they're taken on their own terms, are an essential element of the Hoke sensibility. Asked recently why he had chosen only "innocent and beautiful children" for **Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000,** Alain Tanner replied: "Because all children are innocent and beautiful." It's only a slight exaggeration. If you can relate to children on their own terms, you are already more than halfway to Hoke.

Parker does. At no point in **Bugsy Malone** does he betray the slightest condescension. It isn't an adult, Camp joke that 10- and 12-year-olds are dressed up like adults in the film. They play mustachioed and bosomed roles as children always do — playing-a-role-as-being — it's a basic element of the experience of childhood, and a very strong foundation for *Bugsy*.

Moreover, the children-as-adults of Parker's unique film have special meaning for adults in the audience. Our own fantasies of thirties Hollywood and twenties gangsters are very much a residue of childhood attitudes, and seeing them made real on the screen makes us understand the function of these fairy tales in a new way. Like Tanner's **Jonah** (and a number of other recent films in which children play an unusually large part), **Bugsy** is about generations and communities. It is politically and metaphorically constructive. It is even hopeful. Hope is Hokey. It ends with a final musical number out of character, in which the whole cast sings "You Give a Little Love and It All Comes Back to You." Sorry, Camp-followers and proponents of the High Moral Seriousness, but there is a certain real truth here, no matter how Hokey it must seem. Parker believes it, his cast believes it, and — if we are open about it — he makes us believe it, too, if only for a while.

Children, as we've noted, are an important element of the Hoke sensibility. **Bugsy** is only the most daring and extreme example of the renewed interest in kids which characterizes the late seventies. Truffaut's **L'Argent de Poche** is another significant example. Will Aitkin recently condescended campily to that film in these pages, beginning with modish cynicism: "It has always seemed to me that a very few children can go an awfully long way. Twenty minutes with any two assure a sufficiency." That statement is, simply, ageist. The value of Truffaut's film and Parker's is that they permit the child's point of view to dominate, at peril of being similarly condescended to themselves. Non-ageist viewers generally respond positively; ageist reviewers recoil. But there is no gainsaying the movement. In addition to the films by Truffaut, Tanner, and Parker, 1976 has also seen Jean Eustache's **Mes Petites amoureuses,** Jean-Charles Tachella's **Cousin, cousine,** Claudine Guilmain's **Veronique, ou l'été de mes treize ans,** Joan Churchill's **Juvenile Liaison,** Marta Meszaros's **Adoption,** Michael Ritchie's **The Bad News Bears** (and **Smile**), and Dyan Cannon's **Number One.**

Rocky, written by and starring Sylvester Stallone, and preceded by a major media hype, is not about children per se, but it is very much about the myths of our own childhood in the fifties. That era is nearly as important as children as an element of the new Hoke. By now you've read enough about Stallone's own Hokey struggle to get the film made. It is not quite so absurd a project as **Bugsy** — there are, after all, a number of recognizably saleable elements to **Rocky**. What is more interesting is that Stallone's film is simply the conclusion to the history of Stallone's extraordinary influence on popular culture myths in the mid-seventies. Three years ago, Stallone starred in the remarkable low-budget success, **The Lords of Flatbush**. The character he created there — quintessential fifties "rock" (as we called them in Queens) — served as a model for one of his co-stars, Henry Winkler, who quickly moved on to create the role of "The Fonz" in the television series *Happy Days*. Stallone's Rocky Balboa is, then, a highly polished new version of an already unusually successful mythic persona.

While **Rocky** has been advertised as the protean conception of its star-writer, director John Avildsen's contributions are essential to its success and should not be overlooked. It was Avildsen who had the sense to go all out with the romantic fable of the down-and-out club boxer who falls in love at the age of thirty and magically gets a last-ditch shot at the heavyweight crown. Like Parker, he betrays not the slightest tinge of Camp condescension. **Rocky**'s success, like **Bugsy**'s, is a direct result of the fact that the filmmakers magnificently maintained the courage of their convictions.

The Italian-American aura of **Rocky** is also an important element in its success. As Stallone has noted, the mediterranean sensibility he feels he has captured in the film is markedly different from the prevailing urban intellectual seriousness of the sixties and early seventies. You know the cliché — emotional, open, sentimental, with a gusto for life. In short, Hokey. It is an image that other Italian-American filmmakers have studiously avoided in their attempt to break into the establishment (although Scorsese betrayed a feeling for it in his earlier films). Stallone and his co-star Talia Coppola Shire embrace it with unselfconscious assurance, and audiences respond quickly and strongly. One of the values of **Rocky**'s success is its dialogue. Stallone has captured the tempo and style of working-class Italian-American speech as no one has before, and with it he celebrates the life.

There are resonances in **Rocky**, as well as Hoke, however. It is not, first of all, such an old-fashioned movie as it pretends to be. Structurally, it is rather adventurous. The marketable drama revolves around Rocky's boxing career, but large stretches of the film are given over to watching the people of the film move, talk, live. So much of it, in fact, is antidramatic that **Rocky** almost qualifies as avant-garde. The subdued, natural pace of the film makes the action sequences at the end all the more striking.

Thematically, **Rocky** is also a lot more modern than it appears to be. It is hardly the Frank Capra poor-boy success story that has been advertised. Rocky Balboa doesn't work his way to the top, he lucks out. Heavyweight champion Apollo Creed, a thinly-veiled parody of Muhammad Ali, picks the "Italian Stallion" out of the matchmakers' book to play a role in an elaborately designed bicentennial media fiction celebrating "the land of opportunity." Our boy is clearly no match for the champion and survives the fight (he doesn't win) through sheer bullheaded, hamfisted stamina. Despite his relative success at the end, Rocky is clearly exploited throughout. What's more, he knows it.

More significant than the realism of **Rocky**, however, is its mythic signification. When the Italian Stallion meets the Black Apollo it's not just a bicentennial boxing match — Italian *cuore* meets Black soul, and the audience responds directly to this fusion. Heretofore, one of the main loci of Hoke has been in Black movies (which is one of the reasons they haven't been treated seriously by the white critical establishment). Hoke and Funk are closely parallel phenomena. Without the Black and Italian elements of American life there'd be considerably less gusto, and not much to choose from in the arts besides Camp and Moral Seriousness.

Just as **Bugsy** is notable for its children's point of view, so Stallone and Avildsen's **Rocky** is remarkable for being one of the very few American films in the last fifty years to be seen from a working-class perspective. We are not talking about subject matter here. The intellectual, middle-class establishment has always felt quite comfortable with films whose *subjects* were workers, or children (or Black people or women, for that matter). What it could never tolerate were films whose *point-of-view* corresponded with those subjects. Susan Sontag realized years ago that Camp was essentially an aristocratic sensibility. Hoke, in contrast, is quite definitely working-class in origin. In fact, it may best be defined as that sort of entertainment and enjoyment-without-judgment that can only be accomplished by transcending the urbane, sophisticated sensibility that up to now has dominated contemporary media. Hoke is heterosexual, Hoke is anti-aristocratic, and both attitudes are increasingly attractive.

Carrie Me Back to the Senior Prom

Susan Schenker reviews
Carrie
Directed by Brian De Palma

Walking out of the sneak preview of **Carrie**, I was both angry and embarrassed. Angry at the way **Carrie** manipulated me to the point where my heart was thudding, and embarrassed because the film really works.

Stephen King's novel, *Carrie,* was set in Massachusetts (moved for film to southern California where everyone is, of course, a little "bent") and is, like *Salem's Lot*, King's second novel now being filmed by Warners, a combination of *Our Town* and **Night of the Living Dead.** The people in *Salem's Lot* are nice New Englanders plagued by vampires; **Carrie,** however, is chock full of the most vicious little high school females you can imagine. God (and the Devil) knows people just can't be like

Susan Schenker is a freelance story analyst for major motion picture companies, and has recently completed *Books About Film: A Bibliographical Checklist.*

FREE!

E ONE FILMLETTER
JBSCRIBE TO TAKE ONE
Γ 25% OFF.

one year (6 issues) at $4.49—a 25% saving
nd newsstand price of $6.00—and receive
s) of the TAKE ONE FILMLETTER.

et both TAKE ONE and the
ETTER—for a full year—for
ow price of $4.49... an
ible value! Send in the
e-paid card or the coupon
today! (No need to send payment—
we'll be happy to bill you later.)

Box 1778, Station B, Montréal, Canada H3B 3L3

% off the regular price! And the free FILMLETTER too! This is an offer I 't afford to miss! Send me TAKE ONE for a year.

☐ **Please bill me later.**
☐ **I enclose $4.49**

lame _____
ddress _____
City _____
State Province _____
Zip Zone _____

ONE subscribers *only*—on the months between the magazine's bi-monthly appearances—and it is sent to you *free* as part of your subscription.

Postes Canada Canada Post 17298

Business Reply Mail

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in Canada

Postage will be paid by

TAKE ONE
Box 1778
Station B
Montreal
Quebec H3B 3L3

is considerably more than just a kid's picture. Children, if they're taken on their own terms, are an essential element of the Hoke sensibility. Asked recently why he had chosen only "innocent and beautiful children" for **Jonah Who Will Be 25 In the Year 2000,** Alain Tanner replied: "Because all children are innocent and beautiful." It's only a slight exaggeration. If you can relate to children on their own terms, you are already more than halfway to Hoke.

Parker does. At no point in **Bugsy Malone** does he betray the slightest condescension. It isn't an adult, Camp joke that 10- and 12-year-olds are dressed up like adults in the film. They play mustachioed and bosomed roles as children always do — playing-a-role-as-being — it's a basic element of the experience of childhood, and a very strong foundation for *Bugsy*.

Moreover, the children-as-adults of Parker's unique film have special meaning for adults in the audience. Our own fantasies of thirties Hollywood and twenties gangsters are very much a residue of childhood attitudes, and seeing them made real on the screen makes us understand the function of these fairy tales in a new way. Like Tanner's **Jonah** (and a number of other recent films in which children play an unusually large part), **Bugsy** is about generations and communities. It is politically and metaphorically constructive. It is even hopeful. Hope is Hokey. It ends with a final musical number out of character, in which the whole cast sings "You Give a Little Love and It All Comes Back to You." Sorry, Camp-followers and proponents of the High Moral Seriousness, but there is a certain real truth here, no matter how Hokey it must seem. Parker believes it, his cast believes it, and — if we are open about it — he makes us believe it, too, if only for a while.

Children, as we've noted, are an important element of the Hoke sensibility. **Bugsy** is only the most daring and extreme example of the renewed interest in kids which characterizes the late seventies. Truffaut's **L'Argent de Poche** is another significant example. Will Aitkin recently condescended campily to that film in these pages, beginning with modish cynicism: "It has always seemed to me that a very few children can go an awfully long way. Twenty minutes with any two assure a sufficiency." That statement is, simply, ageist. The value of Truffaut's film and Parker's is that they permit the child's point of view to dominate, at peril of being similarly condescended to themselves. Non-ageist viewers generally respond positively; ageist reviewers recoil. But there is no gainsaying the movement. In addition to the films by Truffaut, Tanner, and Parker, 1976 has also seen Jean Eustache's **Mes Petites amoureuses,** Jean-Charles Tachella's **Cousin, cousine,** Claudine Guilmain's **Veronique, ou l'été de mes treize ans,** Joan Churchill's **Juvenile Liaison,** Marta Meszaros's **Adoption,** Michael Ritchie's **The Bad News Bears** (and **Smile**), and Dyan Cannon's **Number One.**

Rocky, written by and starring Sylvester Stallone, and preceded by a major media hype, is not about children per se, but it is very much about the myths of our own childhood in the fifties. That era is nearly as important as children as an element of the new Hoke. By now you've read enough about Stallone's own Hokey struggle to get the film made. It is not quite so absurd a project as **Bugsy** — there are, after all, a number of recognizably saleable elements to **Rocky**. What is more interesting is that Stallone's film is simply the conclusion to the history of Stallone's extraordinary influence on popular culture myths in the mid-seventies. Three years ago, Stallone starred in the remarkable low-budget success, **The Lords of Flatbush**. The character he created there — quintessential fifties "rock" (as we called them in Queens) — served as a model for one of his co-stars, Henry Winkler, who quickly moved on to create the role of "The Fonz" in the television series *Happy Days*. Stallone's Rocky Balboa is, then, a highly polished new version of an already unusually successful mythic persona.

While **Rocky** has been advertised as the protean conception of its star-writer, director John Avildsen's contributions are essential to its success and should not be overlooked. It was Avildsen who had the sense to go all out with the romantic fable of the down-and-out club boxer who falls in love at the age of thirty and magically gets a last-ditch shot at the heavyweight crown. Like Parker, he betrays not the slightest tinge of Camp condescension. **Rocky**'s success, like **Bugsy**'s, i result of the fact that the magnificently maintained the coura convictions.

The Italian-American aura of **Roc** an important element in its su Stallone has noted, the mediterran bility he feels he has captured in markedly different from the prevai intellectual seriousness of the sixtie seventies. You know the cliché — open, sentimental, with a gusto f short, Hokey. It is an image that otl American filmmakers have studious in their attempt to break into the esta (although Scorsese betrayed a feeli his earlier films). Stallone and his cc Coppola Shire embrace it with u cious assurance, and audiences quickly and strongly. One of the **Rocky**'s success is its dialogue. St captured the tempo and style of wor Italian-American speech as no one h and with it he celebrates the life.

There are resonances in **Rocky**, Hoke, however. It is not, first of al old-fashioned movie as it preten Structurally, it is rather adventu marketable drama revolves aroun boxing career, but large stretches are given over to watching the peo film move, talk, live. So much of it, antidramatic that **Rocky** almost q avant-garde. The subdued, natural p film makes the action sequences at the more striking.

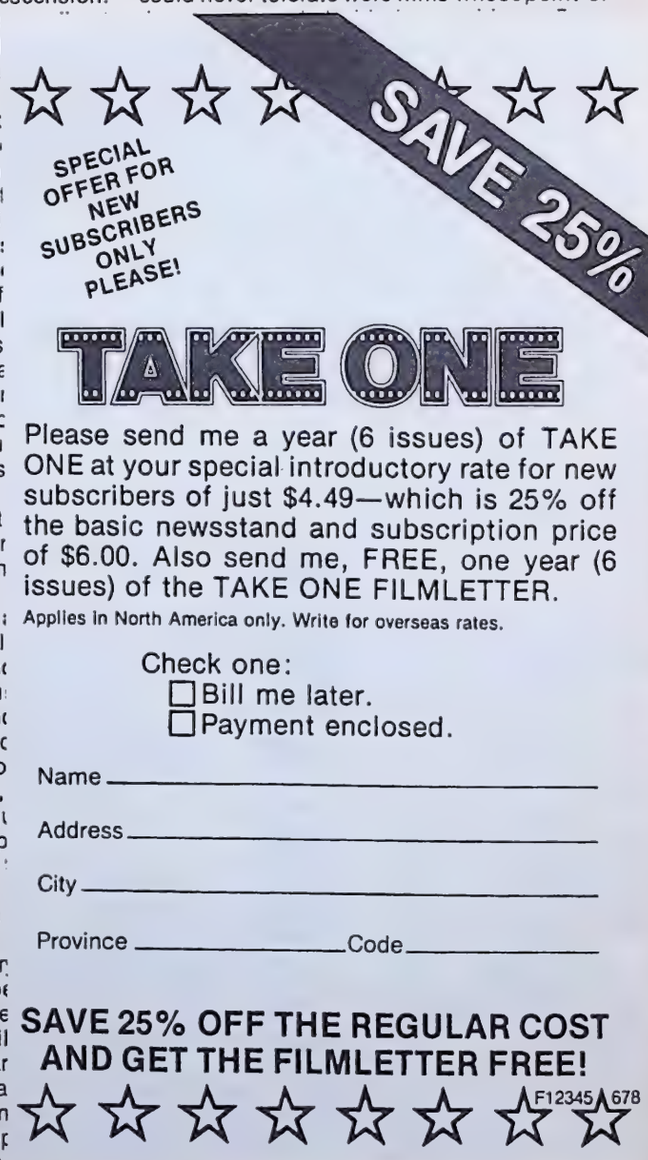
Thematically, **Rocky** is also a modern than it appears to be. It is Frank Capra poor-boy success stor been advertised. Rocky Balboa do his way to the top, he lucks out. He champion Apollo Creed, a thinly-veil of Muhammad Ali, picks the "Italiar out of the matchmakers' book to pla an elaborately designed bicentenn fiction celebrating "the land of opp Our boy is clearly no match for the champion and survives the fight (he doesn't win) through sheer bullheaded, hamfisted stamina. Despite his relative success at the end, Rocky is clearly exploited throughout. What's more, he knows it.

More significant than the realism of **Rocky**, however, is its mythic signification. When the Italian Stallion meets the Black Apollo it's not just a bicentennial boxing match — Italian *cuore* meets Black soul, and the audience responds directly to this fusion. Heretofore, one of the main loci of Hoke has been in Black movies (which is one of the reasons they haven't been treated seriously by the white critical establishment). Hoke and Funk are closely parallel phenomena. Without the Black and Italian elements of American life there'd be considerably less gusto, and not much to choose from in the arts besides Camp and Moral Seriousness.

Just as **Bugsy** is notable for its children's point of view, so Stallone and Avildsen's **Rocky** is remarkable for being one of the very few American films in the last fifty years to be seen from a working-class perspective. We are not talking about subject matter here. The intellectual, middle-class establishment has always felt quite comfortable with films whose *subjects* were workers, or children (or Black people or women, for that matter). What it could never tolerate were films whose *point-of-*

(and the Devil) knows people just can't be like

Susan Schenker is a freelance story analyst for major motion picture companies, and has recently completed *Books About Film: A Bibliographical Checklist.*


SAVE 25%
SPECIAL OFFER FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY PLEASE!
TAKE ONE
Please send me a year (6 issues) of TAKE ONE at your special introductory rate for new subscribers of just $4.49—which is 25% off the basic newsstand and subscription price of $6.00. Also send me, FREE, one year (6 issues) of the TAKE ONE FILMLETTER.
Applies in North America only. Write for overseas rates.
Check one:
Bill me later.
Payment enclosed.
Name
Address
City
Province
Code
SAVE 25% OFF THE REGULAR COST AND GET THE FILMLETTER FREE!
F12345678

FREE!

THE TAKE ONE FILMLETTER WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE TO TAKE ONE AT 25% OFF.

Subscribe to TAKE ONE for one year (6 issues) at $4.49—a 25% saving off the regular subscribers' and newsstand price of $6.00—and receive *free* one year (6 issues) of the TAKE ONE FILMLETTER.

One year (6 issues) of the world's greatest film magazine at 25% off! Hundreds of pages of important news, revelatory interviews, informative articles, handy tips, incisive reviews, and knowledgeable columns by people with both feet planted firmly right in the movie-making business.

Plus—at no additional cost—the TAKE ONE FILMLETTER, designed to bring readers the fast-breaking, up-to-the-minute news and information that *just can't wait* until the next regular issue of TAKE ONE. The FILMLETTER is sent to TAKE ONE subscribers *only*—on the months between the magazine's bi-monthly appearances—and it is sent to you *free* as part of your subscription.

You get both TAKE ONE and the FILMLETTER—for a full year—for the low price of $4.49... an incredible value! Send in the postage-paid card or the coupon today! (No need to send payment—we'll be happy to bill you later.)

Box 1778, Station B, Montréal, Canada H3B 3L3

25% off the regular price! And the free FILMLETTER too! This is an offer I can't afford to miss! Send me TAKE ONE for a year.

☐ **Please bill me later.**
☐ **I enclose $4.49**

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Province _____
Zip/Zone _____

that in real life. Miss Collins (Betty Buckley, a N.Y. stage actress) is the high school gym teacher and she's about the only sympathetic woman in the film. **Carrie** opens with a scene in the locker room which, although filmed very erotically, is tremendously grubby. Carrie, a social misfit, discovers she's got her first period. Since she's totally ignorant about it all, she freaks out. The other girls, who hate her to begin with, torment her with a barrage of every conceivable brand of tampon and sanitary napkin. (So much for Modess ads.) Miss Collins, the "game warden," armed with her clip-board and whistle, comes to the hysterical Carrie's rescue and condemns the other animals in the zoo for their insensitivity. More happens. Suffice it to say that Carrie then makes a much more important discovery — that she is telekinetic and can "will" horrible things to happen to her enemies. She finally gets her revenge at the Senior Prom. In the novel, she destroys her entire hometown. In the film, she merely wipes out the senior class.

As a horror film, **Carrie** is a highpoint in De Palma's career, especially after the mishmash of **Obsession. Vertigo** was De Palma's textbook for **Obsession: Psycho** is a cribsheet for his current effort. Just in case we might not notice, De Palma forces the point by setting the scene at "Bates" High School. However, on another level, **Carrie** brings up some issues about attitudes towards young women. King's novel transcended statements and assumptions about women, while the film seems to concentrate on them. Are we really to believe that the girls in **Carrie**, the film, actually exist? Why are the males in the film nice guys? Why are the females the ones who are crazy, from Piper Laurie, Carrie's demented religious fanatic mother, to Nancy Allen, Chris, the wickedest witch of them all? In the novel it was clear that Tommy (William Katt, sexy and cute) and Sue (Amy Irving) felt guilty about what the girls had done to Carrie and tried to repent. In the film, it almost seems as if Tommy and Sue are in cahoots with Chris in devising the ultimate trick that triggers Carrie's monstrous revenge. It's just a feeling I've got that De Palma and screenwriter Cohen (who, by the way, was a reader at Warners and did the original synopsis of King's novel back in '73) have reworked things, not just for a better shock effect, but for reasons that have to do with exploiting conceptions that have to do with high school antics.

De Palma, photographer Mario Tosi, et al, keep the pace of the film moving at top speed. No time for audiences to think, only time to react. The burning of the Bates High School gymnasium, the climax of the film, was shot on the same lot where Atlanta was burned in **Gone With the Wind**. There's a shocker at the end which is a direct quote from similar scenes in **Deliverance** and **Night of the Living Dead.** The murder of Carrie's mother is another zinger, and makes a curious little statement about mother-cooks' relationships to their potato peelers.

The cast, mostly new faces, are effective, and to be sure, this film is going to make a bundle. It's just a bit sad that De Palma gets off on the more puerile elements of womankind. **Carrie** is a high school flick with a junior high mentality.

Taking aim, in **Death Weekend**

The Leopard is Loose

Gary J. McCallum reviews
Death Weekend
directed by William Fruet

The Clown Murders
directed by Martyn Burke

The recent simultaneous opening of William Fruet's **Death Weekend** and Martyn Burke's **The Clown Murders** raises an interesting question. At what point do films that share a family resemblance cease being a heterogeneous group and begin being a comparatively homogeneous genre? Does the recent clutch of disaster films constitute a genre, for example? Probably not. In fact, the question is probably unanswerable. In spite of Northrop Frye, scholars are still debating what makes a genre a genre. There are even dissenters who hold that the films gathered under the heading *film noir* do not constitute a genre in the classic sense of the term. The proliferation of disaster films is likely a simple matter of tapping a popular vein. That is to say, they are assembled with a cynical eye to the market rather than being the articulation of a profoundly rooted social mood by means of a standard mode.

Similarly, **Death Weekend**, and to a lesser extent **The Clown Murders**, appear to have their origins firmly based in consumer research. In any terms other than the crassest economic, **Death Weekend** is almost a complete write-off. **The Clown Murders**, on the other hand, has enough quirks and twists—some intentional, some not—to keep the viewer awake if not exactly rivetted to his seat.

The question of genre suggests itself with these two films because they are kindred to a growing body of films that are related in themes, moods, and basic plot situations. Most notably this body includes such films as **Straw Dogs**, **Death Wish**, and **A Clockwork Orange**, among others. In **Death Weekend**, four goons terrorize a dentist (Chuck Shamata) and his weekend companion, Diane (Brenda Vaccaro), at his country home. The goons wreck the home and kill the dentist; Diane kills the goons. And that, basically, is that. **Death Weekend** is perhaps the archetypal model for this body of films. In its schematic simpleness, it lacks the ambiguities of more sophisticated endeavours.

Most of the films have several characteristics in common. As a central situation, a group of hooligans terrorize a woman alone or a woman and her husband. Collectively the films are nourished by a pervasive mood of paranoia. The terrorism takes place in a location so isolated that the possibility of help arriving in the nick of time is virtually non-existent. And the attackers are unredeemable degenerates, almost by definition immune to the rational give-and-take of any sort of social bargaining. They operate strictly from the basest instinctual level.

The tension in these films arises from the opposition of civilized values and the destructively instinctual, of the super-ego and the id. Howard Hawks, in a film like **Bringing up Baby**, could celebrate the triumph of the instinctual over the civilized as a liberating experience. But Hawks was aware also of the potentially destructive power of unrestrained instinctual impulses, as the leopard from the circus indicates. In a sense, these films take up where **Bringing up Baby** leaves off. The circus leopard is loose and wreaking havoc. Whereas Hawks' civilization was merely repressive and in need of alteration, the civilization in these films is completely bankrupt and in need of demolition. The protagonists overcome the destructive forces by equally destructive actions, doffing the veneer of civilization to do so.

In **Death Weekend** the conflict is similarly between the forces of unfettered animalistic brutality and civilization, which is shown, unfairly, to be without foundation—unfairly because Fruet has created a clay pigeon to shoot down. Civilization is not damned merely because the character who represents it is a creep. An example of the unfairness: the dentist is connected with the beautiful *objets d'art* that decorate his home. The thugs systematically destroy these objects, with no qualms registered on behalf of the filmmaker. The apparent logic is that, as products of his acquisitive instincts, they function as mere extensions of his personality. What Fruet fails to recognize is that these objects have a life that is independent of, and in fact contradictory to, the dentist's life. It does not necessarily follow that because the dentist is despicable as a person the *objets d'art* are dispensable by association. If civilization has any values worth preserving, they are those that the dentist's decorations represent. Through skill and affection, craftsmen be-

Gary J. McCallum works for a Toronto insurance agency, and is doing graduate work at York University. He has previously been published in *Literature — Film Quarterly*, and *The Canadian Review,* as well as *Take One.*

YORK UNIVERSITY

ATKINSON COLLEGE
Department of Fine Arts

Invites applications for an appointment as Chairman in a Department offering Honours Programmes to part-time evening students in Visual Arts, Theatre, Music and Film with emphasis on historical and theoretical studies.

Candidates should:
—be well qualified in one of the above disciplines, preferably Film or Music
—be interested in curriculum planning
—have Ph.D. or equivalent
—have experience in teaching and some administrative work.

Members of the Department are cross-appointed to the Faculty of Fine Arts and the Chairmanship is for three years.

Rank and salary to be commensurate with experience. Apply by January 15, 1977 to:

Professor Ross Stuart
Department of Fine Arts
Atkinson College, York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview, Ontario.
M3J 2R7

Nicholas Ray's
JOHNNY GUITAR
Available exclusively for rental (US & Canada) from
IVY FILM/16
165 WEST 46 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
[212] 765-3940

stowed on the world these objects of great beauty, a generous beauty that is totally at odds with the grasping materialism of the dentist. Their beauty does not diminish a whit because he owns them. His relationship to the *objets d'art* (civilization) is thus coincidental, not integral.

Diane, on the other hand, displays little beyond a kind of shrewd resourcefulness, and she is at the centre of the film: it is hollow at the core. When the film isn't duplicitous, it is empty.

The Clown Murders is a more interesting film. On Hallowe'en four friends kidnap the wife, Alison (Susan Keller), of a businessman, Philip (Lawrence Dane), to prevent her from signing the papers that would complete her husband's land-sale deal. Philip's arrogant superiority thus receives an overdue comeuppance. It's all a joke, admittedly with rancorous undertones, that turns sour. The four abscond with Alison to her country home. There the rancorous undertones become overt tensions. By the time the police arrive the next morning to retrieve Alison, two of the four men are dead, and one of the two living is in a state of shock.

The Clown Murders uses all of the characteristics of the genre prototype described above, but in one way or another turns them on their heads and adds a few wrinkles of its own. For one thing, the destructive forces are not the usual nameless, unkempt, psychopathic strangers. The four captors are well-bred, upper-middle-class friends of the captive. The primary source of destructiveness comes from within each character, rather than from an outside source. (There is an outsider figure, but until the end he acts more as a plot device, a narrative catalyst, than as a true cause of the action.) As the seriousness of the kidnapping sinks in and the four feel more and more irrevocably placed beyond the pale of the world they belong to, they all take turns shucking off the constraints of social respectability. Hitherto hidden wells of anxiety, fear, jealousy—a whole cesspool of neurotic symptoms—come to the surface. It is appropriate that these events take place on Hallowe'en, traditionally the one night of the year in which all the evil spirits are free to roam the earth.

Also, the captors terrorize one another far more than they do the captive. And Alison is not above doing a little sexual terrorizing of her own. Her seduction of Ollie (John Candy) accelerates the downward course the men are following. The sexual tension she generates is one of the major contributing factors to the frustration that releases the destructiveness. The unleashed neurotic behaviour is primarily

Rocky
A United Artists release. Director: John G. Avildsen. Producers: Irwin Winkler and Robert Chartoff. Executive Producer: Gene Kirkwood. Screenplay: Sylvester Stallone. Director of Photography: James Crabe. Editor: Richard Halsey. Art Director: James H. Spencer. Music: Bill Conti. Cast: Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, Carl Weathers.

Bugsy Malone
A Paramount release of a Robert Stigwood presentation of a Goodtimes Enterprises production. Written and directed by Alan Parker. Producer: Alan Marshall. Executive Producer: David Putnam. Words and Music: Paul Williams. Choreographer: Gillian Gregory. Production Manager: Garth Thomas. Camera: Michael Seresin, Peter Biziou. Editor: Gerry Hambling. Art Director: Malcolm Middleton. Costume Design: Monica Howe. Cast: Scott Balo, Florrie Dugger, Jodie Foster, John Cassisi.

Carrie
A Paul Monash Production. Director: Brian de Palma. Producer: Paul Monash. Screenplay: Lawrence D. Cohen. Based on the novel by Stephen King. Director of Photography: Mario Tosi. Editor: Paul Hirsch. Music: Pino Donaggio. Art Directors: William Kenny Jack Fisk. Cast: Sissy Spacek, Piper Laurie. Amy Irving, William Katt, John Travolta.

Death Weekend
A Reitman-Dunning-Link presentation. Written and directed by William Fruet. Producer: Ivan Reitman. Executive producers: John Dunning, André Link. Cast: Brenda Vaccaro, Don Stroud, Chuck Shamata.

The Clown Murders
A Magnum International Productions Incorporated presentation. Screenplay and direction: Martyn Burke. Producer: Christopher Dalton. Executive Producer: J. Stephen Stohn. Music; John Mills-Cockell. Cast: Stephen Young, Susan Keller, Lawrence Dane.

Chulas Fronteras
Conceived and produced by Chris Strachwitz. Assistant editing: Maureen Gosling. Consultant: Guillermo Hernandez. Interpreter: Pacho Lane. Sound: Chris Strachwitz. Camera, editing and direction: Les Blank. With: Narciso Martinez, Lydia Mendoza, Flaco Jimenez, Los Alegres de Teran and others.

Folies Bourgeloses—The Twist
A Barnabé-Production, Gloria Film, CC Film Kunst release. Distributed by FFCM-Mischkind. Director: Claude Chabrol. Screenplay: Claude Chabrol and Norman Enfield, from the novel "Le Malheur Fou", by Lucie Faure. Photography: Jean Rabier. Music: Manuel de Sica. Cast: Bruce Dern, Stéphane Audran, Ann-Margret, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Sydne Rome, Maria Schell, Curd Jurgens, Charles Aznavour.

Network
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation of a Howard Gottfried-Paddy Chayefsky production., released through United Artists. Director: Sidney Lumet. Producer: Howard Gottfried. Screenplay and Original Story: Paddy Chayefsky. Director of Photography: Owen Roizman. Editor: Alan Heim. Production Designer: Philip Rosenberg. Costume Design: Theoni V. Aldredge. Cast: Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall

Confounding!

Sherlock Holmes unraveling the clues, Sigmund Freud unraveling the motives...on the fiendish trail of the Baron with a weak backhand, the Pasha with a penchant for Redheads, the Overcoat with a small man inside. THIS STORY IS TRUE. Only the facts have been made up.

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION *From the #1 Best-Selling Novel*

A HERBERT ROSS FILM

ALAN ARKIN · VANESSA REDGRAVE · ROBERT DUVALL
as Sigmund Freud *as Lola Devereaux* *as Dr. Watson*

and NICOL WILLIAMSON
as Sherlock Holmes

in "THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION"

also starring LAURENCE OLIVIER *as Professor Moriarty* · JOEL GREY
SAMANTHA EGGAR · CHARLES GRAY
GEORGIA BROWN · REGINE · and JEREMY KEMP

Screenplay by NICHOLAS MEYER Based on the work by NICHOLAS MEYER
Produced and Directed by HERBERT ROSS Music by JOHN ADDISON
Executive Producers ARLENE SELLERS and ALEX WINITSKY
Associate Producer STANLEY O'TOOLE
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE TECHNICOLOR®

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS

sexual in origin. Rosie's preoccupation with women's "big jugs," for example, is an extreme overcompensation for his fear of impotence.

So far I have been concentrating on the differences from the group of films mentioned earlier. In discussing the similarities of **The Clown Murders** to the other films, the role of Harrison, the Irish handyman (the outsider figure), would have to be stressed. He is in keeping with the long line of psychopathic killers in these films. But enough is enough. An analysis may have all the best will in the world, but it must be limited to some extent by the worth of what is being analysed.

As discussable and even enjoyable as **The Clown Murders** is, it still has enough improbabilities, inconsistencies, and red herrings to fill a dozen captious reviews. For instance, at the beginning a young psychotic-seeming farmhand is often seen lurking around the edges of the action for the sole purpose of misleading the audience into thinking that he is the masked perpetrator of the homicidal shenanigans that follow. It turns out that he is merely misanthropic. The truly disturbed characters are the ones who appear most normal.

Interestingly enough, the character who shows to best advantage is Philip. He is the not terribly humane businessman, hard-headed, humourless, etc. His motivations are power and money. Yet when the chips are down he displays the greatest resources of feeling and caring, in spite of the camouflage of his imperious manner. However, the whole thrust of the film militates against Philip playing any role but that of the heavy. He certainly can't be a hero. This is a film that has no heroes, only varying degrees of neurotics.

Beautiful Borders

Michael Goodwin reviews
Chulas Fronteras
directed by Les Blank

Any new work by filmmaker-folklorist Les Blank is cause for celebration, but **Chulas Fronteras,** his new hour-long documentary on the music of "The Valley," calls for dancing in the streets with a bottle of Lone Star Beer in one hand and a chili relleno in the other.

When Texans talk about "The Valley," they mean the Rio Grande valley, running along the border between Mexico and the United States. The people who live on the Mexican side of The Valley are Mexicans — which shouldn't come as much of a surprise. What might come as a surprise, though, is that the people who live on the American side are Mexicans too — although they hold American citizenship. Their culture, language, food, folkways and music — especially their music — are Mexican. These Texas-Mexicans call themselves *Tejanos* — substituting a "J" for the Texan "X."

The "J" is important, because it serves to remind the *Tejanos* that Texas used to be the Mexican state of Tejas — until the Anglos stole it. The gringo conquerors, unable to pronounce the Castellano "J", put an "X" in instead. It was the beginning of a cultural takeover designed to reinforce the military takeover — and it continues today. In 1976, the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of The Valley still live in lousy neighborhoods, earn low wages, and face the usual North American attitude toward victimized minorities — a vicious mixture of paternalism and terror. It's a rough deal.

But the rough deal holds a payoff — music. Historically, the most oppressive living conditions have seemed to produce the greatest music — Delta blues in Mississippi, reggae in Jamaica, and in The Valley... well, the music of The Valley doesn't have a name. Some people call it *conjunto* music — *conjunto* being Spanish for "group". But theoretically, *conjunto* can mean *any* kind of music played by a group — and the music of The Valley is special. Some people call it Tex-Mex music, which is certainly specific enough, except *Tejanos* find the term insulting. Chris Strachwitz, the man who runs Arhoolie Records, and the producer of **Chulas Fronteras,** calls it *musica nortena* — music from the north — and for the moment, that seems as good a name as any.

Nortena can be easily distinguished from the sweet Mariachi horns of Guadalajara, or the commericalized pop hybrids of Mexico City. It's tough, high-energy music, heavy on accordion and the driving bass of the *bajo sexto,* an oversized 12-string guitar. *Nortena* includes many *corridos,* or ballads—frequently with topical and political overtones — and a number of dances, some of them familiar, and

some fairly exotic. Among the latter category one of the most interesting is the *Huapango*, in which partners walk in a great circle around the dance floor, something like taking a stroll around the central square of a Mexican town.

During the last few years, Strachwitz has issued a number of records of *musica nortena*, but most North Americans are still strangers to this last great Mexican regional style. So Strachwitz hired Les Blank to shoot a documentary in The Valley — the first one ever — and ended up going along himself to do the sound.

In picking Blank, Strachwitz couldn't have made a better choice. Aside from John Cohen (whose work is very good, but sadly infrequent), Blank is without doubt the most important musical documentarist working today. His films on Lightnin' Hopkins, Mance Lipscomb and Clifton Chenier are extraordinary works — deeply personal records of vanishing ways of life, as well as studies of important folk musicians. Blank sees music as an integral part of life — as important as eating. His films are full-fledged sociological documents, in which music is placed precisely in its context — allowing us to understand its purpose in the lives of both musicians and audiences.

Chulas Fronteras (which is Valley slang for "beautiful borders") is one of Blank's most exciting and important films. By interviewing agricultural workers and *Tejano* disc jockeys, Blank explores the strong political underpinnings of the music. By taking us through back-room recording studios and home-made record-pressing plants, he traces the route through which the music reaches its audience. And by filming the musicians in a variety of settings, including dance halls, clubs and private parties, he shows us how the music fits into their daily lives.

Still, all this would be pointless if the music wasn't there — and **Chulas Fronteras** provides a magnificent introduction to the most exciting *nortena* musicians working today — musicians like Flaco Jimenez, Narciso Martinez, Lydia Mendoza, Los Alegres de Teran and Rumel Fuentes. The music is beautifully recorded — an impressive testimonial to Strachwitz' skill with a tape recorder, considering the conditions under which the recordings were made — and runs the gamut from traditional *rancheras* to topical songs, including a terrific version of Doug Sahm's "Chicano," partly translated into Spanish for the occasion. Naturally, most of the songs are in Spanish to begin with, but English subtitles provide translations for those whose Spanish — or familiarity with the *Tejano* dialect — isn't up to the job.

It's typical of Blank's work that one can't quite decide whether the main impact of his film is musical or political — but I certainly don't see that as a criticism. **Chulas Fronteras** is a joyous, angry, complicated film — a multi-leveled document fully worthy of the people and the music that give it life.

"The Maysles' films constitute some of the most exciting stuff being turned out in the present era of filmmaking; certainly they are likely to have a profound and lasting effect on the kinds of movies that will be made in the future."
REX REED

SALESMAN

SALESMAN
90 Minutes
"I was spellbound. I've seen SALESMAN three times and each time I've been more impressed.
"Fascinating, funny, unforgettable."
Vincent Canby, New York Times

CHRISTO'S VALLEY CURTAIN

CHRISTO'S VALLEY CURTAIN
nominated for an Academy Award
28 Minutes
"It's not the erection of it, it's the thought—this is a vision, boy! I would never in a lifetime ever thought that anybody would think of doing something like this..."
Ironworker, Valley Curtain Project

Dear Film Programmer:
"Please allow me to introduce myself" is a phrase from our film GIMME SHELTER and is appropriate now. We would like to speak and show our films on your campus.
albert Maysles David Maysles

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 16mm
GREY GARDENS

GREY GARDENS
94 Minutes
"The film is, by any standards, extraordinary: it is probably one of the most complete descriptions of a relationship ever seen on film, undoubtedly one of the oddest, certainly one of the most beautiful."
THE LONDON SUNDAY TIMES

All films available in 16mm or 35mm.
Write or call collect: MAYSLES FILMS INC., 1697 Broadway, NYC 10019
Phone: (212) 582-6050

Chayefsky vents his spleen

George Morris reviews
Network
Directed by Sidney Lumet

After zealously attacking the labyrinthine bureaucracy of metropolitan hospitals in **Hospital**, Paddy Chayefsky has now turned his fervor toward the inner workings of a large television network. Chayefsky has dubbed his fictional network the United Broadcasting System, a self-enclosed world of corporate clashes and power struggles which heartlessly creates and destroys its own lifeblood. Television as a scapegoat for contemporary dehumanization and dying democratic values in an unwieldy metaphor, and Chayefsky uses highly questionable methods to prove his

George Morris is a free-lance film critic based in New York City. He contributed film reviews frequently to *The Village Voice* for two years, and has also written for *The Real Paper, The Soho Weekly News* and *Changes*. He has written several articles for *Film Comment*, and is the author of two books in the *Pyramid Illustrated History of the Movies* series, *Errol Flynn* and *Doris Day*. He is currently working on a book on the Hollywood melodrama of the 1950s to be published by A.S. Barnes & Co. and the Tantivy Press.

Peter Finch, mad prophet of the airwaves, from Network

rather facile, specious points. His screenplay is certainly audacious, but the deliriousness smacks of an uncertainty of approach, a lack of focus that seems to have been transmitted at some point to director Lumet as well.

Most of the hysteria in **Network** revolves around UBS's attempts to relieve long-time news commentator Peter Finch from his broadcasting duties because of low ratings. When Finch threatens to blow his brains out on his last program, his viewing audience multiplies, and the network decides to keep him on the air. Since it wouldn't be much of a Chayefsky show without some kind of Dybbuk-like visionary, Finch arbitrarily evolves into an evangelistic prophet, exhorting his studio audiences to rouse themselves from their apathy and get "mad as hell." We are never told precisely *what* it is everyone is supposed to be so mad about.

Chayefsky touches on every major moral and social issue of the day, but handles them so glibly, so superficially, that it become impossible to determine whether his intent is satire or merely a cynical acceptance of the way things are. Whatever his intent, **Network** seems to be simultaneously exploiting its characters' and its audience's basest instincts.

For example, the scene in which Finch fires up his viewers to open their apartment windows, stick their heads out and yell "We're mad as hell" has no emotional or intellectual weight. There is something insidious about the way Chayefsky plays on our dissatisfactions and fears. The helplessness many people feel today in the wake of wide-spread poltical corruption and mind-numbing media infiltration is played for easy laughs in **Network**, but Chayefsky never explores any of the implications of this theme.

The principal fault behind the film, then, is this lack of a precise attitude toward the material. The disintegration of a human being is a painful thing to see, and yet Finch's descent into madness is written and directed in a manner that provokes laughter. But then this indefiniteness is a by-product of Chayefsky's subordination of character to theme, for Finch is not really playing a human being; he is merely a part of the writer's larger thesis that television is a corrosive influence on all who come into contact with it. Chayefsky's weakness as a playwright is his overworked social conscience; he has always been one to forego narrative logic and consistency of characterization in the service of that Large Issue which looms over his oeuvre, a leftover from his heyday in fifties television.

In a way the character Faye Dunaway plays in **Network** personifies everything that's good

and bad about Chayefsky's writing. On the credit side, Dunaway's ambitious young programmer is a bravura role, played flamboyantly and with apparent relish by the actress. It's all empty theatrics without substance however, because the character she plays is totally incredible, even on the comic strip level at which it was conceived. Dunaway — and the film — reach their respective nadirs during the love scene with William Holden (who gives the best performance in the film as Finch's closest friend, the head of the news division at UBS, who leaves his wife and family for Dunaway). During their lovemaking, Dunaway chatters incessantly and unemotionally about industry trends and audience research polls. The exaggeration of this cartoon-like sequence is tasteless and pointless (Chayefsky has made it abundantly clear earlier that Dunaway is frigid and single-mindedly career-obsessed); the contempt for the character that emerges is indistinguishable from the contempt the filmmakers seem to be displaying toward the audience.

The only characters in **Network** who escape Chayefsky's derision are Holden's division chief and his wife (brilliantly played by Beatrice Straight). The only time any real feeling emerges is the scene where Holden tells Straight that he is leaving her for Dunaway. For a few moments, genuine pain and anguish flash across the screen, providing a welcome contrast to the grotesqueries and inflated speeches that characterize the major body of the film. Holden especially is marvelous.

The scenes between Holden and Straight are the exception to the rule. If it's been in the headlines the past year, it's in **Network.** Chayefsky and Lumet serve up fictional counterparts for Angela Davis, Patty Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army, in a singularly unappetizing parallel to the shenanigans going on in the foreground of the narrative. Television's crass disregard for "real" causes is thus paid lip service, as Dunaway envisions a potential series about terrorists who photograph themselves while they rob banks. The Angela Davis prototype is hired by UBS to gain access to underground groups for news programs, but predictably winds up a capitalist haggling for prime time. Finally, in the film's ultimate conceit, the board members at UBS hire the Ecumenical Liberation Army (whose leader Ahmed Khan is characterized by his insatiable appetite for Kentucky Fried Chicken) to assassinate Finch on camera because, in addition to dwindling ratings, he has been offending certain groups (the Arabs) who have vested interests in the network's corporate holdings.

Thus, in the space of two hours, Paddy Chayefsky manages to vent his spleen at every major outrage of contemporary society, but his inability to grasp the complexity and contradictions in the issues totally undercuts the effect of his anger. It's all empty rhetoric, a flailing about without direction. When this script collides with Sidney Lumet's standard impersonal direction, the result is a delirious, vacuous film that is at once abrasive and grotesque.

The Tin Eye

Geoffrey Minish reviews
Folies Bourgeoises—The Twist
directed by Claude Chabrol

Attempting to establish himself as an "international" director, Claude Chabrol has assembled a bizarre cast: Bruce Dern, Ann-Margret, Sydne Rome. For bit parts he has resurrected Maria Schell and Curd Jurgens. Miss Schell gets a domestic servant role that in the old days would have gone to Bernadette Lafont, and Jurgens portrays a Dracula-grimacing Place Vendôme jeweller. But this is a film where everyone mugs like crazy, except Sydne Rome, who just looks bewildered.

Dern is a highbrow American novelist living in Paris. His marriage to Stéphane Audran is in bad shape, and Miss Audran consoles herself with Dern's publisher, Jean-Pierre Cassel. But she begins to suspect that Cassel is having an affair with Dern's translator, Ann-Margret, and develops murderous fantasies. Then Dern becomes suspicious of Miss Audran and he, too, starts to hallucinate, climaxing with an apocalyptic castration vision in the Crazy Horse strip club. Something's got to give, and watching Miss Rome, who plays Miss Audran's niece, wander in and out of her aunt's ménage, you suspect she is being set up as another of Chabrol's pretty candidates for strangulation. Nothing of the sort: in a quick-curtain switch, we leave Dern and Miss Audran on the verge of making love. The motivation for this struck me as a bit thin, although by that time my attention was wandering.

Anyhow, it's a real throwaway of a movie. Dern is directed in a manner that makes him seem muscularly uncoordinated: you keep waiting for him to bump into the furniture. Strange, because whatever Dern's shortcomings as an actor, he is manifestly *un sportif*. Some novelist: the Dern character looks as if he might, with effort, be able to read without moving his lips. Ann-Margret is another example of perverse casting: with that jazzy showgirl persona she belongs in the Crazy Horse, not with the UNESCO crowd. The logical choice here was Stéphane Audran, although Miss Audran's brittle Parisian chic serves her well enough in her own part. A less intelligent actress, however, would have been more at ease with Chabrol's eye-rolling approach to neurosis. (We'll pass over the way Miss Audran is photographed. No-one can accuse Chabrol of uxoriousness.)

"I just couldn't believe how he has deteriorated," an American woman friend remarked after seeing the movie. But personally, I have never understood the fuss over Chabrol. That Catholic moral sense, about which critics in English-speaking Protestant countries get so enthusiastic, looks from the vantage point of Chabrol's own country more like standard Gallic misanthropy. On that reckoning, every other Paris cafe owner is a Pascal. Chabrol has made the odd worthwhile movie in his time — **Le Boucher, Nada** — but so have directors like Frank Lloyd (**Cavalcade**) and Jacques Tourneur (**Out Of The Past**), yet neither Lloyd nor Tourneur deserves more than a passing mention in film history if they are judged, as directors generally must be, by the bulk of their work. Likewise with Chabrol, still, after all these years, basically an amateur. It's really misleading to compare him to Hitchcock, apart from a shared spit-in-their-eye attitude toward the audience. Hitchcock is, at any rate, a smooth technician. But in **Folies Bourgeoises—The Twist** the hallucinations are totally unconvincing. Admittedly, it's never an easy effect to put across, given the innate naturalism of the medium. Yet Bunuel manages it. Perhaps it's more a question of outlook than technique: for Bunuel, the world is slightly unreal to begin with. The trouble with Chabrol is that he is too much at home in the world.

If we want to hunt for artistic affinity, I think we should look in the direction of Samuel Fuller. In some ways, of course, he and Chabrol are complete opposites. Chabrol is a Parisian intellectual, Fuller has the mental equipment of a small town police reporter. (After Michael Dante, in **The Naked Kiss**, lets the name "Baudelaire" drop from his lips, it's no surprise he turns out to be queer for little girls.) Fuller moreover does express the occasional rudimentary belief — in "democracy" (liberal capitalism) and, to his credit, miscegenation — but whatever Chabrol believes in he keeps rigorously out of his work —*nada* indeed — although like Fuller with his good-natured whores, he has a sentimental streak. (**Le Boucher** is one of those rare movies that would have benefited from a touch of Grand Guignol. By playing down the horror of the murders committed by Jean Yanne, Chabrol makes it easier for us to sympathise with him.) But what really links the American and the Frenchman, apart from a taste for shock effects and an apparent total ignorance of how ordinary people behave, is that neither knows where to position the camera. Or rather, they do: up close. In Fuller's case, this may be a hangover from his newspaper training. ("Get in there, Sam, and find out what they're talking about!") But Chabrol? Visual anaesthesia, I suppose, the dreaded tin eye. (Having written which, I remember that luscious poppy field in **A Double tour** where poor Antonella Lualdi got hers. But it is a commonplace that people short on visual sensibility are turned on by flowers.) In **Folies Bourgeoises—The Twist,** as in **Underworld USA** and **Shock Corridor**, the camera transforms itself from an eye into a groping paw.

Geoff Minish is a Canadian journalist working for Agence France Presse in Paris. He is our Paris correspondent.

BOOKS

News

Four more reference books from off-beat sources:

1. The British Film Institute has just published (at 95p.) *Making Legend of the Werewolf*, a detailed (121 pp.) recounting of the making (from financing, through shooting, to editing, publicity and distribution) of the recent horror film. Among those who contribute along the way are director Freddie Francis and star Peter Cushing. (The BFI is at 81 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA.)

2. The University of New Mexico Press (Albuquerque, New Mexico 87131) has brought out Beatriz Reyes Nevares's *The Mexican Cinema* (interviews with 13 directors, including Luis Bunuel). 176 pp., paper, $4.50.

3. From Sweden comes word of the publication of *American Film Index, 1908-1915*, which lists (in 840 hard-bound pages) credits (and often cast) for the 23,000 theatrical films released during this period. There are also 116 pages of portraits and 135 brief company histories. $90 (including postage) from Akademibokhandeln, University of Stockholm, 104 No. 05 Stockholm, Sweden.

4. And *Cinéaste* magazine (333 Sixth Avenue, New York City 10014) has published a pamphlet *The New Latin American Cinema*, by Julianne Burton. This 30-page bibliographical guide summarizes and evaluates major English and Spanish-language articles and books dealing with the subject. It's a dollar a copy (postage included).

We can't imagine any serious film-user (especially in the schools) being without a copy of the brand-new *American Folklore Films & Videotapes: An Index*. Published by the Center for Southern Folklore, this 338-page tome lists over 1800 titles, giving — for each — length, format, name of producer and date of production, a brief description, and the distributor. Included are such diverse titles as **Aghveghnilmi** (produced by, and about, a contemporary Eskimo whaling community), **Hoppin' On the Good Foot** (recording a Vermont banjo contest), and **Yudie** (about immigrant life on New York's East Side). The Center's address is 1216 Peabody Avenue, P.O. Box 4081, Memphis, Tennessee 38104.

Aspiring scriptwriters for film or television might find the *Monthly Talent and Script Report* useful. It details current tv shows in regard to their openness to scripts and how and when to submit work. Available from Television Index, 150 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011 ($6 for 3 months).

The Rockefeller Foundation has published a report entitled *An Introduction to Video Art*, by Johanna Gill, which surveys what's happening artist by artist, city by city, throughout the US and Canada. It's available free by writing to the Foundation at 1133 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10036.

Are you a film teacher wondering how you can get an independent filmmaker to talk to your class? The Carnegie Institute is publishing a directory of film and video makers' names and addresses; it also publishes a monthly *Film and Video Makers Travel Sheet*, which lists filmmakers on tour and where they will be appearing. Free copies of the directory or the Travel Sheet can be had from Film Section, Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute, 4400 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

The Art Institute of Chicago has published a 53-page catalogue, *Revolutionary Films, Chicago '76*, which contains articles on Latin American, Cuban, Chinese and radical American filmmaking, as well as reviews of specific films. Copies are available for $2.50 (postpaid) from Film Center, School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Columbus Drive and Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, IL 60603.

We note with interest the appearance of the first issue of *The Australian Journal of Screen Theory*, a substantial (80-page) interdisciplinary publication with articles on such subjects as genetic structuralism and by such people as Annie Goldmann. Submissions and subscriptions (overseas, $12 for two issues) are actively sought: write The Australian Journal of Screen Theory, School of Drama, University of New South Wales, P.O. Box 1, Kensington, NSW, Australia 2033.

The grapevine has it that Greta Garbo has written her autobiography — in 23 volumes. But there's not a chance of any one of us ever seeing it: Garbo's reportedly made preparations for the volumes to be destroyed on her death.

Books to screen:
December 20 is the start-date for filming of **Winter Kills**, based on the Richard Condon novel. With a $6½-million budget, the film toplines John Huston, Jeff Bridges, Anthony Perkins and Richard Boone. Eli Wallach and Stirling Hayden lend the production even more weight. ... November 1 was the scheduled start-date for **Looking for Mr. Goodbar**, Diane Keaton in the starring role of Theresa, Richard Brooks directing. ... Robert Bolt has been signed to write the screenplay for **Shogun**, based on the James Clavell tome. Filming is scheduled to start in the spring of 1978. ... Harold Leventhal, who is co-producer of **Bound for Glory**, has bought film rights to Woody Guthrie's autobiographical *Seeds of Man*.

Reviews

The Life of Raymond Chandler, by Frank MacShane. Dutton. 1976. 306 pp. $10.95. (In Canada: Clarke, Irwin, $15)
The Blue Dahlia: A Screenplay, by Raymond Chandler. Southern Illinois University Press. 1976. 136 pp. Cloth $10, $3.95 paper. (Canada: Burns & MacEachern, $12.95 and $4.50)
Some Time in the Sun, by Tom Dardis. Scribner's. 1976. 274 pp. $9.95 (Canada: John Wiley, $11.75).

Few famous novelists can in so limited a time have gone through as many drastically contrasted phases of perseverance, hope, jealousy, despair and scorn in their attitude to Hollywood as Raymond Chandler.

Hollywood made him richer than all his witty, tough-tender mystery novels, but the only memorable screenplay he wrote (in collaboration with Billy Wilder) was **Double Indemnity**, adapted from the novel by a writer he loathed, James M. Cain. Hitchcock turned down the script he made from Patricia Highsmith's *Strangers on a Train*, and two of his own Philip Marlowe novels, *Farewell, My Lovely* and *The High Window* were unceremoniously transformed into routine vehicles, as **The Falcon Takes Over** and **Time to Kill** respectively, in the Falcon series for George Sanders, and in the Mike Shane equivalents for Lloyd Nolan. Screenplays for both the two worthwhile adaptations of Chandler's books — *Lady in the Lake* and *The Big Sleep* — were, to his mortification, made by other writers.

Overall, the Hollywood experience was a fairly typical episode in the tragi-comic mosaic of his life. Up to that point, the Chicago-born Irishman's oddly varied career had included a youthful failure as a belletrist and poet in London after a classical education at an English public school, overseas service in the ranks of a Canadian regiment in the First World War, marriage in Los Angeles to a twice-previously-married lady 18 years his senior whom he always adored, dismissal from a well-paid managerial job for impressively prolonged bacchanalean revels, and the start of an entirely new life as a Black-Mask-school fiction writer at the age of 45, followed by critical acclaim in a medium he never felt quite worthy of him.

Still to come were quarrels with publishers, agents and studios, a couple of fine books, his wife's death and a period punctuated at irregular intervals with constant suicide threats, heavy drinking, marriage plans, will-changing, male nurses, hospitals and fresh starts. Until, finally, death. MacShane, chairman of the writing division of Columbia University, has put together a well documented and highly readable record of a gifted man who never seems to have understood that he had hit on a literary genre best suited to give him the

> Yet another Chandler book is Stephen Pendo's *Raymond Chandler on Screen: His Novels Into Film* (Scarecrow Press, 240 pp., $10 hardbound). It's a panmedia comparison of Chandler's novels as he wrote them, with their screen versions. Each section begins with an essay on one of the books (*The Big Sleep*, say), and goes on to pinpoint differences between it and the film by means of running plot comparisons in parallel columns. Also, full production credits, plenty of stills, notes and a good bibliography.
>
> *D.F.*

recognition and influence he wanted.

Like many witty writers, Chandler saw no humour in the ludicrous situations he created for himself. One of these, mentioned in MacShane's book and providing the nub of *The Blue Dahlia*, started with Paramount's realization at the beginning of 1945 that only three months remained to find a story, write a screenplay, and make a film with its top box-office attraction Alan Ladd before he re-entered the army.

Chandler blithely offered to adapt something he had in progress and became the saviour, particularly since the script had fat roles for Ladd, Veronica Lake ("Moronica" to Chandler) and William Bendix. Filming started as soon as the first few pages emerged from Chandler's typewriter. Reasonably enough, Chandler never imagined the U.S. Navy would veto his plan to make a brain-damaged veteran the unaware killer; less reasonably, he gave a breezy assurance that he could switch the guilt without breaking stride, and concealed his panic when this seemed impossible. Then he dramatically announced that what he could not do sober he would, at the risk of his life (he had been dry for a couple of years), accomplish drunk with emergency studio back-up. The film, implausible, illogical, with little trace of Chandler's style — but good enough to earn an Academy nomination — was finished with days to spare, and Chandler was turned over to the doctor for drying out. John Houseman and editor Matthew J. Bruccoli describe the offstage theatrics surrounding this curiosity. Think kindly of Chandler when you read it.

In *Some Time in the Sun*, in case histories of Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Nathanael West, Aldous Huxley and James Agee, Tom Dardis has set out to show what each gained from his stay in Hollywood, what Hollywood gained from each, and what literature gained from the interaction.

Despite the blurb's suggestion of a common pattern, these were five very different men. As Dardis shows, they ran in their attitudes to studio money from amused stupefaction to naked lust, and in their responses to cinematic technique from absorbed, eager enthusiasm to hostile bewilderment. Some helped make historic movies, some made well-crafted trash, some scarcely left their fingerprints behind. And when the experience was over, some — Fitzgerald, West, Agee — had the material for great novels; Faulkner took away an idea on which he labored for 11 years to produce a literary disaster; while for Huxley, who had worked magnificently at intellectual arm's length on films like **Pride and Prejudice** and **Jane Eyre**, Hollywood left no after-taste.

It is in the fascinating variety of response rather than in the identification of unifying themes that Dardis' studies succeed. Those dealing with Fitzgerald and Faulkner are the longest, fullest and most illuminating; by comparison, the rest seem a trifle perfunctory. His portrait of the Hollywood Fitzgerald is the pleasantest surprise; instead of the burnt-out lush of legend, Fitzgerald appears as an enthusiastic, conscientious and generally sober craftsman.

Derrick Murdoch

Derrick Murdoch writes a column on detective fiction in "Canada's national newspaper," *The Globe and Mail*. His biography, *The Agatha Christie Mystery*, has just been published in the U.S. by Publishers Marketing Group and in Canada by Pagurian Press.

A Biographical Dictionary of Film, by David Thomson. New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc. 1976. 629 plus ix pp. $16.95. (Also published as **A Biographical Dictionary of the Cinema.** London: Secker and Warburg. 1975.)

The title of David Thomson's *A Biographical Dictionary of Film* may be a bit misleading. It suggests comparison with a number of other one-volume film reference books, each of which manages to pack considerably more factual information between two covers. Leslie Halliwell's *Filmgoer's Companion*, now in its fourth edition, remains a standard in the field despite its quirks. *The International Encyclopedia* and *The World Encyclopedia*, although dating rapidly, are still the most useful sources of names, dates, titles, and credits. The new *Oxford Companion to Film* is rugged, scholarly, useful, and literate.

While Thomson's single-handed compendium can't compete with those four in terms of number of entries or sheer weight of data, it nevertheless should be an essential addition to even the leanest film reference collection. It is invaluable not for the quantity of its information but for its quality. It is the kind of reference book that demands to be read rather than consulted.

Sit down with Thomson for a moment to check out a filmography and you will find yourself irresistibly engrossed for an hour or more, devouring his tight, sharp, cogent, and extraordinarily intelligent miniessays by the dozen. He's very good indeed on the standard auteurs, often accomplishing in 2000 words far more than critics with less insight in monographs ten or twenty times that abbreviated length. More important, perhaps, is the precise intelligence Thomson applies to stars, actors, and actresses. He understands as few critics have before him how delicate and rich are the socio-political images film actors create. He is also capable of convincingly explaining how those star images relate to the total experience of cinema.

Whether he's writing about actors or auteurs, however, Thomson's approach is distinguished by a personal tone that is not only inviting but solidly witty. It's hard to resist quoting him, both for his critical intelligence as well as for his unusually graceful sense of irony:

Thomson on Doris Day:

"Doris Day is redolent of the early 1950s, a pop art blonde who lived on to an age when her simplicity was reinterpreted by instant nostalgia. She hoped to suggest that the world was OK, that wholesome blonde girls with cheerful voices and big tits were destined to meet nice guys who would woo them chastefully and tunefully *On Moonlight Bay*..."

Thomson on Peter O'Toole:

"The 1960s was a period of foundering for commercial cinema, and rather than true stars it produced quasars — quasi-stellar personalities. One of those, it seems to me, is Peter O'Toole, a striking but unnerving figure..."

Thomson on Paul Newman:

"Since so many people all over the world find Newman so appealing, it matters very little that I am sceptical of such blue-eyed likeability. He seems to me essentially an uneasy self-regarding personality, as if handsomeness had left him guilty..."

On Jean-Pierre Léaud:

"He has grown up a lean, furtive young man, his hair flopping lankly over a sharp fox's nose. No question that Léaud is alert and compelling; but he looks sly, living off events in films, not actually touched by them..."

On Bogart:

"Underlying everything was the idea that Bogart had been honest, truthful, and that he looked chaos in the eye, that he knew the odds and was the only reliable companion in the night. Which is nonsense and probably only possible if Bogart took something like the same view of his work in the cinema. It is time for a reappraisal..."

And on Robert Mitchum:

"How can I offer this hunk as one of the best actors in the movies? [To begin with, there is] the intriguing ambiguity in Mitchum's work, the idea of a man thinking and feeling beneath a calm exterior so that there is no need to put 'acting' on the surface... above all [he watches] other people as though he were waiting to make up his mind..."

Thomson is equally good on directors, whether pantheon or journeyman. He's especially good on Hawks, who, he concludes, "ennobles spectators by means of the gentle lie — such as operates in Mozart — that art is simple ease." He's refreshing on Hitchcock who, he notes, "has never forsaken the dream-dotty England of the 1930s, just as he has never really noticed anything in America beyond the equipment resources of the big studios and the tourist sites." Thomson also proposes interesting critical approaches to a good number of younger directors, Paul Mazursky, for example: "Mazursky never loses control of searching comedy of manners, real vulnerable feelings, and the way that his characters are torn between idealism and prejudice... [He] reasserts the strength of affection and tenderness in a way that is scarcely equalled in America today."

There are, of course, numerous names missing from Thomson's inventory — no Scorsese, no Pialat, no Loach, no Marcel Ophuls, Michael Ritchie, or Wim Wenders — but it really doesn't matter. There is enough material in Thomson's vital, intriguing, assured, and engaging personal survey of the world of film to keep readers going until the second edition corrects those omissions. *A Biographical Dictionary of Film* is, really, a remarkable achievement.

James Monaco

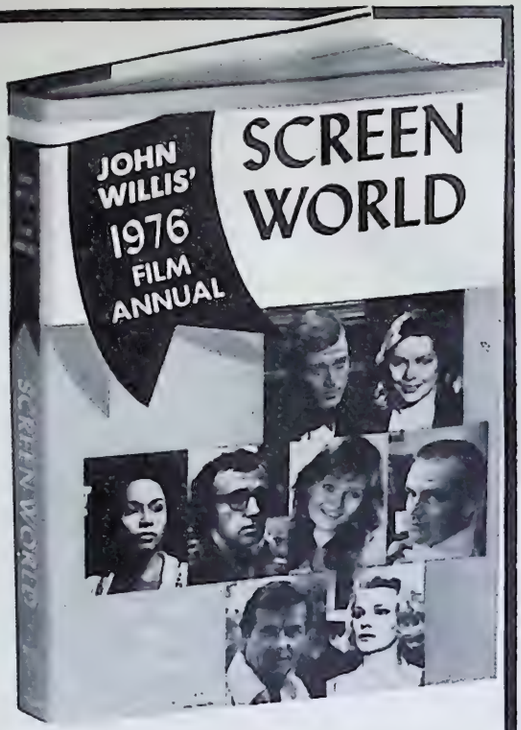
Film: The Democratic Art, by Garth Jowett. Little, Brown. 262 pp. 1976. $19.95. (In Canada: McClelland & Stewart, $22.95).

For some curious reason, no comprehensive examination of the American film industry appeared in the 1960s and early 1970s, a time in which books on every aspect of the movies from Mae West's cleavage to the semiological taxemes in **2001** began to flood the paperback shelves across the country. Certainly such a study was long overdue; Lewis Jacob's *Rise of the American Film* (1939) was the last book to treat American movies from a wide-ranging sociological and aesthetic perspective.

It is with pleasure and anticipation then, that one opens the covers of Garth Jowett's *Film: The Democratic Art*. A Professor of Communications Studies at the University of Windsor, Jowett was commissioned by the American Film Institute to carry out the study. In his own words, the book is "an examination of how one

"The best yearbook of photos and facts on films in America"
—Variety

- 1,000 stills
- casts and credits for virtually every domestic and foreign film released last year
- 10,000-entry index
- Academy Award winners
- biographical data
- promising new actors
- obituaries



SCREEN WORLD
1976—VOLUME 27
edited by
John Willis

$12.95, now at your bookstore, or send check to CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC., 1 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

CROWN

■ Based on new research and close study of over 2000 films, this is an entertaining, definitive account of the shifting black stereotype on screen. Everything is here — the *Birth of a Nation* controversy, the early all-black film companies, the great black actors and actresses, the panic over interracial sex, the emergence of "Blaxploitation" films, and much more — illustrated with over 80 posters and stills, many never before reproduced.

From Sambo to Superspade

THE BLACK EXPERIENCE IN MOTION PICTURES
by Daniel J. Leab

Deluxe cloth edition $15 • Now available in paperback $6.95 • At bookstores, or use coupon below.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Dept. TO
2 Park St., Boston, Mass. 02107

Please send me FROM SAMBO TO SUPERSPADE by Daniel J. Leab, ___ copy(ies) in cloth @ $15, ___ copy(ies) in paper @ $6.95. I enclose payment in full plus 85c per copy for postage and handling.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

of the media, in its institutional form as the motion picture industry, attempted to gain social and cultural acceptance, and the problems encountered in the accomodation process."

As such, the book does not treat motion-picture art, the ways that figures like Griffith, Chaplin, and Welles transformed and developed the possibilities of movie expression. Instead, it focuses on the act of movie-going itself, on how the industry affected and was in turn affected by the people who watched, criticized, or wanted in some way to gain more control over the movies.

Because of this sociological approach, one of the central preoccupations of the book is censorship. From the first decade in this century, when a writer in *Harper's Weekly* bemoaned how "nickel madness" was sweeping the country, especially among the lower classes, the movie industry constantly struggled to avoid the burden of censorship. Covering such diverse topics as a local Chicago censorship ordinance in 1907, the establishment and subsequent fortunes of the Hays Office, the pressure applied by the Legion of Decency in 1933 and after to make the movies "respectable," and the Supreme Court decisions in the 1950s which led gradually to a loosening of the Code's restrictions, Jowett has made a concise and significant contribution to our understanding of how the movie industry and its critics handled (and mishandled) the delicate issue of censorship throughout the 20th century.

Another strength of Jowett's book is its use of American political, economic, and cultural history to illuminate the relationship between the movies and American society. By connecting the cultural values of the Lost Generation and the early 1920s films of Cecil B. DeMille, for example, we see how the movies were able to popularize new ideas on a national scale more quickly than ever before. By noting how the profits of the industry declined so drastically in 1931 and 1932, we can better ascertain why the movies became risqué in their treatment of sex and explicit in their use of violence: the studios were merely competing for the movie-goer's patronage. Only in his treatment of the HUAC hearings and the Hollywood Ten, which is surprisingly brief considering the devastating impact these events had on the development of American movies in the ensuing decade, does Jowett's historical analysis fall noticeably short. For the actions of the studio heads during the hearings, especially in their infamous Waldorf Statement of 1947, graphically raise the question of the degree to which film has been the democratic art in America, and indeed, of what precisely we mean by that assertion.

Nonetheless, this book has significantly strengthened our sociological understanding of the American film industry. Jowett is a zealous researcher, and his bibliography will assist film scholars for years. In addition, no less than twenty-one appendices — ranging from reprints of the Hays Code, to figures concerning the industry's economic health, to various local, state, and national statistics on movie attendance over the years — solidify and illuminate many assertions and analyses made in the text. Coupled with Robert Sklar's recent *Movie Made Americans*, a cultural history of American movies, *Film: The Democratic Art* has finally and effectively filled a chasm in American film scholarship which has been

steadily growing since Lewis Jacob's monumental study more than three-and-a-half decades ago.

Charles Maland

America in the Movies, by Michael Wood. Basic Books. 206 pages. 1975. $10. (In Canada: General Publishing, $11.00)

Films have been such an obvious and profound influence on twentieth century life that the inevitable critical reaction has been to find the most satisfactory method of studying them. This has led to massive histories, studies of actor's filmographies, analyses of the conventions of genres, the entire auteur cycle, and the latest fad of semiotics.

But as for an explanation of what these films did and do to audiences, not in the singular example of "reading" **Citizen Kane** or **Stagecoach,** but through entire decades, and through differing economic and political crises, there have been very few successful attempts at elaborating on both the immediate and subtle impact of movies on society as a whole. We have Kracauer's pioneering *From Caligari to Hitler*, mostly about unfamiliar films, directors, and actors, and in a political, economic, and social frame of reference we don't really understand. Barbara Deming's *Running Away from Myself* is an excellent attempt to derive personal formulae from the hundreds of films she viewed in the forties; Andrew Bergmann's *We're in the Money*, while less personal, explains more about cycles and genres in terms of audience tastes in the thirties. What Michael Wood has done is to take Deming's personal approach, attach it to Bergmann's social analyses, and concentrate on American films roughly centered in the forties and fifties.

The result is a book which not only offers reasons for various national attitudes and opinions of the time, but which also shows how movies influence, distort, and exploit these attitudes and opinions in the name of entertainment. What makes Wood's study so convincing is an almost total non-reliance on specific actors, directors, or genres (with the exception of the disaster epic — a phenomenon of the fifties usually brushed aside but here given its true relationship to the desires and feelings of the time) — Wood's comments on the isolationist's concern for a cause apply equally well to **Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Casablanca, Passage to Marseille, Return to Forever,** or any one of a hundred "similar" movies.

By starting from certain assumptions — for example, that movies are continuous, that "Americans start from isolation as a primary or desired condition," that "Home is what we know we ought to want but really can't take," that in a love relationship men have to be masters and women slaves, that "nice guys finish last" means that it's "lonely at the top" — Wood can not only apply them to an astonishing variety of feature films, but derive from them further implications behind the success story or American love relationships or his other hypotheses.

As for his general conclusions about movies in America, Wood found that they served an anesthetizing purpose for audiences, both because "they permit us to look without examining things we can neither face nor entirely disavow" (for example, lynching), and because "a major function of popular movies is to avoid facing the bogeys they raise."

But in a sense his "smaller" conclusions are more interesting. The way to approach Hitchcock is not to look for the perfect film, not to establish an oeuvre, but to look for the Moments in his films when he unleases one of his visions of the world as "a storehouse of natural images for panic." Thus we retain "moments" of **Saboteur, Lifeboat, I Confess, Stage Struck, Rebecca.** As for auteurists: "No feeling is more familiar... than a sense of the remarkable talents squandered on the elegant appearance of a movie so banal... that it really doesn't matter how it looks. The auteur theory is born just out of this sense." His simple question "Why is the lynched man always innocent?" leads to his, and Hollywood's, assertion that in our movies "There is no guilt, nothing is anyone's fault, the world is full of uncaused events." And his evaluation of the isolationist's eventual decision to "help out" a cause means that there is "a clear suggestion that we had nothing ideological against Hitler, we just didn't like the way he pushed people around."

Of course one doesn't have to accept his hypotheses or conclusions (although his study of the dissolution of the American musical, with Gene Kelly as both example and cause, seems incontestable), but if one does, reverberations are set up throughout the rest of cinema. Wood not so much ignores as stays away from acknowledged masters of either production or direction, but even so, after

Charles Maland is author of *American Visions*, a study of Ford, Chaplin, Capra and Welles, 1936-1941. He teaches at Lake Forest College in Illinois.

You don't need a projector to enjoy these Buster Keaton classics.
Jacket art by Pierre Etaix ©Raymond Rohauer 1967, 1976. All rights reserved.

THE BEST OF BUSTER is a unique new book made up of more than 1,000 actual frame-by-frame blow-ups which re-create in detail the funniest sequences from Keaton's classic feature films and shorts — in other words, some of the finest comedy scenes ever conceived. Size 8½" x 11". *A Darien House Book.*

The Best of BUSTER

Edited by RICHARD J. ANOBILE, creator of *Why a Duck?, Who's on First?, The Marx Bros. Scrapbook,* etc.
Introduction by Raymond Rohauer

Cloth $12.95, paper $5.95; now at your bookstore, or send check to Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

CROWN

Hollywood's Golden Couple Tells All

THE TWO OF US

TONY MARTIN & CYD CHARISSE

AS TOLD TO DICK KLEINER

Why was Tony Martin put on Walter Winchell's hate list? And what's the real reason behind his discharge from the Navy? How did Howard Hughes treat Cyd during their whirlwind affair?

One of Hollywood's most famous couples now tells their own candid and intriguing behind-the-scenes story.

"Frank and unpretentious. Fans of the 'girl with the golden legs' and the 'man with the golden voice' will cherish this delightful dual biography."—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

At your bookstore now for the holidays, $12.50.

MASON / CHARTER

641 LEXINGTON AVE./NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

reading him we can see how Ford, Hawks, et al. adapted to changing times and themes. Wood's theories can in effect explain the appearance of such films as **Land of the Pharoahs** or **Duel in the Sun.**

More importantly, one comes away from the book with a much clearer idea of the impact of film as a medium, of the interaction between film and audience, and of the prevailing attitudes of American society during three decades.

Daniel Eagan

Monaco Update No. 2

The following are additions to James Monaco's *Film: How and Where to Find Out What You Want to Know.*

3B.
The Complete Encyclopedia of Television Programs: 1947-1974. Vincent Terrace. New York: A.S. Barnes and Co. 1976. To our knowledge, the first such guide.

3C.
Anthologie du cinéma. Periodical: 8 volumes since 1965. 4400 pp. 48F-volume. Paris: l'Avant-Scène du Cinéma. Each volume contains ten monographs on a wide variety of cinematic subjects. Volume 8, for example, covers Fernandel, Harlan, Bogart, Curtiz, Decoin, Romm, Langdon, Kuleshov, Lumière, and Hamer. Each volume runs to 550 pp. and includes several hundred photographs. Filmographies, of course, are complete and detailed. A majestic undertaking.

5A.
A Biographical Dictionary of Film. David Thompson. London: Secker and Warburg; New York: Morrow. 1975. 629 pp. $16.95.

5B.
Forthcoming: **A Critical Dictionary of the Cinema.** ed. Richard Roud. London: Secker and Warburg; New York: Viking Press. 1977.

6A.
Film Directors: A Guide to Their American Films. James R. Parish and Michael R. Pitts. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press; London: Baily Bros. and Swinfen, Ltd. 1974. 443 pp. $15—9 pounds. Includes filmographies of both native and foreign directors, and lists all films to which contributions were made.

10A.
Filmarama. Vol. 1; The Formidable Years: 1893-1919. ed. John Stewart. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. 1975. 401 pp. $15. A comprehensive list of screen credits, including real names, birth and death dates, and character names. Volumes II through VI will cover ten-year periods up to 1969.

11A.
The Italian Cinema. Pierre Leprohon. New York: Praeger; London: Secker and Warburg. 1972. $10. Includes a useful 150-item biographical dictionary.

13A.
World Filmography. London: Tantivy. 1976. 640 pp. 10 pounds. A yearly compilation.

13B.
Cinema Sourcebook. New York: Cinema Sourcebook. Filmographical information, one sheet per film, issued monthly in batches of 20 to 50 sheets. $50-year. Beginning February 1976.

17.
Books About Film: A Bibliographical Checklist. James Monaco and Susan Schenker. New York: N.Y. Zoetrope. 1976. 32 pp. $2.50. The third edition of the popular "Selective Bibliography of Film Literature," partially annotated and designed as a guide for film students. Originally published by the American Film Institute.

17A.
Film Criticism: An Index to Critics' Anthologies. Richard Heinzkill. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. 1975.

18A.
The Film Index: A Bibliography. Vol. 1; The Film As Art. Ed. Harold Leonard. 1941. Reprinted: New York: Arno Press. 1970. The classic guide to periodical literature.

23A
Motion Picture Directors: A Bibliography of Magazine and Periodical Articles, 1900-1969. Mel Schuster. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. 1973. 418 pp. $13.50.

Daniel Eagan, a former film student from Penn State University, spent last summer studying film editing on a mass media exchange program with the University of Manchester. All attempts to communicate with him in Manchester have failed. Daniel Eagan, wherever you are, please write.

TAKE ONE:
ALLEN, WOODY
BERGMAN
BERTOLUCCI
CAPRA
de BROCA
DOWNEY
FELLINI
FORD
FRIEDKIN
FULLER
HUSTON
KUBRICK
LEONE
PONTECORVO
RUSSELL
SCHLESINGER
TRUFFAUT
ZAPPA
UA16

Call or write for FREE catalog
729 7th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) CI 5-6000 Ext. 251
United Artists
Entertainment from Transamerica Corporation

24A
The New York Times Film Reviews 1913-1968. 6 vols. New York: Arno Press. 1970. $395. A complete reprinting covering more than 17,000 films together with a cumulative index.

24B
The New York Times Film Reviews 1913-1970: A One-Volume Selection. ed. George Amberg. New York: Quadrangle. 1971. 495 pp. $12.50.

24C.
The Drama Scholar's Index to Plays and Filmscripts: A Guide to Plays and Filmscripts in Selected Anthologies, Series, and Periodicals. Gordon Samples. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. 1974. 460 pp. $12.50.

27A
The American Film Institute Guide to College Courses in Film and Television. 3rd ed. Washington, D.C.: American Film Institute. $6.95.

28A.
Blacks in American Movies. Anne Powers. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. 1974. 167 pp. $6.

28B.
The Hollywood Screenwriters. ed. Richard Corliss. New York: Avon Discus. 1972. 328 pp. $1.95. Includes a 35 pp. filmography for 50 screenwriters.

28C.
The Motion Picture Film Editor. René Ash. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. 1974. 193 pp. $6. Credits of 652 film editors.

29A.
Filmed Books and Plays: 1928-1974. Ed. A.G.S. Enser. New York: Academic Press. 1974. 549 pp. $24. A list of books and plays from which films have been made.

Additional Magazines:

Film Review Digest. Kraus-Thomson Organization, Ltd. Route 100, Milwood, N.Y. 10546. Quarterly, beginning Fall 1975. $45-yr. Promises to cover 300-400 films per year, drawing excerpts from reviews in 28 periodicals, both specialist and general interest. (But not *The New Yorker*, which apparently refused to cooperate.) A hardbound annual supplement and cumulative index is included in the subscription price.

American Film. Circ. 20,000. Ed.: Hollis Alpert. American Film Institute, J.F.K. Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C. 20566. 10 times per yr. $15-yr., includes membership in the American Film Institute. Started in October 1975, *American Film*, distributed to all members of the A.F.I., is very professionally produced, covers television, the education scene, and periodicals, but occasionally tends to press-agentry.

Millimeter. Ed.: Robert Avrech. Millimeter Magazine, Inc., 12 East 46th Street, New York 10017. 11 times per yr. $10-yr. Begun several years ago as a technical journal. Under the editorship of Robert Avrech *Millimeter* has become increasingly involved with criticism. An interesting mix.

The Silent Picture. 6 East 39th Street, New York 10016. $4-yr.

TERRENCE McNALLY

This collection represents the work of one of America's most important young playwrights. Included are four full length plays plus two short plays: *The Ritz, Bad Habits, Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?, "...And Things That Go Bump in the Night," Whiskey, Bringing It All Back Home.* $9.95

DODD MEAD

DISCOUNT
RAW
STOCK
FILM
&
VIDEOTAPE

FILMEX

55 Maitland Street
Toronto, Ontario
416-964-7415

"Buy-Sell Raw Stock Film Dealer"

New York, Toronto, Los Angeles

Additional Publishers' Addresses:

Academic Press (29A)
111 Fifth Avenue
New York 10003

l'Avant-Scène (3C)
27, rue Saint-André-des-Arts
Paris 75006

Cinema Sourcebook (13B)
211 Thompson Street
New York 10012

William Morrow (5A)
105 Madison Avenue
New York 10016

Praeger Publisher (11A)
111 Fourth Avenue
New York 10003

Tantivy Press (13A)
7 Sedley Place
London W 1

Viking Press (5B)
625 Madison Avenue
New York 10022

James Monaco

James Monaco is a "Take One" Contributing Editor. His "The New Wave" was recently published by Oxford University Press.

Books on Film: A Checklist

New books dealing in whole or in part with the motion picture and issued, for the most part, in the English language by North American publishers; also new editions of out-of-print titles, and novels the significance of which transcends their fictional format. Canadian agents and prices (where differing from U.S. publisher and price) are noted in brackets.

The Ambiguous Image. By Roy Armes. Indiana University Press 1976. 256 pp. $15. (H). A critical study of modern European cinema.

American Film Directors. By Ronald Lloyd. Franklin Watts 1976. 143 pp. $4.95 (P). How leading directors see the world.

Beverly Hills. By Walter Wagner. Grosset & Dunlap 1976. 240 pp. $12.50. (H). (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, $15). Life in the "Golden Ghetto."

The Body Merchant. By Ken Murray. Ward Ritchie 1976. 243 pp. $9.95. (H). (Van Nostrand, $11.50). The story of showman Earl Carroll.

Broadway and Hollywood. By Irene Sharaff. Van Nostrand 1976. 136 pp. $12.50. (H). ($14.95). Memoirs of the theatrical costume designer.

Buffalo Bill and the Indians. By Alan Rudolph and Robert Altman. Bantam 1976. 150 pp. $1.95 (P). (Bantam Books of Canada). The script of Altman's film.

Burke's Steerage. By Tom Burke. Putnam 1976. 379 pp. $10. (H). (Longman, $11.75). Interviews, Hollywood personalities.

Raymond Chandler On Screen: His Novels into Films. By Stephen Pendo. Scarecrow Press 1976. 255 pp. $10. (H).

Character People. By Ken D. Jones, Arthur F. McClure and Alfred E. Twomey. Barnes 1976. 209 pp. $17.50. (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $22.75). Biographies of Hollywood actors in supporting roles.

Citizens for Decency. By Louis A. Zurcher and R. George Kirkpatrick. University of Texas Press 1976. 412 pp. $17.50. (H). A sociological study of antipornography crusades as status defense.

The Day the Laughter Stopped. By David A. Yallop. St. Martin's Press 1976. 348 pp. $12.50. (H). (Hodder Stoughton, $16.75). A biography of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle.

Down the Yellow Brick Road. By Doug McClelland. Pyramid 1976. 158 pp. $4.95 (P). (Barrdawn). The making of "The Wizard of Oz."

Fellini On Fellini. By Federico Fellini. Delacorte 1976. 180 pp. $7.95. (H). Beaverbrooks, $9.50).

Fellini the Artist. By Edward Murray. Ungar 1976. 256 pp. $10. (H). (Book Centre, $12).

Film Appreciation. By Allan Casebier. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich 1976. 207 pp. $5.95 (P). (Longman, $6.55). A textbook study.

Film: The Democratic Art. By Garth Jowett. Little, Brown 1976. 518 pp. $19.95 (H). ($22.95). A social history of the American film

Film Literature Index, Cumulation 1974. Edited by Vincent J. Aceto et al. Bowker 1976. 545 pp. $62.50. (H). Broad indexing under 1,000 subject headings of over 250 international periodicals.

The Fleischer Story. By Leslie Cabarga. Crown 1976. 184 pp. $12.50. (H). (General Publishing, $14.50). Max Fleischer and his brothers in the early days of animation.

Focus on Orson Welles. Ronald Gottesman, ed. Prentice-Hall 1976. 218 pp. $9.95 (H). $4.95. (P). ($11.50 (H), $5.50 (P)). A study by various experts.

Forever is a Hell of a Long Time. By Teddy Stauffer, Regnery 1976. 309 pp. $9.95 (H). (Beaverbrooks, $11.95). A band leader reminisces about Hollywood.

Graphic Violence on the Screen. By Thomas R. Atkins. Monarch 1976. 96 pp. $2.95 (P).

The Great Movie Cartoon Parade. By Thomas R. Atkins. Monarch 1976. 96 pp. $2.95 (P).

The Great Movie Cartoon Parade. By David Rider. Crown 1976. 120 pp. $9.95 (P). A survey of cartoon characters and producers.

Guide to Location Information 1976-77. John M. Pavlik, ed. Association of Motion Picture and Television Producers 1976. 190 pp. $10 (P). Municipal location requirements in California and other U.S. areas.

Hollywood Confidential. By Jeffrey Feinman. Playboy Press 1976. 205 pp. $1.50 (P). (Simon & Schuster). A reprise of Hollywood's more sensational happenings.

Hollywood Corral. By Don Miller. Popular Library 1976. 255 pp. $ .95 (P). (Barrdawn). All about the "B" westerns.

The Hollywood Exiles. By John Baxter. Taplinger 1976. 242 pp. $14.95. (H). The saga of European directors and performers who emigrated to Hollywood in the 20's and 30's.

The Hollywood Professionals No. 5. By Clive Denton and Kingsley Canham. Barnes 1976. 192 pp. $3.50 (P). (Smithers & Bonellie, $4.50). Bios of King Vidor, John Cromwell and Mervyn LeRoy.

Horror Films. By R. H. W. Dillard. Monarch 1976. 129 pp. $2.95 (P).

How to Locate Reviews of Plays and Films. By Gordon Samples. Scarecrow Press 1976. 114 pp. $6. (H). A bibliography of criticism.

The Idols of Silence. By Anthony Slade. Barnes 1976. 207 pp. $15. (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $19.50). Stars of the silent film days.

Indian Films 1975. By B. V. Dharap. Motion Picture Enterprises, Poona 411 030, India. 347 pp. Rs 35. (P). A comprehensive yearbook of the Indian film industry.

In Search of Frankenstein. By Radu Florescu. Warner Books 1976. 364 pp. $1.95 (P). The Frankenstein lore, including films.

King Vidor. By John Baxter. Monarch 1976. 94 pp. $2.95 (P).•

The Lady and the Law. By Edward O. Berkman. Little, Brown 1976. 403 pp. $12.50. (H). ($14.50). The career of Fanny Holtzmann, famous film industry attorney.

The Laurel and Hardy Scrapbook. By Jack Scagnetti, Jonathan David 1976. 160 pp. $12.95. (H). (Negev, $15.95).

The Life of Raymond Chandler. By Frank MacShane. Dutton 1976. 306 pp. $12.50 (H). (Clarke, Irwin & Co., $15). A biography of the screenwriter-novelist.

Lugosi: The Man Behind the Cape. By Robert Cremer. Regnery 1976. 307 pp. $9.95. (H). (Beaver-Books, $11.75).

Motion Picture Market Place 1976-. Tom Costner, ed. Little, Brown 1976. 307 pp. $9.95. (H). (Beaverbooks, $11.75).

Motion Picture Market Place 1976-77. Tom Costner, ed. Little, Brown 1976. 513 pp. $12.95 (P). ($14.95). The industry's directory.

Movements in Animation. By Brian Salt. Pergamon 1976. Vol. 1—225 pp., Vol. 2—535 pp. $100. (H). (Pergamon of Canada). A technical study of animation's mechanics.•

Music Scoring for TV and Motion Pictures. By Marlin Skiles. TAB Books 1976. 261 pp. $12.95 (H).

Nonfiction Film: Theory and Criticism. Richard Meran Barsam, ed. Dutton 1976. 382 pp. $6.95 (P). (Clarke, Irwin & Co., $8.35).

The Oxford Companion to Film. Liz-Anne Bawden, ed. Oxford University Press 1976. 767 pp. $24.95. (H). ($29.95). An encyclopedia.

Princess Grace. By Gwen Robyns. McKay 1976. 276 pp. $8.95. (H). (Saunders, $12.25). A biography of actress Grace Kelly.

Response to Innovation: A Study of Popular Argument about New Mass Media. By Robert Edward Davis. Arno Press 1976. 725 pp. $35. (H).

Ken Russell. By Thomas R. Atkins. Monarch 1976. 132 pp. $2.95 (P).

Science Fiction Films. By Thomas R. Atkins. Monarch 1976. 101 pp. $2.95 (P).

See No Evil. By Tom M. Williams. Zondervan 1976. 103 pp. $1.50 (P). (Home Evangelical Books). Christian attitudes toward sex in art and entertainment.

Sinatra. By Tony Sciacca. Pinnacle 1976. 248 pp. $1.75. A gossipy biography of the performer.

Smart Aleck. By Howard Teichmann. Morrow 1976. 334 pp. $10.95. (H). (Gage, $12.95). Alexander Woollcott's biography, mentioning numerous show biz personalities.

Some Time in the Sun. By Tom Dardis. Scribner's 1976. 274 pp. $9.95. (H). (John Wiley, $11.75). The Hollywood years of Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Huxley, et al.

Soviet Cinema. By Alexander S. Birkos. Shoe String Press 1976. 344 pp. $17.50. (H). (Pendragon House). Biographies of directors and their films.

Superman: Serial to Cereal. By Gary Grossman. Popular Libary 1976. 190 pp. $3.95 (P). (Barrdawn).

Surrealism and Cinema. By Michael Gould. Barnes 1976. 171 pp. $9.95. (H). (Smithers & Bonellie).

The Swashbucklers. By James Robert Parish and Don E. Stanke. Arlington 1976. 672 pp. $19.95. (H). (Dent, $23.95) Errol Flynn, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., et al.

Tell It On The Mountain. By William R. Lasky with James F. Scheer. Doubleday 1976. 271 pp. $7.95. (H). ($8.75). A biography.

Visual Scripting. By John Halas, ed. Hastings House 1976. 144 pp. $30. (H). Translating the written word into spontaneous film images.

The Westerns: A Picture Quiz Book. By John Cocchi. Dover 1976. Unpaged. $3 (P). (General Publishing, $3.50). A collection of 238 stills.

When I Was Young. By Raymond Massey. Little, Brown 1976. 270 pp. $10. (H). (McClelland & Stewart, $13.95). A memoir of the Canadian-born actor's early years.

Frederick Wiseman. By Thomas R. Atkins. Monarch 1976. 134 pp. $2.95 (P). A study of the documentary film director.

George L. George

George L. George, for many years a film director, with an Academy Award for one of his documentaries, is a book reviewer for several film magazines, and during WWII, was Production Manager at the National Film Board, until he reorganized production and abolished his function. He then became a director for the World in Action unit.

INFO

BOOKER'S GUIDE TO SOURCES OF 16MM FILMS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

The All-American Boy. WB.
L'Argent de Poche. CAN:IFD* US:NWP*
Barry Lyndon. WB.
Bar Salon. Contact TAKE ONE.
Bigger than Life. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Bitter Victory. CAN:AST. US:SWK?
The Blue Angel. CAN:CPX. US:MAB.
Born Yesterday. CAN:AST? US:TWY.
Le Boucher. CAN:IFD. US:SWK.
Bringing Up Baby. CAN:AST. US:FI.
Bugsy Malone. CAN:PAR* US:FI*
Captain Kronos—Vampire Hunter. CAN:-PAR. US:FI.
Carrie. UA*
Chulas Fronteras. BZS & NYF.
Citizen Kane. CAN:AST. US:MAB.
City Lights. CAN:BEL. US:RBC.
The Clown Murders. AST*
Death Weekend. CAN:CPX* US:SWK*
Double Indemnity. UNI.
East of Eden. WB.
L'eau chaude l'eau frette. Contact TAKE ONE.
Eliza's Horoscope. CAN & US:OZL.
Even Dwarfs Started Small. CAN:NCE. US:NLC.
The Falcon Takes Over. CAN:AST.
Fata Morgana. CAN:CCN. US:NLC.
55 Days at Peking. US:TWY.
Folies Bourgeoises—The Twist. NLC?
Foolish Wives. UNI.
The Ghost and Mrs. Muir. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Hospital. UA.
I'm a Stranger Here Myself. OCT.
In a Lonely Place. CAN:AST. US:WCF.
Johnny Guitar. CAN & US:IVY.
Jonah Who Will be 25 in the Year 2000. NYF.
King Kong. CAN:AST. US:FI.
Knock on Any Door. CAN:AST? US:MAB.
The Lords of Flatbush. CAN:AST. US:SWK?
Lost Horizon. CAN:AST. US:TWY.
Ludwig: Requiem for a Virgin King. CAN:FAR?
Macao. CAN:AST. US:FI.
Nada. CAN:CPX. US:NLC.
Network. UA*
Night of the Living Dead. CAN:MMP. US:TWY.
Obsession. CAN:AST* US:SWK*
Les Ordres. CAN:NCE.
Our Town. US:BUD.
Party Girl. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Passion of Joan of Arc. CAN:CFI. US:MAB.
The Private Life of Henry VIII. CAN:TGC. US:MAB.
Rebel Without a Cause. WB.
Le retour de l'Immaculée-Conception. CAN:CCN.
Rocky. UA*
Run for Cover. CAN:BEL. US:CLW.
The Savage Innocents. CAN:PAR? US:FI.
Le Secret. CAN:MUT.
Shock Corridor. CAN:IFD. US:HCW.
Text of Light. CAN:NCE. US:MAB.
That'll Be the Day. CAN:AST. US:RBC.
They Live By Night. CAN:AST. US:FI.
Time to Kill. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn. CAN:BEL. US:FI & TWY.
The True Story of Jesse James. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Underworld USA. CAN:AST. US:SWK?
Wavelength. CAN:CCN. US:GRP.
Wind Across the Everglades. CAN:WB. US:TWY.
Young Bess. CAN:BEL. US:FI.

Correction
The Man Who Would be King. (Vol. 5 No. 1) CAN & US:HCW.

*16mm print may not be currently available

While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, TAKE ONE cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for the results of any mis-information given. We are happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

AST. Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto M5R 1J7.
BEL. Bellevue Film Distributors, 227 Victoria St., Toronto M5B 1B6.
BUD. Budget Films, 4590 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 90029.
BZS. Brazos Films, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530.
CCN. Co-operative Cinéastes Indépendants, 2026 Ontario East, Montréal H2K 1V3.
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa K2A 2H7.
CLW. Clem Williams Films, 2240 Noblestown Rd., Pittsburgh, PA 15205.
CPX. Cinépix, 8275 Mayrand, Montréal H4P 2C8.
FAR. Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St. E., Montréal H2Y 1G6.
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, IL 60091.
GRP. Grove Press, 196 W. Houston, New York 10014.
HCW. Hurlock Ciné World, 13 Arcadia Rd., Old Greenwich, CN 06870.
IFD. International Film Distributors, 175 Bloor East, Toronto M4W 1E2.
IVY. Ivy Films, 165 W. 46th St., NYC 10036.
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mount Vernon, NY 10550.
MMP. Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Rd. E., Port Credit, Ont. L5G 1C9.
MUT. Mutual Films, 225 Roy St. East, Montréal H2W 2N6.
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7.
NLC. New Line Cinema, 853 Broadway, NYC 10003.
NWP. New World Pictures, 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.
NYF. New Yorker Films, 43 West 61st St., NYC 10023.
OCT. October Films, 246 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02116.
OZL. O-Zali Films, 4866 St. Catherine West, Montréal H3Z 1T1.
PAR. Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Building, 1 Yonge St., Toronto M5E 1E9.
RBC. RBC Films, 933 North La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90038.
SWK. Swank Motion Pictures, 201 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, MO 63166.
TWY. Twyman Films, 329 Salem Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45401.
UA. United Artists Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge St., Toronto M4S 2B9 and 729 7th Ave., NYC 10019.
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2J 4A1, and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
WB. Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto M5B 1L7 and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.
WCF. Westcoast Films, 25 Lusk Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.

SIXTEEN MILLIMETRE NEWS

A note to let you know that Les Blank's films — **Chulas Fronteras, The Blues Accordin' to Lightnin' Hopkins, Spend It All, Dry Wood, Hot Pepper, A Well Spent Life** and others (see Jay Cocks' column last issue, and Mike Goodwin's review this issue) — are distributed by Brazos Films, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, Calif. 94530 (415-525-1494), and by New Yorker Films (43 West 61 Street, New York, Ny 10023; 212-247-6110).

New catalogues have recently been issued by both The Canyon Cinema Cooperative (220 Industrial Center Bldg., Sausalito, Calif. 94965; 415-332-1514) and Audio Brandon Films (34 MacQuesten Parkway South, Mount Vernon, NY 10550; 914-664-5051). Canyon's catalogue has information on about 1400 films by their 350 members and costs $2 (the co-op, by the way, is open to any filmmaker with a film of any kind, the arrangement generally being that, for a $5 a year membership, the co-op will distribute a film and give the filmmaker 40% of the proceeds). Audio Brandon's catalogue covers over 1800 features and shorts (available in the US only) including, particularly, such UA films as **The Greatest Story Ever Told** and **The Hound of the Baskervilles.**

McGraw-Hill Films has announced that it will begin distribution of selected ABC-TV documentaries on 16mm and video-cassette formats. More info can be had from McGraw-Hill Films, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020 (212-997-2484).

Regular **Take One** readers will probably want to know that two films by regular contributor Herman G. Weinberg are now in distribution by Griggs Moviedrome, 263 Harrison Street, Nutley, NJ 07110. **Autumn Fire** is a "film poem" that Weinberg made in 1930-31; Arthur Knight has called it "a particularly sensitive and poetic work" and the **Los Angeles Times** recently described it as "richly evocative and unblushingly romantic." The second film is **The Artist**, a 20-minute comedy based on a de Maupassant short story of which Weinberg was Production Supervisor in 1950.

RBC Films (933 North La Brea Ave., Los Angeles 90038; 213-874-7330) now has available nine classic feature-length programs of the films of Harold Lloyd, including **The Freshman** and **Safety Last.**

In the realm of Super-8, meanwhile, Columbia Pictures (711 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022; 212-751-4400) has released an attractive catalogue of their available features (see also their ad in our last issue), with such stars as Mae West, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard and Robert Redford. And Ivy Film (165 West 46th Street, New York, NY 10036; 212-765-3940) now have John Ford's incomparable **The Quiet Man** complete on Super-8 (starring John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara and Barry Fitzgerald) for sale at only $350.

CONFERENCES & COMPETITIONS

Advance word has just reached us of the 1977 **Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy World Exposition** to be held at Tucson's Marriott Hotel, June 2 through 5. There'll be exciting events and speakers aplenty. For further information, contact P.O. Box 4412, Tucson, Arizona 85717 (602-297-5812).

The 1977 **Los Angeles International Film Exposition** (March 15-31) will include, for the first time, a special program of Super-8 films. More information from the Filmex office at P.O. Box 1739, Hollywood, California 90028 (213-846-5530).

April 11 is the deadline for entries (student-made, 16mm or Super-8) in the April 21 **Geneva College Film Competition** for "Films with a Christian View of Life". There's a $50 first prize ($3 entry fee) and the chance of distribution. Address C.B. Hale, GCFC, Beaver Falls, PA 15010.

Framework, the University of Warwick film journal, is organizing a conference on the economics and theoretical practice of film criticism, to be held at the university February 21 through March 3. Write Framework, The University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, Warks., England.

Deadline is April 15 for the **Great Lakes Film Festival**, with substantial cash prizes for 16mm and Super-8 filmmakers who live, work or study in Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota or Indiana. Entry blanks can be had from the festival at P.O. Box 11583, Milwaukee, WI 53211 (414-963-9670).

"Movies on a Shoestring" will sponsor the 19th annual **Rochester International Amateur Film Festival**, May 7. Films (8mm, Super-8, or 16mm) must be received before March 26 (with a $3 entry fee). Contact the festival at P.O. Box

3360, Rochester, NY 14614.

April 20 is the deadline for films to reach the 25th international **Competition for Mountain and Exploration Films** (c-o Ala Trasporti, Via A. da Recanate 4, 20126 Milan). 35mm and 16mm films can compete for prizes of up to 500,000 lire.

Deadline is January 15 for the 11th annual International Animated Film

Deadline is January 15 for the 11th annual **International Animated Film Festival** held in Annecy, France in June. Write: 21 rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, 75009 Paris.

The next deadline for CINE (**Council on International Nontheatrical Events**) is February 15. CINE is the major festival for selection of U.S. entries in the majority of foreign international festivals. CINE's address is 1201 Sixteenth, N.W., Washington, D.C.

The Northwest Film Study Center's annual **Young Filmmakers' Festival** is open to films and videotapes made by students from kindergarten through highschool living in Oregon. Entries for the festival (which takes place January 29) are due January 14. Contact the NWFSC at Portland Art Museum. 1219 S.W. Park, Portland OR 97205 (503-226-2811).

Requests to enter the seventh international festival of **Short Films** to be held in Tampere (February 17 through 20) must be submitted no later than January 10. The festival is open to 16mm and 35mm films of 35 minutes or less that were completed after Jan. 1 1976. For entry forms: Tampere Film Festival, P.O. Box 305, SF-33101, Tampere 10, Finland.

The seventh annual **Ann Arbor 8mm Film Festival** is to take place February 11 through 13, and there'll be at least $1000 in cash and prizes. Films have to be received by January 24 (with a $5 entry fee) to be included. The Ann Arbor Film Cooperative, P.O. Box 592, Ann Arbor, MI 48107 (517-372-0554).

The University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, as part of its year-long investigation of cinematic and theatrical performance research, has scheduled (February 16 through 19) an **International Conference on Film, Theater, Video.** Among those whose attendance is anticipated are Rainer Fassbinder and Jacques Tati. Write Michel Benamou, Center for Twentieth Century Studies, P.O. Box 413, Milwaukee, WI 53201 (414-963-4141).

Hemisfilm '77, the 11th annual international film festival, will be held February 7 through 9 at St. Mary's University in San Antonio. The competition is open to films of any length (there are nine categories) from around the world and former winners include Japan's Kon Ichikawa, Yugoslavia's Dusan Vokotic, Britain's Richard Attenborough, and Canada's Jean Roy. Entry forms, rules, etc. can be had from IFACS, 2700 Cincinnati Ave., San Antonio, TX 78284 (512-433-2311).

CLASSIFIEDS

Reach 80,000 Take One readers, for only 50 cents a word (minimum $10). Rates for more than one insertion are available on request. (Payment must accompany your order.)

SUPER-8, 16MM TO 3/4 VIDEO CASSETTE. Transfers now available at a low cost with quality results. Film & Tape Service. 8139 Van Noord, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91605. (213) 997-6339.

SUPER 8 SOUND & SILENT FILMS: Features, Shorts and many Imports from Europe! Free List. Garland Audio-Visual Services, P.O. Box 28, Wingham, Ontario, Canada. N0G 2W0.

MEMOIRS OF A MOVIEGOER by Henry Random. City kid's moviegoing during Thirties Depression. Send $3.50 to Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47 Street, NY 10017 USA or ESB 730 E. 236 St. No. 5B, New York City 10466 USA.

COMPLETE LIST of names and addresses of professional associations, film study courses, competitions, distribution companies, technical equipment and information, trade journals, etc. for Canada and U.S.A. Send $1.00 to J.D. Schulz Enterprises, 9 Tanburn Place, Don Mills, Ontario, M3A 1X6.

OLD MOVIE MAGAZINES (1930's—1950's), comics curiosa, more. By mail auction. Mailbids, Dept. A9, 226 West 78th Street, NYC 10024.

THE ACCESSIBLE PORTAPACK MANUAL by Michael Goldberg is now available. $10 hardcover, $5 paperback from Video Inn, 261 Powell Street, Vancouver, BC, V6A 1G3.

AMBITIOUS FILMMAKERS: Amazing new report describes how one-man operation has grossed $150,000 a year producing sponsored films. FREE LETTER with complete details. D.H. Vowell, P.O. Box 4891, North Hollywood, CA 91607.

Classifieds, Take One, Box 1778, Station B, Montréal, Québec, Canada H3B 3L3.

I enclose $_____ for a one-time insertion of the following ad:

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....

Coming up in the March issue of Take One

Burstyn Out All Over

In Paris, Ying Ying Wu talks to Ellen Burstyn about being a woman working in today's film industry—acting (**Alice, Providence**, etc.), and (very soon) producing-directing as well.

Hollywood's Right Turn

Jim Purdy and Peter Rothman shed light on a time not that long ago—when America hit rock bottom and Hollywood offered a frightening solution.

Funny Man

George Burns works his wit—after 81 years of sharpening—on interviewer Albert Nussbaum.

Goodbye, Fritz Lang

Scott Eyman remembers the Fritz Lang he knew (including Lang's letters to Eyman's cat).

Plus!

our usual fascinating, pithy, witty, and wonderful reviews and columns, and much, much more.

Two great and glittering ladies of the celluloid world....

...one tells her own story— with wit and a dynamic charm

MY SIDE
The Autobiography of Ruth Gordon

"Ruth Gordon was ever so gay as Nibs," wrote Alexander Woolcott about her first performance in a 1915 revival of *Peter Pan.* It was Miss Gordon's first press notice, and there have been few times since when she has not triumphed both on and off the stage. Here, at last, on the eve of her eightieth birthday, is the entire story beginning on the day when as little Ruth Jones, she saw Hazel Dawn perform on a Boston stage and was overwhelmed. Then and there she decided to make the theatre her life. What followed is lovingly told in this grand and glorious autobiography.

Here, too, told with remarkable candor, are the private moments in a lifetime: her marriage to a rising young actor who died on the brink of great success . . . her affairs with two of the theatre's legendary producers . . . her long and happy marriage to writer Garson Kanin. Probably no actress has ever had quite so much to tell about herself or told it so well, with great style, sophistication, wit and feeling. $15.25

...the other has her story told—in shocking detail

LENI RIEFENSTAHL
THE FALLEN FILM GODDESS
The intimate and shocking story of Adolf Hitler and Leni Riefenstahl
By Glenn B. Infield

LENI RIEFENSTAHL
THE FALLEN FILM GODDESS

"Hitler's sweetheart" . . . "Sex Symbol of the Third Reich" . . . "Filmmaker of extraordinary perception and technique" — these are only some of the words used to describe Leni Riefenstahl. Notoriety clings to Riefenstahl's name She is reputed to have danced nude for the Führer. She was linked to Goebbels, Streicher, Bormann, and other evil luminaries of the Nazi party. Admired by some for the sheer mastery of her famous documentaries, *Olympia* and *Triumph of the Will,* she has been condemned by others as an amoral opportunist, Hitler's favorite propogandist, impresario to the Nazi holocaust.

Was she responsible? Was she conscious of the political meaning of her work? Or was she a naive opportunist, an incomparable technician, exploiting the chance of a lifetime? Was she Hitler's mistress, as has been alleged? Or was she just a free spirit, the pagan sensualist of her own films? These are only some of the intriguing questions Glen B. Infield explores. $11.75

Fitzhenry & Whiteside Limited

PUNDITS' PAGE

A HANDY-DANDY GUIDE TO SOME OF THIS SEASON'S MAJOR FILMS, IN THE FORM OF CRITICAL NUGGETS GLEANED FROM THE WRITINGS OF AMERICA'S MOST INFLUENTIAL MOVIE CRITICS.

COMPILED BY SUSAN SCHENKER

MARATHON MAN.
Directed by John Schlesinger. With Dustin Hoffman, Lawrence Olivier, Roy Scheider, William DeVane, Marthe Keller.

"It's a Jewish revenge fantasy. But in the movie our curiosity is never stimulated." (Pauline Kael, *New Yorker*.)
"Tedious, dull, violent nonsense. Uneven outlook." (Murf., *Variety*.)
"All this violence... seems contrived to distract us from the thinness of the plot. There are nevertheless more plot holes than pot holes..." (Molly Haskell, *Village Voice*.)
"But while I admired this film's energy and brazen cleverness, its soullessness left a bad taste in my mouth." (Frank Rich, *New York Post*.)

JONAH WHO WILL BE 25 IN THE YEAR 2000.
Directed by Alain Tanner. With Jean-Luc Bideau, Miou-Miou, Dominique Labourier, Jacques Denis.

"The performances are so thoroughly integrated with the material that I'm not sure where performances begin and the work of the director and the writers leave off. (Vincent Canby, *New York Times*.)
"Tanner's inspiration was in allowing these metaphorical creations to be silly. They're silly, yet they're no sillier than the people I knew in Berkeley, who are probably the brightest people I know." (Pauline Kael, *New Yorker*.)
"Its expert reflecting of the fallout from the counter-culture and aborted '68 events could slant this for younger auds if savvily placed in urban spots." (Mosk., *Variety*.)

THE FRONT.
Directed by Martin Ritt. With Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, Michael Murphy, Andrea Marcovicci.

"**The Front** is mildly successful as comedy. But it is not even remotely meaningful as drama." (Kathleen Carroll. *New York Daily News*.)
"**The Front** works on the conscience. It re-creates the awful noise of ignorance that can still be heard." (Vincent Canby, *New York Times*.)
"...craftsmanlike, careful, skimpy." (Pauline Kael. *New Yorker*.)
"A brilliant movie. I wept at the end." (Liz Smith, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.)
"When **The Front** fails, it's not, as you might expect, from a lack of guts or intelligence, but from sloppy errors of direction, writing and casting." (Frank Rich, *New York Post*.)

CAR WASH
Directed by Michael Schultz. With Franklyn Ajaye, Sully Boyar, Richard Brestoff, Bill Duke, Ivan Dixon.

"Hilarious comedy about urban street people. Strong outlook and very exploitable." (Murf., *Variety*.)
"It is an amiable entertainment about which it is better not to say too much." (Andrew Sarris, *Village Voice*.)
"Nothing terribly dramatic happens, and some of the comedy gets a bit forced, but the wonder of the film is how it manages to succeed so much of the time." (Vincent Canby, *New York Times*.)
"The movie isn't **Car Wash**, it's 'Car M*A*S*H,' made in imitation of the Altman film and using Altman's loudspeaker device to bind skits and characters that have no organic connection with the subject." (Pauline Kael, *New Yorker*.)

THE MEMORY OF JUSTICE.
Directed by Marcel Ophuls.

"If a more important documentary than Marcel Ophuls' new epic film, **The Memory of Justice**, has been made during my lifetime, I do not know what it is." (Frank Rich, *New York Post*.)
"As happens in the finest works of art, we become implicated in the process of discovery and understanding, in the process of moral judgement itself." (Joy Gould Boyum, *Wall Street Journal*.)
"Ophuls took on much more than he knew how to handle, and then he kept taking on more, and at the same time he tried to be autobiographical and open..." (Pauline Kael, *New Yorker*.)
"At the very least, the film is a spectacular gallery of characters, and the ideologies, insights, and delusions whose carriers they are." (John Simon, *New York Magazine*.)

THE MARQUISE OF O...
Directed by Eric Rohmer. Adapted from the story by Heinrich von Kleist. With Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

"...one of the things that makes **The Marquise of O...** much more than simply likable is our awareness that their feelings are earnestly — possibly fatally — sincere." (Vincent Canby, *New York Times*.)
"Great works of art should not be tampered with." (John Simon, *New York Magazine*.)
"Rohmer's great talent lies in telling such parables of fallibility and principle so wittily that they seem less like lessons than grace notes." (Jay Cocks, *Time Magazine*.)
"After my first viewing I suddenly realized that there is not a note of music in the film. It was odd because I had felt throughout that I was listening to music — something like late Mozart." (Stanley Kauffmann, *The New Republic*.)

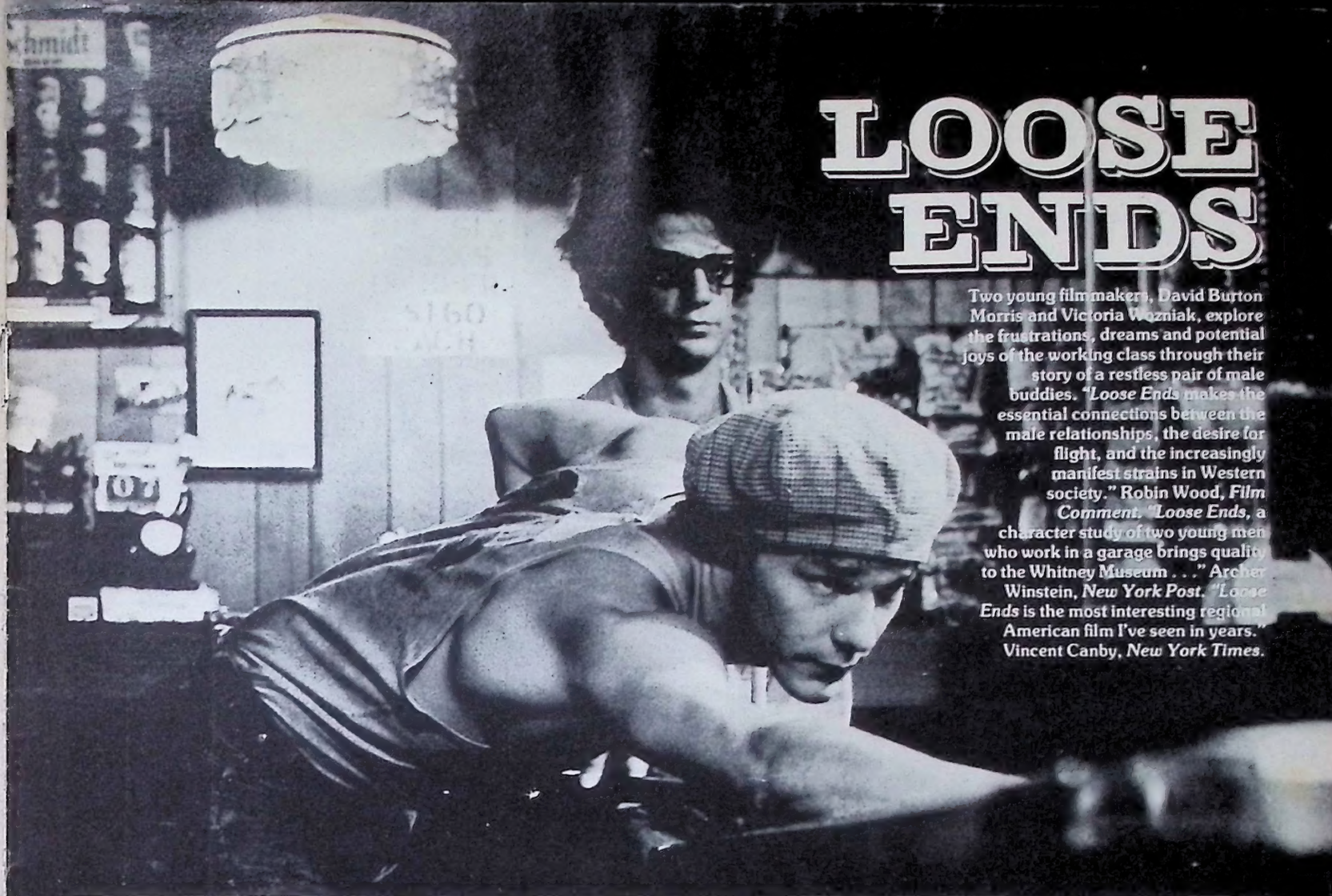
SMALL CHANGE.
Directed by Francois Truffaut. With Geory Desmouceaux, Philippe Goldman, Jean-Francois Stevenin, Chantal Mercier.

"The key to **Small Change**'s cross-generational appeal is that Truffaut, almost uniquely among contemporary directors... respects children as real people." (Frank Rich, *New York Post*.)
"**Small Change** is so enchanting it may even make children fashionable again." (Howard Kissel, *Women's Wear Daily*.)
"Truffaut demonstrates the fickle, unexpected toughness of children; he endows them with the slyness of Sacha Guitry's boulevardiers and with M. Hulot's eager, short attention span." (Pauline Kael, *New Yorker*.)
"**Small Change** has the air of a child's Saturday afternoon when no special activities have been planned." (Vincent Canby, *New York Times*.)

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION.
Directed by Herbert Ross. With Alan Arkin, Nicol Williamson, Robert Duvall, Lawrence Olivier.

"I very much wanted to like this movie, but I couldn't. Apparently some people do. Why? They obviously attended a different screening. When I saw it everyone was yawning and checking the time." (Andrew Sarris, *Village Voice*.)
"A rare treat for the eye and the ear... clever diversion both entertaining and intellectually engaging." (Rona Barrett, *ABC-TV Good Morning America*.)
"The most exhilarating entertainment of the film year to date." (Vincent Canby, *New York Times*.)
"**The Seven-Per-Cent-Solution** is what no film about Holmes has any business being: imprecise." (John Simon, *New York Magazine*.)

Susan Schenker is a freelance story analyst for major motion picture companies, and has recently completed *Books About Film: A Bibliographical Checklist*.



LOOSE ENDS

Two young film makers, David Burton Morris and Victoria Wozniak, explore the frustrations, dreams and potential joys of the working class through their story of a restless pair of male buddies. "*Loose Ends* makes the essential connections between the male relationships, the desire for flight, and the increasingly manifest strains in Western society." Robin Wood, *Film Comment*. "*Loose Ends*, a character study of two young men who work in a garage brings quality to the Whitney Museum . . ." Archer Winstein, *New York Post*. "*Loose Ends* is the most interesting regional American film I've seen in years." Vincent Canby, *New York Times*.

ANATAHAN

Josef von Sternberg's seething tale of the passion and survival of several men and a single woman who are abandoned after World War II on a deserted, tropical island in the Pacific. "A rare film in the history of cinema . . . in which we cannot help noticing an unusual calm, a calm distilled of passion, which reminds us of the same kind of calm in Bunuel." *Le surrealisme au cinema*, Editions Arcanes, 1953.

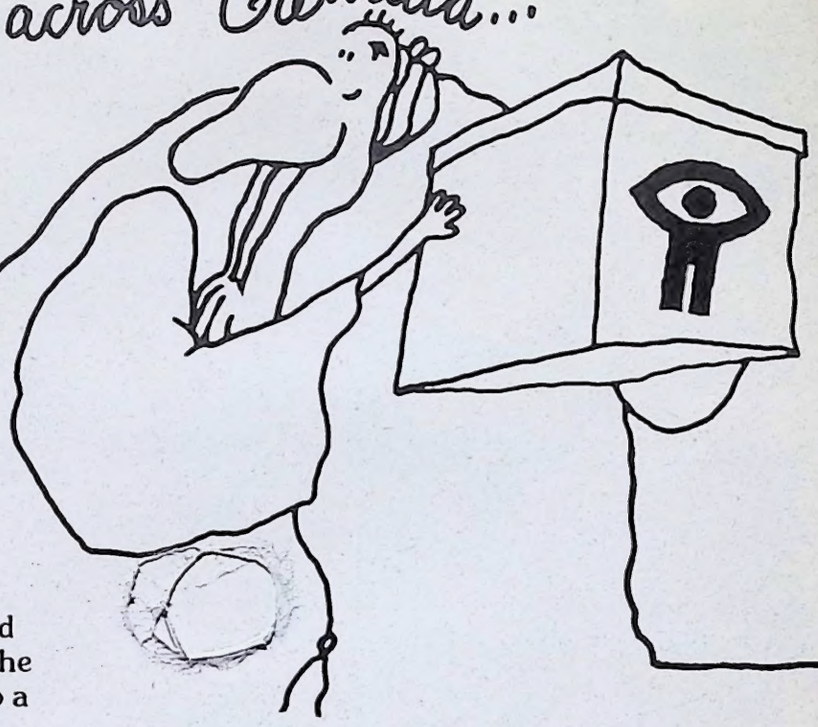
Call TOLL FREE (800) 543-9594 for these and other exclusively distributed films.
"An international collection of 16mm and 35mm features, shorts and animated films for sale, rent and long-term lease." In Ohio call COLLECT (513) 222-4014.

TWYMAN FILMS, INC.
329 Salem Avenue, Dayton, Ohio 45401

From: The National Film Board

To: Moviegoers across Canada...

Our newest collection of Theatrical Shorts



The Street
In soft, simple washes of watercolour and ink, film-maker Caroline Leaf captures the reactions of a St. Urbain Street family to a dying grandmother. From a book by renowned Montreal author Mordecai Richler.
Award: Grand Prize, International Animated Film Festival, Ottawa '76.

Maud Lewis: A World Without Shadows
The world that Maud Lewis created with her paint brushes is one of memorable whimsy — of orchards, oxen, fishermen and flowers. This gentle voyage leads into the tiny house that she decorated entirely with her work and into the peaceful world that she created.

Mindscape/Le paysagiste
Strewn with symbols, fuelled with trancelike images that unfold and shift ceaselessly across the screen, *Mindscape* pulls an artist into his painting and the viewers into the far reaches of his soul. Animated on a *pinscreen* by Jacques Drouin.
Award: Special Jury Prize, International Animated Film Festival, Ottawa '76.

An Old Box
A magical journey with a lonely old man who finds an old box, and within it the chance for a joyous fantasy in line animation. A film for all seasons by Paul Driessen.

The Art of Eating
A rare feast with one of the oldest, most exclusive and most knowledgeable dining clubs in Quebec — if not in the whole of North America. The preparation and presentation of all twelve courses, including the appropriate champagnes and vintage wines, must be seen to be believed.

The Mad Canadian
For the man who rockets a car up a ramp and flys it over a formidable barrier of parked cars, work is a risk that takes more than the desire to earn a living. This tense, tight close-up of stunt man Ken Carter on the stock-car racing track shows what that extra 'something' is.

COMING SOON TO THEATRES NEAR YOU.

National Film Board of Canada
Office national du film du Canada